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K. HENRY IV.

WITH

THE HUMOURS OF

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY,

By Mr. W. SHAKESPEAR.



LONDON.
Printed for T. JOHNSON.
M. DCC. XXI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King HENRY *the Fourth.*

HENRY, *Prince of* WALES,
Prince JOHN *of* LANCASTER, } *sons to the King.*

WORCESTER,
NORTHUMBERLAND,
HOT-SPUR,
MORTIMER,
Archbishop of YORK,
DOUGLASS,
OWEN GLENDOWER,
Sir RICHARD VERNON,
Sir MICHELL, } *Enemies to the King.*

WESTMORLAND,
Sir WALTER BLUNT, } *of the King's party.*

Lords attending the King.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

POINS.
GADS-HILL.
PETO.
BARDOLPH. } *Lewd fellows, companions to Henry Prince of Wales.*

Lady PERCY, *Wife to* Hot-spur.
Lady MORTIMER, *Daughter to* Glendower, *and Wife to* Mortimer.
Hostess.

Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, 2 Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Scene ENGLAND.

K. HENRY IV.

WITH

THE HUMOURS OF

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

ACT. I.

SCENE I.

Enter King Henry, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *and others.*

King HENRY.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breathe ſhort winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in ſtronds afar remote.
No more the thirſty entrails of this ſoil
Shall damp her lips with her own Childrens blood:
No more ſhall trenching War channel her fields,
Nor bruiſe her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hoſtile paces. Thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heav'n,

All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock,
And furious cloſe of civil butchery,
Shall now in mutual well-beſeeming ranks
March all one away and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of War, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his Maſter. Therefore, Friends,
As far as to the Sepulchre of Chriſt,
Whoſe Soldiers now, under whoſe bleſſed Croſs
We are impreſſed, and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of *Engliſh* ſhall we levy,
Whoſe arms were moulded in their Mother's womb
To chaſe theſe Pagans in thoſe holy fields,
Over whoſe acres walk'd thoſe bleſſed feet,
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter Croſs.
But this our purpoſe is a twelvemonth old,
And bootleſs 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you my gentle Couſin *Weſtmorland*,
What yeſternight our Council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

Weſt. My Liege, this hoſt was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the charge ſet down
But yeſternight: When all athwart there came
A Poſt from *Wales*, loaden with heavy News;
Whoſe worſt was, That the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the Men of *Herefordſhire* to fight,
Againſt the irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that *Welſhman* taken,
And near a thouſand of his people butcherd.
Upon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly, ſhameleſs transformation,
By thoſe *Welſhwomen* done, as may not be,
Without much ſhame, re-told or ſpoken of.

K. Hen. It ſeems then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our buſineſs for the Holy Land?

Weſt. This, matcht with other like, my gracious Lord,

Far

Far more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant *Hot-ſpur* there,
Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
That ever-valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they both did ſpend
A ſad and bloody hour:
As by diſcharge of their Artillery
And ſhape of likelihood the news was told.
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horſe,
Uncertain of the iſſue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true induſtrious Friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his horſe,
Stain'd with the variation of each ſoil,
Betwixt the *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought us ſmooth and welcome news.
The Earl of *Dowglas* is diſcomfited,
Ten thouſand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir *Walter* ſee
On *Holmedon's* plains. Of Priſoners, *Hot-ſpur* took
Mordake Earl of *Fife*, and the eldeſt Son
To beaten *Dowglaſs*, and the Earls of *Athol*,
Of *Murray*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an honourable Spoil:
A gallant prize? Ha, Couſin, is it not? In faith it is.

Weſt. A Conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſin,
In envy, that my Lord *Northumberland*
Should be the Father of ſo bleſt a Son:
A Son, who is the Theam of Honour's tongue:
Amongſt a grove, the very ſtreighteſt plant,
Who is ſweet Fortune's Minion, and her pride:
Whilſt I by looking on the praiſe of him,
See riot and diſhonour ſtain the brow
Of my young *Harry*. O that it could be prov'd,
That ſome night tripping Fairy had exchang'd,
In cradle cloaths, our Children where they lay,

And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*;
Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. What think you, Coz,
Of this young *Percy's* pride? The Priſoners,
Which he in this adventure hath ſurpriz'd,
To his own uſe he keeps, and ſends me word
I ſhall have none but *Mordake* Earl of *Fife*.

Weſt. This is his Uncles teaching, this is *Worceſter*,
Malevolent to you in all aſpects;
Which makes him prune himſelf, and briſtle up
The creſt of youth againſt your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have ſent for him to anſwer this;
And for this cauſe a while we muſt neglect
Our holy purpoſe to *Jeruſalem*.
Couſin, on *Wedneſday* next, our Council we
Will hold at *Windſor*, ſo inform the Lords;
But come your ſelf with ſpeed to us again;
For more is to be ſaid, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

Weſt. I will, my Liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Henry *Prince of* Wales, *and Sir* John Falſtaff.

FALSTAFF.

Now *Hal*, what time of day is it, Lad?

P. Hen. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of old Sack, and unbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping upon benches in the afternoon, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldſt truly know. What a Devil haſt thou to do with the time of the day? unleſs hours were Cups of Sack, and Minutes Capons, and Clocks the Tongues of Bawds and Dials the Signs of Leaping-houſes; and the bleſſed Sun himſelf a fair hot Wench in flame colour'd Taffata; I ſee no reaſon why

why thou ſhouldſt be ſo ſuperfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come near me now, *Hal*; For we that take Purſes, go by the Moon and ſeven Stars, and not by *Phœbus*, he, that wandring Knight ſo fair. And I pray thee ſweet wag, when thou art King, as God ſave thy Grace, Majeſty I ſhould ſay, for Grace thou wilt have none.

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, not ſo much as will ſerve to be Prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, ſweet Wag, when thou art King, let not us that that are Squires of the Night's body, be call'd Thieves of the Day's beauty. Let us be *Diana's* Foreſters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moon; and let men ſay, we be Men of good governement, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaſt Miſtreſs the Moon, under whoſe countenance we ſteal.

P. Hen. Thou ſay'ſt well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the Moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the Sea, being govern'd as the Sea is, by the Moon. As for proof, now; A Purſe of Gold moſt reſolutely ſnatch'd on *Monday*-night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on *Tueſday* morning; got with ſwearing, Lay by; and ſpent with crying, Bring in: Now in as low an ebb, as the foot of the ladder; and by and by in as high a flow as the ride of the Gallows.

Fal. Thou ſay'ſt true, Lad: And is not my Hoſteſs of the Tavern a moſt ſweet Wench?

P. Hen. As is the honey, my old Lad of the Caſtle; and is not a Buff-Jerkin a moſt ſweet Robe of durance?

Fal How, how? How now mad Wag? What in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to do with a Buff-Jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a Pox have I to do with my Hoſteſs of the Tavern?

Fal Well, thou haſt call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, I'll give thee thy due, thou haſt paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elſewhere, ſo far as my Coin would ſtretch; and where it would not, I have us'd my Credit.

Fal. Yea, and ſo us'd it, that were it here apparent, that thou art Heir apparent—But I prithee ſweet Wag, ſhall there be Gallows ſtanding in *England* when thou art King; and Reſolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ruſty curb of old Father Antick the Law? Do not thou when thou art a King, hang a Thief.

P. Hen No, thou ſhalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! I'll be a brave Judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgeſt falſe already? I mean, thou ſhalt have the hanging of the Thieves, and ſo become a rare Hangman.

Fal. Well, *Hal*, well; and in ſome ſort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of Suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of Suits, whereof the Hangman hath no lean wardrobe. I am as melancholly as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Bear.

P. Hen. Or an old Lion, or a Lover's Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a *Lincolnſhire* Bagpipe.

P. Hen. What ſay'ſt thou to a Hare, or the Melancholy of Moor Ditch?

Fal. Thou haſt the moſt unſavoury Similes, and art indeed the moſt comparative raſcalleſt ſweet young Prince. But, *Hal*, I prithee trouble me no more with Vanity; I would thou and I knew, where a commodity of good Names were to be bought. An old Lord of the Council rated me the other day in the ſtreet, about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not: and yet he talk'd very wiſely, but I regarded him not: and yet he talk'd wiſely, and in the ſtreet too.

P. Hen. Thou didſt well; for no man regards it.

Fal.

Fal. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint. Thou haſt done much harm unto me, *Hal*, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew nothing; and now I am, if a Man ſhould ſpeak truly, little better than one of the Wicked. I muſt give over this life, and I will give it over; an I do not, I am a Villain: I'll be damned for never a King's Son in Chriſtendom.

P. Hen. Where ſhall we take a purſe to-morrow *Jack*?

Fal. Where thou wilt, Lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me Villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purſe-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, 'tis my Vocation, *Hal.* 'Tis no ſin for a Man to labour in his vocation.

Enter Poins.

Poins Now ſhall we know if *Gads-hill* have ſet a Watch. O, if Men were to be ſaved by Merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the moſt omnipotent Villain, that ever cry'd, Stand, to a true Man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, *Ned.*

Poins. Good morrow, ſweet *Hal.* What ſays Monſieur Remorſe? What ſays Sir *John* Sack and Sugar? *Jack*! How agrees the Devil and thee about thy Soul, that thou ſoldeſt him on *Good Friday* laſt, for a Cup of *Madera*, and a cold Capons leg?

P. Hen. Sir *John* ſtands to his word, the Devil ſhall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of Proverbs; *He will give the Devil his due.*

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the Devil.

P. Hen. Elſe he had been damn'd for cozening the Devil.

Poins. But, my Lads, my Lads, to-morrow morning, by four a clock early at *Gads Hill*, there are Pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich Offerings, and Tra-

ders riding to *London* with fat Purſes: I have Vizards for you all; you have horſes for your ſelves; *Gads-Hill* lies to-night in *Rocheſter*, I have beſpoke Supper to-morrow in *Eaſt cheap*: we may do it as ſecure as ſleep. If you will go, I will ſtuff your purſes full of Crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye *Yedward*, if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will Chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Henry. Who, I rob? I a Thief? not I.

Fal. There's neither Honeſty, Manhood, nor good Fellowſhip in thee, nor thou cam'ſt not of the Blood Royal, if thou dar'ſt not bid ſtand for ten ſhillings.

P. Hen. Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well ſaid.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. I'll be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir *John*, I prithee leave the Prince and me alone, I will lay him down ſuch reaſons for this Adventure, that he ſhall go.

Fal. Well, may'ſt thou have the Spirit of perſuaſion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou ſpeak'ſt may move, and what he hears may be believed; that the true Prince may, for recreation ſake, prove a falſe Thief; for the poor abuſes of the time want countenance. Farewel, you ſhall find me in *Eaſt cheap*.

P. Hen. Farewell the latter Spring. Farewel allhollown Summer. (*Exit* Fal.

Poins. Now, my good ſweet hony Lord, ride with us to-morrow. I have a jeſt to excute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falſtaff*, *Harvey*, *Roſſil*, and *Gads-Hill* ſhall rob thoſe Men that we have already way laid; your ſelf and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my ſhoulders.

P. Henry. But how ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Poins.

Poins. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleaſure to fail; and then will they venture upon the Exploit themſelves, which they have no ſooner atchiev'd, but we'll ſet upon them.

P. Hen. Ay but 'tis like that they will know us by our Horſes, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be our ſelves.

Poins. Tut, our Horſes they ſhall not ſee, I'll tye them in the wood; our Vizards we will change after we leave them; and Sirrah, I have caſes of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true bred Cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he ſees reaſon, I'll forſwear Arms. The virtue of this jeſt will be, the incomprehenſible lies that this fat Rogue will tell us, when we meet at Supper; how thirty at leaſt he fought with, what words, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this, lyes the jeſt.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee, provide us all things neceſſary, and meet me to-morrow night in *Eaſt-cheap*, there I'll ſup. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my Lord. [*Exit* Poins.

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyoak'd humour of your idleneſs;
Yet herein will I imitate the Sun,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother up his beauty from the World;
That when he pleaſe again to be himſelf,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly miſts
Of vapours, that did ſeem to ſtrangle him.
If all the year were playing Holidays,
To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they ſeldom come, they wiſht for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents.

So

So when this looſe behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiſed;
By how much better than my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie Mens hopes;
And like bright Metal on a ſullen ground
My reformation glittering o'er my fault
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to ſet it off.
I'll ſo offend, to make Offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when Men think leaſt I will. (*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hot-ſpur, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and others.*

KING HENRY.

My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to ſtir at theſe indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: But be ſure,
I will from henceforth rather be my ſelf,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,
Which hath been ſmooth as oil, ſoft as young down,
And therefore loſt the title of reſpect,
Which the proud never pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe, my Soveraign Liege, little deſerves
The ſcourge of greatneſs to be uſed on it,
And that ſame greatneſs too, which our own hands
Have holp to make ſo portly.

North. My Lord.—

K. Hen. Worceſter get thee gone, for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye.
Go Sir, your preſence is too bold and peremptory,

And

And Majeſty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a ſervant brow.
You have good leave to leave us. When we need
Your uſe and counſel, we ſhall ſend for you.
(*Exit* Worceſter.
You were about to ſpeak. [*To* Northumberland.

North. Yea, my good Lord.
Thoſe Priſoners in your Highneſs' name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* took,
Were, as he ſays, not with ſuch ſtrength deny'd
As was deliver'd to your Majeſty;
Who either thorough envy, or miſpriſion,
Was guilty of this fault, and not my Son.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Priſoners.
But, I remember when the Fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extream toil,
Breathleſs, and faint, leaning upon my ſword,
Came there a certain Lord, neat and trimly dreſs'd;
Freſh as a Bridegroom, and his chin new reap'd,
Shew'd like a ſtubble land at harveſt home.
He was perfumed like a Milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his noſe, and took't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in ſnuff. And ſtill he ſmil'd and talk'd;
And as the Soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught Knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly, unhandſome coarſe
Betwixt the wind, and his Nobility.
With many Holyday and Lady terms
He queſtion'd me: Among the reſt, demanded
My Priſoners, in your Majeſty's behalf.
I then, all ſmarting with my wounds, being cold,
To be ſo peſtered with a Popingay,
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
Anſwer'd, neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould, or ſhould not; for he made me mad,

To

To ſee him ſhine ſo brisk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talk ſo like a waiting-Gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds; God ſave the mark;
And telling me, the ſoveraign'ſt thing on earth
Was permacety, for an inward bruiſe;
And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
That villainous Salt-peter ſhould be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſs Earth,
Which many a good tall Fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly. And but for theſe vile Guns,
He would himſelf have been a Soldier.
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my Lord,
Made me to anſwer indirectly, as I ſaid.
And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accuſation,
Betwixt my love and your high Majeſty.

Blunt. The circumſtance conſider'd, good my Lord,
What ever *Harry Percy* then had ſaid,
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reſonnably die, and never riſe
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he unſay it now.

K. Hen. Why yet he doth deny his Priſoners,
But with proviſo and exception,
That we at our own charge, ſhall ranſom ſtreight
His Brother-in-law, the fooliſh *Mortimer*,
Who, in my Soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of thoſe that he did lead to fight,
Againſt the great Magician, damn'd *Glendower*;
Whoſe Daughter, as we hear, the Earl of *March*
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our Coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a Traitor home?
Shall we buy Treaſon, and indent with fears,
When they have loſt and forfeited themſelves?
No, on the barren mountains let him ſtarve;
For I ſhall never hold that man my Friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall ask me for one penny coſt

To ranſom home revolted *Mortimer*.
Hot. Revolted *Mortimer!*
He never did fall off, my Soveraign Liege,
But by the chance of War. To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue, for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed wounds which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle *Severn*'s ſedgie bank,
In ſingle oppoſition hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink
Upon agreement, of ſwift *Severn*'s flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his criſp'd head in a hollow bank,
Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant Combatants.
Never did baſe, and rotten Policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds;
Nor ever could the noble *Mortimer*
Receive ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be ſlander'd with revolt.
K. Hen. Thou doſt belie him, *Percy*, thou doſt belie him:
He never did encounter with *Glendower*;
I tell thee, he durſt as well have met the Devil
As *Owen Glendower* for an Enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd? But, Sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you ſpeak of *Mortimer*.
Send me your Priſoners with the ſpeedieſt means,
Or you ſhall hear in ſuch a kind from me
As will diſpleaſe ye. My Lord *Northumberland*
We licence your departure with your Son.
Send us your Priſoners, or you'll hear of it.
[*Exit K.* Henry.
Hot. And if the Devil come and roar for them,
I will not ſend them. I will after ſtreight
And tell him ſo; for I will eaſe my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.
Nort. What, drunk with choler? ſtay & pauſe a while,

Here

Here comes your Uncle.

Enter Worceſter.

Hot. Speak of *Mortimer*?
Yes, I will ſpeak of him, and let my Soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
In his behalf, I'll empty all thoſe veins,
And ſhed my dear blood drop by drop i'th' duſt,
But I will lift the down fall'n *Mortimer*
As high i'th' air as this unthankful King,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bullingbroke*.
North. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad. (*To* Worceſter.
Wor. Who ſtrook this heat up after I was gone?
Hot. He will, forſooth, have all my Priſoners:
And when I urg'd the ranſom once again
Of my Wife's Brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of *Mortimer*.
Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?
North. He was: I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whoſe wrongs in us, God pardon) did ſet forth
Upon his *Iriſh* Expedition;
From whence, he intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and ſhortly murthered. [mouth,
Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the Worlds wide
Live ſcandaliz'd, and foully ſpoken of.
Hot. But ſoft, I pray you; did King *Richard* then
Proclaim my Brother *Mortimer* Heir to the Crown?
North. He did; my ſelf did hear it.
Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his Couſin King,
That wiſh'd him on the barren mountains ſtarv'd.
But ſhall it be, that you that ſet the Crown
Upon the head of this forgetful Man,
And for his ſake wore the deteſted blot

Of

Of murtherous ſubornations; ſhall it be,
That you a world of curſes undergo,
Being the Agents, or baſe ſecond means,
The cords, the ladder, or the Hangman rather?
(O pardon, if that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line, and the predicament
Wherein you range under this ſubtle King.)
Shall it for ſhame, be ſpoken in theſe days,
Or fill up Chronicles in time to come,
That Men of your nobility and power,
Did gage them both in an unjuſt behalf?
As both of you, God pardon it, have done,
To put down *Richard*, that ſweet lovely Roſe,
And plant this thorn, this Canker *Bullingbroke*:
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded and ſhook off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye underwent?
No; yet time ſerves, wherein you may redeem
Your baniſh'd honours, and reſtore your ſelves
Into the good thoughts of the world again.
Revenge the jeering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwer all the debt he owes unto you,
Even with the bloody payments of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay—

Wor. Peace, Couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will unclaſp a ſecret book,
And to your quick conveying diſcontents,
I'll read you matter, deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous ſpirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unſted faſt footing of a ſpear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or ſink or ſwim,
Send danger from the Eaſt unto the Weſt,
So Honour croſs in from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The blood more ſtirs
To rowze a Lion, than to ſtart a Hare.

North. Imagination of ſome great exploit,

Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By Heav'n, methinks it were an eaſie leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fadom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the locks:
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without co-rival, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowſhip.

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he ſhould attend.
Good Couſin give me audience for a while,
And liſt to me.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Thoſe ſame noble *Scots*
That are your Priſoners—

Hot I'll keep them all.
By Heav'n, he ſhall not have a *Scot* of them:
No, if a *Scot* would ſave his Soul, he ſhall not.
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no ear unto my purpoſes.
Thoſe Priſoners you ſhall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He ſaid he would not ranſom *Mortimer*:
Forbade my tongue to ſpeak of *Mortimer*.
But I will find him when he lyes aſleep,
And in his ear I'll holla, *Mortimer*.
Nay, I'll have a Starling ſhall be taught to ſpeak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger ſtill in motion.

Wor. Hear you, Couſin: A word.

Hot. All ſtudies here I ſolemnly defie,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbroke*:
And that ſame ſword and buckler, Prince of *Wales*,
But that I think his Father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance,
I would have poiſon'd him with a pot of Ale.

Wor,

Wor. Farewel, Kinſman: I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.
North. Why what a waſp-tongu'd and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this Woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?
Hot. Why, look you, I am whipt and ſcourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and ſtung with Piſmires, when I hear
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbroke.*
In *Richard*'s time—what d'ye call the place?—
A plague upon't—it is in *Gloceſter ſhire*—
'Twas where the mad cap Duke his Uncle kept
His Uncle *York*—where I firſt bow'd my knee
Unto this King of ſmiles, this *Bullingbroke*;
When you and he came back from *Ravenſpurg.*
North. At *Barkly* Caſtle.
Hot. You ſay true:
Why what a gaudy deal of courteſie
This fawning Greyhound then did proffer me!
Look when his infant Fortune came to age,—
And gentle *Harry Percy*—and kind Couſin—
O, the Devil take ſuch Cozeners—God forgive me—
Good Uncle tell your tale, for I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, you may to't again;
We'll ſtay your leiſure.
Hot. I have done, inſooth.
Wor. Then once more to your *Scottiſh* Priſoners;
Deliver them up without their ranſom ſtreight,
And make the *Dowglaſs*'Son your only mean
For powers in *Scotland*; which for divers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd
Will eaſily be granted you, my Lord.
That Son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd,
Shall we ſecretly in the boſom creep
Of that ſame noble Prelate, well belov'd,
The Arch-Biſhop—
Hot. Of *York*, is't not?
Wor. True, who bears hard
His Brother's death at *Briſtow*, the Lord *Scroop.*

I ſpeak not this in eſtimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet down,
And only ſtays but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.

Hot. I ſmell it:
Upon my life, it will do wondrous well.

North. Before the Game's a foot, thou ſtill let'ſt ſlip.

Hot. Why, it cannot chuſe but be a noble Plot:
And then the Powers of *Scotland*, and of *York*
To join with *Mortimer*; ha?

Wor. And ſo they ſhall.

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reaſon bids us ſpeed,
To ſave our heads, by raiſing of a head:
For, bear our ſelves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt,
And think we think our ſelves unſatisfy'd,
'Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make us ſtrangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Couſin, farewel. No further go in this,
Than I by Letters ſhall direct your courſe.
When time is ripe which will be ſuddenly,
I'll ſteal to *Glendower*, and Lord *Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Dowglaſs*, and our Powers at once,
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happily meet,
To bear our Fortunes in our own ſtrong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewel, good Brother, we ſhall thrive, I truſt,

Hot. Uncle, adieu: O let the hours be ſhort,
'Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our ſport.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT,

ACT. II.

SCENE I.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanthorn in his hand.

1. CARRIER.

HEigh ho, an't be not four by the day I'll be hang'd; *Charles wain* is over the new chimney, and yet our horſe not packt. What, Oſtler?

Oſt. Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I prithee *Tom*, beat *Cuts* ſaddle, put a few ſtocks in the point: The poor Jade is wrung in the withers, out of all ceſs.

Enter another Carrier.

2. *Car.* Peaſe and beans are as dank here as a Dog, and this is the next way to give poor Jades the bots: This houſe is turn'd upſide down, ſince *Robin* the Oſtler dy'd.

1. *Car.* Poor Fellow never joy'd ſince the price of oats roſe, it was the death of him.

2. *Car.* I think this is the moſt villainous houſe in all *London* road for fleas: I am ſtung like a Tench.

1. *Car.* Like a Tench! There's ne'er a King in Chriſtendom, could be better bit, than I have been ſince the firſt Cock.

2. *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and then we leak in the Chimney; And your Chamberlye breeds Fleas like a loach.

1. *Car.* What Oſtler, come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2. *Car.* I have a gammon of Bacon, and two Razes of Ginger, to be deliver'd as for as *Charing-Croſs.*

1. *Car.* The Turkies in my panniers are quite ſtarv'd. What Oſtler? A Plague on thee, haſt thou never an eye in thy head? Canſt not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Villain. Come and be hang'd, haſt no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-Hill.

Gads. Good morrow, Carriers. What's a-clock?

Car. I think it be two a-clock.

Gads. I prithee lend me thy Lanthorn, to ſee my Gelding in the ſtable.

1. *Car.* Nay, ſoft I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that.

Gads. I prithee lend me thine.

2. *Car.* Ay, when, canſt tell? Lend me thy Lanthorn, quoth a! marry I'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Gads. Sirrah, Carrier, what time do you mean to come to *London?*

2. *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come Neighbour *Mugges*, we'll call up the Gentlemen, they will along with Company, for they have great charge. [*Ex. Carriers.*

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What ho, Chamberlain?

Chamb. At hand, quoth Pick-purſe.

Gads. That's even as fair, as at hand, quoth the Chamberlain; for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, than giving direction doth from labouring. Thou lay'ſt the Plot, how.

Chamb. Good-morrow Maſter *Gads-hill*, it holds currant that I told you yeſternight. There's a Franklin in the

the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred Marks with him in Gold; I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at Supper; a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what; they are up already, and call for eggs and butter. They will away preſently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with S. *Nicholas'* Clarks, I'll give thee this neck.

Chamb. No, I'll none of it: I prithee keep that for the Hangman; for I know thou worſhip'ſt S. *Nicholas* as truly as a Man of falſehood may.

Gads. What talk'ſt thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang I'll make a fat pair of Gallows. For if I hang, old Sir *John* hangs with me, and thou know'ſt he's no ſtarveling. Tut, there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'ſt not of, the which, for ſport ſake, are content to do the Profeſſion ſome grace, that would, if matters ſhould be look'd into, for their own credit ſake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot Land-rakers, no long-ſtaff ſix penny ſtrikers, none of thoſe mad muſtachio-purple-hu'd Malt-worms, but with Nobility and Tranquility, Burgomaſters, and great Oneyers, ſuch as can hold in; ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner than ſpeak, and ſpeak ſooner than drink, and drink ſooner than pray; and yet I lye, for they pray continually unto their Saint the Common-wealth; or rather, not pray to her, for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Chamb. What, the Common-wealth their boots? Will ſhe hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, ſhe will; Juſtice hath liquor'd her. We ſteal, as in a Caſtle, cock-ſure; we have the Receipt of Fern-ſeed, we walk inviſible.

Chamb. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholding to the night, than the Fern-ſeed, for your walking inviſible.

Gads. Give me thy hand.
Thou ſhalt have a ſhare in our purpoſe,
As I am a true Man.

Chamb. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a falſe Thief.

Gads. Go to, *Homo* is a common name to all Men. Bid the Oſtler bring the Gelding out of the ſtable. Farewel, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins *and* Peto.

POINS.

Come ſhelter, ſhelter, I have removed *Falſtaff's* horſe, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. Henry. Stand cloſe.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Poins, Poins, and be hang'd *Poins.*

P. Henry. Peace ye fat-kindney'd Raſcal; what a bawling doſt thou keep?

Fal. What *Poins, Hal?*

Prince. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, I'll go ſeek him.

Fal. I am accurſt to rob in that Thief's company: That Raſcal hath remov'd my horſe, and ty'd him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the ſquare further afoot, I ſhall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'ſcape hanging for killing that Rogue. I have forſworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitcht with the Rogue's company. If the Raſcal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be elſe; I have drunk medicines. *Poins!* *Hal!* a Plague upon you both. *Bardolph, Peto;* I'll ſtarve e're I rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as to drink, to turn True-man, and to leave theſe Rogues,

Rogues, I am the verieſt Varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threeſcore and ten miles afoot with me; and the ſtony hearted Villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when Thieves cannot be true one to another. [*They whiſtle.* Whew, a Plague light upon you all. Give me my horſe, you Rogues, give me my horſe, and be hang'd.

P. Henry. Peace ye fat guts, lye down, lay thine ear cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can hear the tread of Travellers.

Fal. Have you any leavers to lift me up again being down? I'll not bear mine own fleſh ſo far afoot again, for all the coin in thy Father's Exchequer. What plague mean ye to colt me thus?

P. Henry. Thou lieſt, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good Prince *Hal*, help me to my horſe, good King's Son.

P. Henry. Out you Rogue, ſhall I be your Oſtler?

Fal. Go hang thy ſelf in thy own Heir apparent Garters; if I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not Ballads made on you all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of Sack be my poiſon: when a jeſt is ſo froward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill *and* Bardolph.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do againſt my will.

Poins. O 'tis our Setter, I know his voice: *Bardolph*, what news?

Bard. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your vizards, there's Mony of the King's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you Rogue, 'tis going to the King's Tavern.

Gad. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Henry. You four ſhall front them in the narrow lane; *Ned* and I will walk lower; if they ſcape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob us?

P. Henry. What, a Coward, Sir *John Paunch?*

Fal. Indeed I am not *John* of *Gaunt*, your Grandfather; but yet no Coward, *Hal.*

P. Henry. We'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah, *Jack*, thy Horſe ſtands behind the hedge, when thou need'ſt him, there ſhalt thou find him; farewel, and ſtand faſt.

Fal. Now cannot I ſtrike him if I ſhould be hang'd.

P. Henry. Ned, where are our diſguiſes?

Poins. Here hard by: Stand cloſe.

Fal. Now my Maſters, happy Man be his dole ſay I, every Man to his buſineſs.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, Neighbour; the Boy ſhall lead our Horſes down the hill; We'll walk afoot a while, and eaſe our legs.

Thieves. Stay.

Trav. Jeſu bleſs us.

Fal. Strike; down with them, cut the Villains throats; ah! whorſon Caterpillars; Bacon-fed Knaves, they hate us Youth; down with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellyed Knaves, are you undone? No ye fat Chuffs, I would your ſtore were here. On Bacons on, what ye Knaves? Young Men muſt live: you are Grand Jurors? We'll jure ye i'faith.

[*Here they rob them and bind them, and then Exeunt.*

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. *Henry*. The Thieves have bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Thieves and go merrily to *London*. it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jeſt for ever.

Poins. Stand cloſe, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come my Maſters, let us ſhare, and then to horſe before day; an the Prince and *Poins* be not two arrant Cowards, there's no equity ſtirring. There's no more Valour in that *Poins*, than in a wild Duck.

P. *Henry*. Your Mony.

Poins. Villains.

[*As they are ſharing, the Prince and* Poins *ſet upon them. They all run away, leaving the booty behind them.*

P. *Henry*. Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to horſe: The Thieves are ſcattered, and poſſeſt with fear ſo ſtrongly, that they dare not meet each other; each takes his Fellow for an Officer. Away good *Ned*. *Falſtaff* ſweats to death, and lards the lean earth as he walks along; wer't not for laughing, I ſhould pity him.

Poins. How the Rogue roar'd. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

Enter Hot-ſpur *ſolus, reading a Letter.*

But for mine own part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in reſpect of the love I bear your houſe. He could be contented: Why is he not then? In reſpect of the love he bears our Houſe—He ſhews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our Houſe. Let me ſee ſome more. *The purpoſe you undertake is dangerous.* Why that's

that's certain: 'Tis dangerous to take a cold, to ſleep, to drink; but I tell you, my Lord Fool, out of this nettle, Danger, we pluck this flower, Safety. *The purpoſe you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have named uncertain, the time it ſelf unſorted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoize of ſo great an oppoſition.* Say you ſo; ſay you ſo? I ſay unto you again, you are a ſhallow cowardly Hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? I proteſt, our Plot is as good a Plot as ever was laid; our Friends true and conſtant: A good Plot, good Friends, and full of expectation. An excellent Plot, very good Friends. What a froſty-ſpirited Rogue is this? Why, my Lord of *York* commends the Plot, and the general courſe of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Raſcal, I could brain him with with his Lady's Fan. Is there not my Father, my Uncle, and my ſelf; Lord *Edmond Mortimer*, my Lord of *York*, and *Owen Glendower*? Is there not beſides, the *Dowglaſs*? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in Arms by the ninth of the next Month? And are there not ſome of them ſet forward already? What a Pagan Raſcal is this? An Infidel. Ha! you ſhall ſee now in very ſincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide my ſelf, and go to buffets, for moving ſuch a diſh of skim'd-milk with ſo honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King, we are prepared. I will ſet forwards to-night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, *Kate*! I muſt leave you within theſe two hours.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A baniſh'd Woman from my *Harry*'s bed?
Tell me, ſweet Lord, what is it that takes from thee
Thy ſtomach, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleep?
Why doſt thou bend thy eyes upon the Earth?

And

And ſtart ſo often when thou ſitt'ſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh blood in thy cheeks?
And given my treaſures and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd muſing, and curſt melancholly?
In thy faint ſlumbers, I by thee have watcht,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron Wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry courage to the Field. And thou haſt talk'd
Of Sallies, and Retires, Trenches, and Tents,
Of Paliſadoes, Frontiers, Parapets;
Of Baſilisks, of Cannon, Culverin;
Of Priſoners Ranſom, and of Soldiers ſlain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy Spirit within thee hath been ſo at war,
And thus hath ſo beſtirr'd thee in thy ſleep,
That beads of ſweat have ſtood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late diſturbed ſtream;
And in thy face ſtrange motions have appear'd,
Such as we ſee when Men reſtrain their breath,
On ſome great ſudden haſte. O what portents are theſe?
Some heavy buſineſs hath my Lord in hand,
And I muſt know it; elſe he loves me not.

Hot. What ho; is *Gilliams* with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my Lord, an hour agone.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought thoſe Horſes from the Sheriff?

Serv. One Horſe, my Lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What Horſe? A Roan, a Crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my Lord.

Hot. That Roan ſhall be my Throne Well, I will back him ſtreight. *Eſperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the park.

Lady. But hear you, my Lord?

Hot. What ſay'ſt thou, my Lady?

Lady. What is it that carries you away?

Ho. Why, my Horſe, my Love, my Horſe.

Lady

Lady. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazel hath not ſuch a deal of ſpleen, as you are toſt with. In ſooth I'll know your buſineſs, *Harry*, that I will. I fear my Brother *Mortimer* doth ſtir about his title, and hath ſent for you to line his entrepriſe. But if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I ſhall be weary, Love.

Lady. Come, come, you Paraquito, anſwer me directly unto this queſtion, that I ſhall ask. Indeed I'll break thy little finger, Harry if thou wilt not tell me true.

Hot. Away, away, you trifler: Love, I love thee not,
I care not for thee, *Kate*; this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips.
We muſt have bloody noſes, and crack'd crowns,
And paſs them currant too—Gods me, my Horſe.
What ſay'ſt thou, *Kate*? What would'ſt thou have with
Lady. Do ye not love me? Do you not indeed? (me?
Well, do not then. For ſince you love me not,
I will not love my ſelf. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if thou ſpeak'ſt in jeſt or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſe-back, I will ſwear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, *Kate*,
I muſt not have you henceforth queſtion me,
Whither I go; nor reaſon whereabout.
Whither I muſt, I muſt: and to conclude;
This evening muſt I leave thee, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wiſe, but yet no further wiſe
Then *Harry Percy*'s Wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a Woman; and for ſecreſie,
No Lady cloſer: For I will believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know;
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle *Kate*.

Lady. How ſo far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither ſhall you go too:
To-day will I ſet forth, to-morrow you,
Will this content you *Kate*?

Lady. It muſt of force. (*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

PRINCE HENRY.

Ned. prethee come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where haſt been, *Hal*?

P. Henry. With three or four Loggerheads, amongſt three or fourſcore Hogsheads. I have ſounded the very baſe ſtring of humility. Sirrah, I am ſworn Brother to a leaſh of Drawers, and can call them by their names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*. They take it already upon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of curteſie; telling me flatly; I am not proud like *Jack Falſtaff*, but a *Corinthian*, a Lad of mettle, a good Boy; and when I am King of *England*, I ſhall command all the good Lads in *Eaſtcheap*. They call drinking deep, dying ſcarlet; and when you break in your watring, then they cry Pem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any Tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou haſt loſt much Honour, that thou wert not with me in this Action; but ſweet *Ned*, to ſweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this Pennyworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under Skinker, one that never ſpake other *Engliſh* in his life, than *Eight Shillings and Six pence*, and, *You are welcome Sir*: With this ſhrill addition, *Anon Sir*, *Anon Sir*, *Score a pint of Baſtard in the half-Moon*, or ſo. But *Ned*, to drive away time 'till *Falſtaff* come, I prethee do thou ſtand in ſome by-room, while I queſtion my puny Drawer, to what end he gave me the Sugar, and do never leave calling

Fran-

Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon*: Step aſide, and I'll ſhew thee a preſident.

Poins. Francis!

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

Enter Francis *the Drawer*.

Fran. Anon, anon Sir; look down into the Pomgranet, *Ralph*.

P. Henry. Come hither, *Francis*.

Fran. My Lord.

P. Henry. How long haſt thou to ſerve, *Francis*?

Fran. Forſooth five years, and as much as to—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon Sir.

P. Henry. Five years; Berlady, a long leaſe for the clinking of pewter. But *Francis*, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the Coward with thy Indenture, and ſhew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, I'll be ſworn upon all the books in *England*, I could find in my heart—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon Sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, *Francis*?

Fran. Let me ſee, about *Michaelmas* next I ſhall be—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon Sir; pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gaveſt me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, I would it had been two.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thouſand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt have it.

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, *Francis*? No, *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*; or *Francis*, on *Thurſday*, or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt. But *Francis*?

Fran.

Fran. My Lord

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, Chriſtal button, Not-pated, Aga tring, Pukeſtocking, Caddice-garter, Smooth-tongue, *Spaniſh* pouch?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then your brown baſtard is your only drink; for look you, *Francis*, your white Canvas doublet will ſully. In *Barbary*, Sir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins Francis!

P Henry. Away you Rogue, doſt thou hear them call?

[*Here they both call, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, ſtand'ſt thou ſtill, and hear'ſt ſuch a calling? Look to the Gueſt within. My Lord, old Sir *John* with half a dozen more are at the door; ſhall I let them in?

P. Henry. Let them alone a while, and then open the door.—*Poins!*

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, *Falſtaff* and the reſt of the Thieves are at the door; ſhall we be merry?

Poins As merry as crickets my Lad. But hark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jeſt of the Drawer? Come, what's the iſſue?

P. Henry I am now of all humours, that have ſhew'd themſelves humours, ſince the old days of Goodman *Adam*, to the pupil age of this preſent twelve a-clock at midnight.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. That ever this Fellow ſhould have fewer

words than a Parrot, and yet the Son of a Woman. His induſtry is up ſtairs and down ſtairs; his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percy's* mind, the Hot-ſpur of the North; he that kills me ſome ſix or ſeven dozen of *Scots* at a breakfaſt, waſhes his hands and ſays to his Wife, Fie upon this quiet life, I want work. O my ſweet *Harry*, ſays ſhe, how many haſt thou kill'd to-day? Give my roan horſe a drench, ſays he, and anſwers, ſome fourteen; an Hour after; a trifle, a trifle. I prithee call in *Falſtaff*, I'll play *Percy*, and that damn'd Brawn ſhall play Dame *Mortimer* his Wife. *Rivo*, ſays the Drunkard. Call in ribs; call in Tallow.

Enter Falſtaff.

Poins. Welcome *Jack*, where haſt thou been?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards, I ſay, and a Vengeance too; marry and *Amen*. Give me a cup of ſack, Boy. E're I lead this life long, I'll ſow nether-ſocks, and mend them too. A plague of all Cowards. Give me a cup of Sack, Rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

P. Henry. Didſt thou never ſee *Titan* kiſs a diſh of butter, pitiful hearted *Titan*, that melted at the ſweet tale of the Sun? If thou didſt, then behold that compound.

Fal. You Rogue, here's lime in this Sack too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous Man; yet a Coward is worſe than a Cup of Sack with lime. A villainous Coward—Go thy ways old *Jack*, die when thou wilt, if Manhood, good Manhood be not forgot upon the face of the Earth, then am I a ſhotten herring: There lives not three good Men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help the while a bad World I ſay. I would I were a Weaver, I could ſing all manner of Songs. A plague of all Cowards, I ſay ſtill.

P. Henry. How now *Woolſack*, what mutter you?

Fal. A King's Son? If I do not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a Dagger of lath, and drive all thy Sub-

jects

jects afore thee like a Flock of wild Geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of *Wales*!

P. Henry. Why you horſon round Man! What's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? Anſwer me to that, and *Poins* there?

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me Coward I'll ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward! I'll ſee thee damn'd e're I call thee Coward; but I would give a thouſand Pound I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtreight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your back. Call yo uthat backing of your Friends? a plague upon ſuch backing? give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O Villain, thy lips are ſcarce wip'd ſince thou drunk'ſt laſt,

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*
A plague on all Cowards, ſtill, ſay I.

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us, have ta'en a thouſand Pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it *Jack*? Where is it?

Fall Where is it? taken from us, it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, Man?

Fal. I am a Rogue, if I were not at half ſword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have eſcap'd by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the doublet, four through the hoſe, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hack'd like a hand ſaw, *ecce ſignum*. I never dealt better ſince I was a Man; all would not do. A Plague on all Cowards—Let them ſpeak; if they ſpeak more or leſs than truth, they are Villains and the Sons of darkneſs.

P. Henry. Speak Sir, how was it?

Gads. We four ſet upon ſome dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at leaſt, my Lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto No, no, they were not bo und.

Fal. You Rogue they were bound, every Man of them, or I am a *Jew* elſe, an *Ebrew Jew.*

Gads. As we were ſharing, ſome ſix or ſeven freſh Men ſet upon us.

Fal. And unbound the reſt, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radiſh; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old *Jack*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Poins. Pray Heav'n, you have not murthered ſome of them.

Fal Nay, that's paſt praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two I am ſure I have pay'd, two Rogues in buckram ſuits. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face, call me Horſe. Thou know'ſt my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four Rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What, four? thou ſaidſt but two, even now.

Fal. Four *Hal*, I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he ſaid four.

Fal. Theſe four came all a-front, and mainly thruſt at me: I made no more ado, but took all their ſeven points in my Target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven? why there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram ſuits.

Fal Seven, by theſe hilts, or I am a Villain elſe.

P. Henry. Prithee let him alone, we ſhall have more anon.

Fal Doſt thou hear me, *Hal*?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, *Jack.*

Fal. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning too: Theſe nine

nine in buckram, that I told thee of—

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken—

Poins. Down fell his hoſe.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I follow'd me cloſe, came in foot and hand; and with a thought ſeven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry. O monſtrous! Eleven buckram Men grown out of two!

Fal. But as the Devil would have it, three misbegotten Knaves, in *Kendal* green, came at my back, and let drive at me; for it was ſo dark, *Hal*, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.

P. Henry. Theſe lies are like the Father that begets them, groſs as a mountain, open, palpable. Why thou claybrain'd guts, thou knotty-pated Fool, thou horſon obſcence greaſie tallow-catch.

Fal. What, are thou mad? Art thou mad? Is not the truth, the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how coul'ſt thou know theſe Men in *Kendal* green, when it was ſo dark, thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand? Come tell us your reaſon: What ſay'ſt thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reaſon, *Jack*, your reaſon?

Fal. What, upon compulſion? No; were I at the ſtrappado, or all the Racks in the world, I would not tell you on compluſion. Give you a reaſon on compluſion! If reaſons were as plenty as Black-Berries, I would give no Man a reaſon upon compulſion, I.

P. Henry I'll be no longer guilty of this ſin. This ſanguine Coward, this bed-preſſer, this Horſe-back-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh.

Fal. Away you ſtarveling, you Elf-skin, you dry'd Neats Tongue, Bull-piſſel, you Stock-fiſh: O for breath to utter. What is like thee? You Tailor's yard, you Sheath, you Bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding Tuck.

P. Henry. Well, breath a while, and then to't again; and when thou haſt tyr'd thy ſelf in baſe compariſons, hear me ſpeak but thus.

Poins. Mark *Jack.*

P. Henry. We two, ſaw you four ſet on four and bound them, and were Maſters of their wealth: Mark now, how a plain Tale ſhall put you down. Then did we two ſet on you four, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and have it, yea and can ſhew it you in the houſe. And *Falſtaff*, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and ſtill ran and roar'd, as ever I heard Bull-calf. What a Slave art thou, to hack thy Sword as thou haſt done, and then ſay it was in fight? What trick? What device? What ſtarting hole canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent ſhame?

Poins. Come, let's hear *Jack*: What trick haſt thou now?

Fal. I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why hear ye my Maſters, was it for me to kill the Heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knoweſt I am as valiant as *Hercules*; but beware inſtinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Inſtinct, is a great matter. I was a Coward on inſtinct: I ſhall think the better of my ſelf and thee, during my life; I for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you have the mony. Hoſteſs, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boys, Hearts of Gold, all the good titles of fellowſhip come to you. What, ſhall we be merry? Shall we have a Play *extempore*?

P. Henry. Content, and the Argument ſhall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that *Hal*, if thou loveſt me.

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. My Lord the Prince!

P. Henry. How now, my Lady the Hoſteſs, what ſay'ſt thou to me?

Hoſt

Hoſt. Marry, my Lord, there is a Nobleman of the Court at door would ſpeak with you; he ſays he comes from your Father.

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a Royal Man, and ſend him back again to my Mother.

Fal. What manner of Man is he?

Hoſt. An old Man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his anſwer?

P. Henry. Prithee do, *Jack.*

Fal. Faith and I'll ſend him packing. [*Exit*

P. Henry. Now Sirs, you fought fair; ſo did you *Peto*, ſo did you *Bardolph*; you are Lions too, you ran away upon inſtinct; you will not touch the true Prince, no, fie.

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I ſaw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earneſt; how came *Falſtaff*'s Sword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid, he would ſwear truth out of all *England*, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and perſuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and tickle our noſes with ſpear-graſs, to make them bleed, and then beſlubber our garments with it, and ſwear it was the blood of true Men. I did that I did not theſe ſeven years before, I bluſh'd to hear his monſtrous devices.

P. Henry. O Villain, thou ſtolleſt a cup of Sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the Manner, and ever ſince thou haſt bluſh'd *extempore*. Thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranneſt away: What inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, do you ſee theſe Meteors? Do you behold theſe Exhalations?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Henry. Hot livers, and cold purſes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falſtaff.

Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes bare-bone How now my ſweet Creature of bombaſt, how long is't ago, *Jack*, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy years, *Hal*, I was not an Eagle's Talon in the waſte, I could have crept into any Alderman's Thumb-ring: A plague of ſighing and grief, it blows a Man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: Here was Sir *John Braby* from your Father; you muſt go to the Court in the morning. The ſame mad Fellow of the North, *Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* Cuckold, and ſwore the Devil his true Liege-Man upon the Croſs of a *Welſh*-hook: What a plague call you him?

Poins. O, *Glendower.*

Fal. *Owen*, *Owen*; the ſame, and his Son in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprightly *Scot* of *Scots*, *Dowglaſs*, that runs a horſe-back up a hill perpendicular.

P. Henry He that rides at high ſpeed, and with a Piſtol kills a Sparrow flying?

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the Sparrow.

Fal. Well, that Raſcal hath good metal in him, he will not run.

P Henry. Why, what a Raſcal art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Fal. A Horſeback, ye Cuckow, but afoot, he will not budge afoot.

P. Henry. Yes, *Jack*, upon inſtinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon inſtinct: Well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blewcaps more. *Worceſter* is ſtoll'n away by night: Thy Father's beard is turn'd white with the news: You may buy Land now as cheap as ſtinking Mackerel.

P.

P. Henry. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sun, and this civil buffeting hold, we ſhall buy Maiden heads as they buy hob nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the Maſs, Lad, thou ſay'ſt true, it is like we ſhall have good trading that way. But tell me, *Hal*, art not thou horribly afeard? thou being Heir apparent, could the World pick thee out three ſuch Enemies again, as that Fiend *Dowglaſs*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Devil *Glendower*? Art thou not horribly afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Henry. Not a whit: I lack ſome of thy inſtinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou com'ſt to thy Father: If thou do love me, practiſe an Anſwer.

P. Henry. Do thou ſtand for my Father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal Shall I? content: This Chair ſhall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhion my Crown.

P. Henry. Thy State is taken for a joint-ſtool, thy golden Scepter for a leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crown for a pitifull bald Crown.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of Sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept, for I muſt ſpeak in paſſion, and I will do it in King *Cambyſes* vein.

P. Henry. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my Speech; ſtand aſide Nobility.

Hoſt. This is excellent ſport, i'faith.

Fal Weep not, ſweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hoſt. O the Father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For God's ſake Lords, convey my triſtful Queen, For Tears do ſtop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hoſt. O rare, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry Players, as ever I ſee.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickelbrain. *Harry*, I do not only marvel, where thou ſpendeſt thy

time; but alſo, how thou art accompany'd: For though the Camomil, the more it is trodden, the faſter it grows; yet Youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it wears. Thou art my Son; I have partly thy Mother's word, partly my opinion: but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Son to me, here lyeth the point; why, being Son to me, art thou ſo pointed at? Shall the bleſſed Son of Heav'n prove a Micher, and eat black-berries? a Queſtion not to be ask'd. Shall the Son of *England* prove a Thief, and take purſes? a Queſtion to be ask'd. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is known to many in our Land, by the name of Pitch: This Pitch, as ancient Writers do report, doth defile; ſo doth the company thou keepeſt; for *Harry*, now I do not ſpeak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleaſure, but in paſſion; not in words only, but in woes alſo: and yet there is a virtuous Man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his Name.

P. Henry. What manner of Man, an 't like your Majeſty?

Fal. A goodly portly Man i'faith and corpulent, of a chearful look, a pleaſing eye, and a moſt noble carriage; and as I think, his age ſome fifty, or, by'rlady, inclining to threeſcore; and now I remember me, his name is *Falſtaff*: If that Man ſhould be lewdly given, he deceives me; for *Harry*, I ſee Virtue in his looks. If then the Tree may be known by the Fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I ſpeak it, there is Virtue in that *Falſtaff*; him keep with, the reſt baniſh. And tell me now, thou naughty Varlet, tell me, where haſt thou been this month?

P. Henry. Doſt thou ſpeak like a King? Do thou ſtand for me, and I'll play my Father.

Fal. Depoſe me! if thou doſt it half ſo gravely, ſo majeſtically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a Rabbet ſucker or a Poulters Hare.

P. Henry. Well, there I am ſet.

Fal.

Fal. And here I ſtand; judge, my Maſters.

P. Henry. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord from *Eaſt-cheap*.

P. Henry. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. I faith, my Lord, they are falſe. Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

P. Henry. Swearest thou, ungracious Boy? Henceforth ne'er look on me: thou art violently carry'd away from Grace; there's a Devil haunts thee, in the likeneſs of a fat old Man; a tun of Man is thy Companion: Why doſt thou converſe with that trunk of humours, that boulting hutch of beaſtlineſs, that ſwoln parcel of Dropſies, that huge Bombard of Sack, that ſtuft Cloak-bag of guts, that roſted Manning-tree Ox with the Puddings in his belly, that reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that Father Ruffian, that Vanity in years; wherein is he good, but to taſte Sack and drink it? Wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a Capon and eat it? Wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty but in Villany? wherein villainous but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you: What means your Grace?

P. Henry. That villainous abominable Miſ-leader of Youth *Falſtaff*, that old white bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the Man I know.

P Henry. I know thou doſt:

Fal. But to ſay, I know more harm in him than in my ſelf, were to ſay more than I know. That he is old the more's the pity, his white hairs do witneſs it; But that he is, ſaving your Reverence, a Whore-maſter, that I utterly deny. If Sack and Sugar be a fault, Heav'n help the Wicked: If to be old and merry, be a ſin, then many a Hoſt that I know is damn'd: If to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharoah's* lean Kine are to be lov'd. No, my good Lord, baniſh *Peto*, baniſh *Bardolph*, baniſh *Poins*; but for ſweet *Jack Falſtaff*, kind *Jack Falſtaff*, true *Jack Falſtaff*, valiant *Jack Falſtaff*, and

and therefore more valiant, being as he is old *Jack Falſtaff*, baniſh not him thy *Harry*'s company; baniſh not him thy *Harry*'s company; baniſh plump *Jack*, and baniſh all the World.

P. Henry. I do, I will.

Enter Bardolph *running*.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriff with a moſt monſtrous Watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I have much to ſay in the behalf of that *Falſtaff*.

Enter the Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the Devil rides upon a Fiddle-ſtick: What's the matter?

Hoſt. The Sheriff and all the Watch are at the Door: they are come to ſearch the houſe, ſhall I let them in?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, *Hal*? never call a true Piece of Gold a Counterfeit: Thou art eſſentially mad, without ſeeming ſo.

P. Henry. And thou a natural Coward, without inſtinct.

Fal. I deny your *Major*; if you will deny the Sheriff, ſo; if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another Man, a plague on my bringing up; I hope I ſhall as ſoon be ſtrangled with a halter, as another.

P. Henry. Go hide thee behind the Arras, the reſt walk above. Now my Maſters, for a true face and good conſcience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me. [*Exeunt* Falſtaff, Bardolph, *&c.*

P. Henry. Call in the Sheriff.

Enter

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

P. Henry. Now Maſter Sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and cry hath follow'd certain Men unto this houſe.

P. Henry. What Men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious Lord, a groſs fat Man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Henry. The Man, I do aſſure you is not here,
For I my ſelf at this time have imploy'd him;
And, Sheriff, I 'll engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner time,
Send him to anſwer thee, or any Man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withal:
And ſo let me intreat you leave the houſe.

Sher. I will, my Lord; there are two Gentlemen
Have in this Robbery loſt three hundred Marks

P. Henry. It may be ſo; if he have robb'd theſe Men,
He ſhall be anſwerable; and ſo farewell.

Sher. Good-night, my noble Lord.

P. Henry. I think it is good-morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I think it be two a clock.

[*Exit.*

P. Henry. This oily Raſcal is known as well as *Pauls*; go call him forth.

Peto. Falſtaff? Faſt aſleep behind the Arras, and ſnorting like a Horſe.

P. Henry. Hark, how hard he fetches his breath; ſearch his Pokets.

He ſearcheth his Pockets, and findeth certain papers.

P. Henry What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

P. Henry. Let's ſee, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a Capon; 2, *s.* 2. *d.*

Item, Sawce, 4 *d.*

Item

and therefore more valiant, being as he is old *Jack Falſtaff*, baniſh not him thy *Harry*'s company; baniſh not him thy *Harry*'s company; baniſh plump *Jack*, and baniſh all the World.

P. Henry. I do, I will.

Enter Bardolph *running.*

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriff with a moſt monſtrous Watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I have much to ſay in the behalf of that *Falſtaff*.

Enter the Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the Devil rides upon a Fiddle-ſtick: What's the matter?

Hoſt. The Sheriff and all the Watch are at the Door: they are come to ſearch the houſe, ſhall I let them in?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, *Hal*? never call a true Piece of Gold a Counterfeit: Thou art eſſentially mad, without ſeeming ſo.

P. Henry. And thou a natural Coward, without inſtinct.

Fal. I deny your *Major*; if you will deny the Sheriff, ſo; if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another Man, a plague on my bringing up; I hope I ſhall as ſoon be ſtrangled with a halter, as another.

P. Henry. Go hide thee behind the Arras, the reſt walk above. Now my Maſters, for a true face and good conſcience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me. [*Exeunt* Falſtaff, Bardolph, *&c.*

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He ſearcheth his Pockets, and findeth certain papers.

P. Henry What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

P. Henry. Let's ſee, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a Capon; 2. *s.* 2. *d.*

Item, Sawce, 4 *d.*

Item

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5 *s.* 4 *d.*
Item, Anchoves and Sack after Supper, 2 *s.* 6 *d.*
Item, Bread, *ob.*

P. Henry. O monſtrous, but one half pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of ſack? What there is elſe, keep cloſe, we'll read it at more advantage, there let him ſleep 'till day. I'll to the Court in the Morning: We muſt all to the Wars, and thy place ſhall be honourable. I'll procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a March of Twelveſcore. The Mony ſhall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning; and ſo good-morrow, *Peto.*

Peto. Good-morrow, good my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III.

SCENE I.

Enter Hot-ſpur, Worceſter, *Lord* Mortimer, *and* Owen Glendower.

MORTIMER.

THeſe Promiſes are fair, the Parties ſure,
And our induction full of proſperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, and Couſin *Glendower*,
Will you ſit down?
And Uncle *Worceſter*—A plague upon it,
I have forgot the Map.

Glend. No, here it is;
Sit Couſin *Percy*, ſit good Couſin *Hotſpur*:
For by that name, as oft as *Lancaſter*
Doth ſpeak of you, his cheeks look pale, and with
A riſing ſigh, he wiſheth you in Heav'n.

Hot.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he hears *Owen Glendower* ſpoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him; at my nativity,
The front of Heav'n was full of fiery ſhapes,
Of burning Creſſets; and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why ſo it would have done at the ſame ſeaſon, if your Mother's Cat had but kitten'd, though your ſelf had never been born.

Glend. I ſay the Earth did ſhake when I was born.

Hot. And I ſay the Earth was not of my mind:
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhook. [tremble.

Glend. The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did

Hot. Oh, then th' Earth ſhook to ſee the Heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diſeaſed Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In ſtrange eruptions; and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vext,
By the empriſoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which for enlargement ſtriving,
Shakes the old Beldam Earth, and tumbles down
Steeples, and moſs-grown Towers. At your birth,
Our Grandam Earth, having this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhook.

Glend. Couſin; of Many Men
I do not bear theſe croſſings: Give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of Heav'n was full of fiery ſhapes;
The Goats ran from the mountains, and the Herds
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted fields:
Theſe Signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courſes of my life do ſhew,
I am not in the Roll of common Men.
Where is the Living, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the banks of *England*, *Scotland*, *Wales*,
Which calls me Pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but Woman's Son,

Can

Can trace me in the tedious ways of Art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there is no Man ſpeaks better *Welſh*.
I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, Couſin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vaſty deep.

Hot. Why, ſo can I, or ſo can any Man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Couſin, to command the Devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, Couſin, to ſhame the Devil,
By telling Truth. *Tell Truth, and ſhame the Devil.*
If thou have power to raiſe him, bring him hither,
And I'll be ſworn, I've power to ſhame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell truth, and ſhame the Devil.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbroke* made head
Againſt my power; thrice from the Banks of *Wye*,
And ſandy-bottom'd *Severn*, have I ſent him,
All bootleſs home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without Boots, and in foul weather too?
How ſcapes he Agues in the Devil's Name?

Glend. Come, here's the Map: Shall we divide our right,
According to our threefold order ta'en?

Mort. The Arch Deacon hath divided it already
Into three Limits, very equally:
England, from *Trent*, and *Severn* hitherto,
By South and Eaſt, is to my part aſſign'd:
All weſtward, *Wales*, beyond the *Severn* ſhore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To *Owen Glendower*; and dear Coz to you
The remnant northward, lying off from *Trent*.
And our Indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being ſealed interchangeably,
A buſineſs that this night may execute,
To-morrow, Couſin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good Lord of *Worceſter*, will ſet forth,
To meet your Father, and the *Scottiſh* Power,

With in that ſpace, you may have drawn together
Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.
Glend. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, Lords:
And in my conduct ſhall your Ladies come;
From whom you now muſt ſteal, and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Upon the parting of your Wives and you.
Hot. Methinks my moity, north from *Burton* here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this River comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the beſt of all my land,
A huge half Moon, a monſtrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up:
And here the ſmug, and ſilver *Trent* ſhall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It ſhall not wind with ſuch a deep indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a bottom here.
Glend. Not wind? It ſhall, it muſt; you ſee it doth.
Mort. Yea, but mark how he bends his courſe, &c
With like advantage on the other ſide, [runs
Gelding the oppoſed continent as much,
As on this other ſide it takes from you.
Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here;
And on this north ſide win this cape of land,
And then he runs me ſtraight and even along.
Hot. I'll have it ſo, a little charge will do it.
Glend. I'll not have it alter'd.
Hot. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you ſhall not.
Hot. Who ſhall ſay me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not underſtand you then, ſpeak it in *Welſh*.
Glend. I can ſpeak *Engliſh*, Lord, as well as you.
For I was train'd up in the *Engliſh* Court:
Where, being but young, I framed to the Harp
Many an *Engliſh* Ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue, a helpful ornament;

A virtue that was never ſeen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of theſe ſame Meeter-ballad-mongers.
I had rather hear a brazen candleſtick tun'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axel-tree,
And that would ſet my teeth on edge,
Nothing ſo much as mincing Poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gate of a ſhuffling Nag.

Glend. Come, you ſhall have *Trent* turn'd.

Hot. I do not care; I'll give thrice ſo much land
To any well deſerving Friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the Indentures drawn? Shall we be gone?

Glend. The Moon ſhines fair, you may away by night:
I'll haſte the Writer; and withal,
Break with your Wives, of your departure hence:
I am afraid my Daughter will run mad.
So much ſhe doteth on her *Mortimer*. [*Exit.*

Mort. Fie, Couſin *Percy*, how you croſs my Father.

Hot. I cannot chuſe; ſometimes he angers me,
With telling me of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a finleſs Fiſh,
A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulten Raven,
A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat,
And ſuch a deal of skimble skamble ſtuff,
As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
He held me up laſt night, at leaſt nine hours,
In reck'ning up the ſeveral Devils names,
That were his Lackeys:
I cry'd hum, and well, go too,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tired Horſe, or as a railing Wife,
Worſe than a ſmoaky houſe. I had rather live
With cheeſe and garlick in a Windmill far,

That

Than feed on Cates, and have him talk to me,
In any Summer-houſe in Chriſtendom
Mort. In faith he is a worthy Gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited,
In ſtrange concealments; valiant as a Lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As Mines of *India*. Shall I tell you, Couſin?
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelf, even of his natural ſcope,
When you do croſs his humour; 'faith he does.
I warrant you, that Man is not alive,
Might ſo have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taſte of danger, and reproof:
But do not uſe it oft, let me intreat you.
Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilful blame,
And ſince your coming here, have done enough,
To put him quite beſides his patience:
You muſt needs learn, Lord, to amend this fault;
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſs, courage, blood;
And that's the deareſt grace it tenders you;
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtineſs, opinion, and diſdain:
The leaſt of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth Mens hearts, and leaves behind a ſtain
Upon the beauty of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Hot. Well, I am ſchool'd: Good-manners be your ſpeed;
Here come our Wives, and let us take our leave.

Enter Glendower, *with the Ladies.*

Mort. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My Wife can ſpeak no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*.
Glend. My Daughter weeps; ſhe will not part with you,
She'll be a Soldier too, ſhe'll to the Wars.
Mort. Good Father tell her, that ſhe and my Aunt

Shall follow in your conduct ſpeedily.

[Glendower *ſpeaks to her in* Welſh, *and ſhe anſwers him in the ſame.*

Glend. She is deſperate here a peeviſh ſelf-will'd Harlotry,
One that perſuaſion can do no good upon.

(*The Lady ſpeaks in* Welſh.

Mort. I underſtand thy looks; that pretty *Welſh*,
Which thou powr'ſt down from theſe ſwelling Heav'ns
I am too perfect in: And but for ſhame,
In ſuch a parly ſhould I anſwer thee.

[*The Lady again in* Welſh.

Mort. I underſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine,
And that's a feeble diſputation:
But I will never be a Truant, Love,
'Till I have learn'd thy language: For thy Tongue
Makes *Welſh* as ſweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair Queen in a ſummer's Bower,
With raviſhing diviſion to her Lute.

Glend. Nay, if thou melteſt, then will ſhe run mad.

[*The Lady ſpeaks again in* Welſh.

Mort. O, I am ignorance it ſelf in this.

Glend. She bids you,
On the wanton ruſhes lay you down,
And reſt your gentle head upon her lap,
And ſhe will ſing the Song that pleaſeth you;
And on your eye-lids crown the God of Sleep,
Charming your blood with pleaſing heavineſs;
Making ſuch difference betwixt wake and ſleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the Heav'nly harneſs'd Team
Begins his golden progreſs in the Eaſt.

Mort. With all my heart I'll ſit, and hear her ſing:
By that time will our Book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do ſo:
And thoſe Muſicians that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the Air a thouſand leagues from hence;
Yet ſtraight they ſhall be here. Sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying down:

Come,

Come, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady Go, ye giddy Goose. [*The Musick plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the Devil understands *Welsh*,
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous:
By'rlady he's a good Musician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but musical,
For you are all together governed by humors:
Lie still ye Thief, and hear the Lady sing in *Welsh*.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady my Brach howl in *Irish*.

Lady. Would'st have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a Woman's fault.

Lady. Now God help thee.

Hot. To the *Welsh* Lady's bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hot. Peace, she sings. (*Here the Lady sings a* Welsh *Song.*
Come, I'll have your Song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth!
You swear like a Comfit-maker's Wife.
Not you, in good sooth; and, as true as I live;
And, as God shall mend me; and as sure as Day:
And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy Oaths,
As if thou never walk'st further than *Finsbury*.
Swear me, *Kate*, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave Insooth,
And such protest of Pepper-Ginger-Bread,
To Velvet-Guards, and *Sunday* Citizens:
Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn Tailor, or be Redbreast Teacher: An the Indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours: And so come in, when ye will. (*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as slow,
As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to go:
By this our Book is drawn; we'll but seal,
And then to Horse immediately.

More. With all my heart. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lords and others.*

King HENRY.

Lords, give us leave: the Prince of *Wales*, and I,
Muſt have ſome conference. But be near at hand,
For we ſhall preſently have need of you. [*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether Heav'n will have it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſervice I have done:
That in his ſecret doom, out of my blood,
He'll breed revengement, and a ſcourge for me:
But thou doſt in thy paſſages of life,
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the rod of Heav'n
To puniſh my miſs-treadings. Tell me elſe,
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires,
Such poor, ſuch baſe, ſuch lewd, ſuch mean attempts,
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſociety,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatneſs of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy Princely heart?

P. Henry. So pleaſe your Majeſty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuſe,
As well as I am doubtleſs I can purge
My ſelf of many I am charg'd withal.
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As in reproof of many Tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of greatneſs needs muſt hear,
By ſmiling Pick-thanks, and baſe News-mongers;
I may for ſome things true, wherein my Youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,
Find pardon on my true ſubmiſſion.

K. Henry. Heav'n pardon thee: Yet let me wonder.
At thy affections, which do hold a wing (*Harry*,
Quite from the flight of all thy Anceſtors.
Thy place in Council thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy younger Brother is ſupply'd;
And art almoſt an Alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soul of every Man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
So common hackney'd in the eyes of Men,
So ſtale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the Crown,
Had ſtill kept loyal to poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeleſs baniſhment,
A Fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being ſeldom ſeen, I could not ſtir,
But like a Comet, I was wondred at;
That Men would tell their Children, This is he.
Others would ſay, Where? Which is *Bullingbroke*?
And then I ſtole all courteſie from Heav'n;
And dreſt my ſelf in ſuch humility,
That I did pluck Allegiance from mens hearts,
Loud ſhouts and ſalutations from their mouths,
Even in the preſence of the crowned King.
Thus I did keep my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence like a Robe Pontifical,
Ne'er ſeen, but wondred at; and ſo my ſtate,
Seldom but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a Feaſt,
And won by rareneſs ſuch ſolemnity.
The skipping King he ambled up and down,
With ſhallow Jeſters, and raſh bavin Wits,
Soon kindled, and ſoon burnt; carded his State,
Mingled his Royalty with carping Fools,
Had his great Name profaned with their ſcorns
And gave his countenance, againſt his name
To laugh at gybing Boys, and ſtand the puſh
Of every beardleſs vain comparative:

Grew a Companion to the common ſtreets,
Enfeoff'd himſelf to popularity:
That being daily ſwallowed by Mens eyes,
They ſurfeited with Honey, and began
To loath the taſte of ſweetneſs, where of a little
More than a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occaſion to be ſeen,
He was but as the Cuckow is in *June*,
Heard, not regarded; ſeen, but with ſuch eyes,
As ſick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on Sun like Majeſty,
When it ſhines ſeldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and rendred ſuch aſpect
As cloudy Men uſe to their Adverſaries;
Being with his preſence glutted, gorg'd, and full,
And in that very line, *Harry*, ſtand'ſt thou;
For thou haſt loſt thy Princely privilege,
With vile participation. Not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common ſight;
Save mine, which hath deſir'd to ſee thee more;
Which now doth, that I would not have it do,
Make blind it ſelf with fooliſh tenderneſs.

P. Henry. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my ſelf.

K. Henry. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was *Richard* then,
When I from *France* ſet forth at *Ravenſpurg*,
And even as I was then, is *Percy* now.
Now by my Scepter, and my Soul to boot,
He hath more worthy intereſt to the State
Than thou' the Shadow of Succeſſion:
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harneſs in the Realm,
Turns head againſt the Lion's armed jaws;
And being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient Lords, and reverend Biſhops on

To bloody Battels, and to bruiſing Arms.
What never-dying Honour hath he got,
Againſt renowned *Dowglaſs*, whoſe high deeds,
Whoſe hot incurſions, and great Name in Arms,
Holds from all Soldiers chief majority,
And military Title capital,
Through all the Kingdoms that acknowledge Chriſt?
Thrice hath the *Hot-ſpur Mars*, in ſwathing cloaths,
This infant Warrior, in his entrepriſes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglaſs*, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a Friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep Defiance up,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our Throne.
And what ſay you this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
Th'Arch-Biſhop's Grace of *York*, *Dowglaſs*, & *Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell this News to thee?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my Foes,
Which art my near'ſt and deareſt Enemy?
Thou who art like enough, through vaſſal fear,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleen,
To fight againſt me under *Percy*'s pay,
To dog his heels, and courtſie at his frowns,
To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.

P. Henry. Do not think ſo, you ſhall not find it ſo:
And Heav'n forgive them, that ſo much have ſway'd
Your Majeſty's good thoughts away from me.
I will redeem all this on *Percy*'s head,
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And ſtain my favours in a bloody maſk,
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcowre my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this ſame Child of Honour and Renown,
This gallant *Hot-ſpur*, this all-praiſed Kinght,
And your unthought-of *Harry*, chance to meet:
For every Honour ſitting on his helm,

Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My ſhames redoubled: For the time will come
That I ſhall make this Northern Youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
To engroſs up glorious deeds on my behalf:
And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render every Glory up,
Yea, even the ſlighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the Name of Heaven, I promiſe here:
The which, if I perform, and do ſurvive,
I do beſeech your Majeſty, may ſalve
The long grown wounds of my intemperature.
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds.
And I will die a hundred thouſand deaths,
E're break the ſmalleſt parcel of this Vow.

K. Henry. A hundred thouſand Rebels die in this:
Thou ſhalt have charge, and ſoveraign truſt herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now good *Blunt*? Thy looks are full of ſpeed.

Blunt. So hath the buſineſs that I come to ſpeak of.
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath ſent word,
That *Dowglaſs* and the *Engliſh* Rebels met
The eleventh of this Month, at *Shrewsbury*:
A mighty and a fearful Head they are,
If promiſes be kept on every hand,
As ever offered foul play in a State.

K. Henry. The Earl of *Weſtmorland* ſet forth to-day:
With him my Son, Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*,
For this advertiſement is five days old.
On *Wedneſday* next, *Harry*, thou ſhalt ſet forward:
On *Thurſday*, we our ſelves will march.
Our meeting is *Bridgenorth*: And *Harry*, you
Shall march through *Gloceſterſhire*. By which account,
Our buſineſs valued, ſome twelve days hence,

Our

Our general Forces at *Bridgenorth* ſhall meet.
Our hands are full of buſineſs: Let's away,
Advantage feeds them fat, while we delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

FALSTAFF.

Bardolph, am I not fal'n away vilely, ſince this laſt action? Do I not bate? Do I not dwindle? Why my ſkin hangs about me like an old Lady's looſe gown: I am withered like an old Apple John. Well I'll repent, and that ſuddenly, while I am in ſome liking; I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall have no ſtreng h to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a Brewers Horſe; the inſide of a Church! Company, villainous company hath been the ſpoil of me.

Bard. Sir *John*, you are ſo fretfull, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why there is it; come ſing me a bawdy Song, to make me merry: I was as virtuouſly given, as a Gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; ſwore little, dic'd not above ſeven times a week, went to a bawdy-houſe not above once in a quarter of an hour; paid mony that I borrow'd three or four times; liv'd well, and in good compaſs; and now I live out of all order, out of compaſs.

Bard. Why, you are ſo fat, Sir *John*, that you muſt needs be out of all compaſs; out of all reaſonable compaſs, Sir *John*.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our Admiral, thou beareſt the Lanthorn; but not in the poop, 'tis in the noſe of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lamp.

Bard.

Bard. Why, Sir *John*, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be ſworn; I make as good uſe of it, as many a Man doth of a Death's head, or a *Memento Mori*. I never ſee thy face, but I think upon Hell-fire, and *Dives* that liv'd in purple; for there he is in his Robes burning. If thou wert any way given to Virtue, I would ſwear by thy Face; my Oath ſhould be, *By this Fire*: But thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the Son of utter darkneſs. When thou rann'ſt up *Gads-hill* in the night to catch my Horſe, if I did not think thou hadſt been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchaſe in mony. O, thou art a perpetual Triumph, an everlaſting Bonfire light, thou haſt ſaved me a thouſand Marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Tavern and Tavern; but the Sack that thou haſt drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the deareſt Chandlers in *Europe*. I have maintain'd that *Salamander* of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years, Heav'n reward me for it.

Bard. I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. So ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hoſteſs.

How now, Dame *Partlet* the Hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

Hoſt. Why, Sir *John*, what do you think, Sir *John*? Do you think I keep Thieves in my houſe? I have ſearch'd, I have enquir'd, ſo has my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Servant by Servant: The tight of a hair was never loſt in my houſe before.

Fal. Ye lie, Hoſteſs; *Bardolph* was ſhav'd, and loſt many a hair; and I'll be ſworn my pocket was pick'd. Go to, you are a Woman, go.

Hoſt. Who I? I defie thee; I was never call'd ſo in mine own houſe before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. No, Sir *John*: You do not know me, Sir *John*; I know you, Sir *John*: You owe me mony, Sir *John*, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it; I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to Bakers Wives, and they have made Boulters of them.

Hoſt. Now as I am a true Woman, *Holland* of eight ſhillings an ell. You owe mony here beſides, Sir *John*, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and mony lent you, four and twenty Pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoſt. He? alas! he is poor, he hath nothing.

Fal. How? poor? Look upon his face: What call you rich? Let him coin his noſe, let him coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a Yonker of me? Shall I not take mine eaſe in mine Inn, but I ſhall have my pocket pick'd? I have loſt a Seal-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth forty Mark.

Hoſt. I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a *Jack*, a ſneak-cup; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a Dog, if he would ſay ſo.

Enter Prince Henry *marching, and* Falſtaff *meets him, playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.*

Fal. How now, Lad? is the Wind in that door? Muſt we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, *Newgate* faſhion.

Hoſt. My Lord, I pray you hear me.

P. Henry. What ſay'ſt thou, Miſtreſs *Quickly*? How does thy Husband? I love him well; he is an honeſt Man.

Hoſt. Good my Lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithee let her alone, and liſt to me.

P. Henry. What ſay'ſt thou, *Jack*?

Fal. The other night I fell aſleep here behind the Arras,

ras, and had my pocket pickt: This Houſe is turn'd Bawdy-houſe, they pick pockets.

P. Henry. What didſt thou looſe, *Jack*?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, *Hal*? Three or four Bonds of forty Pound a piece, and a Seal-Ring of my Grandfather's.

P. Henry. A trifle, ſome eight-penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my Lord; and I ſaid, I heard your Grace ſay ſo: And, my Lord, he ſpeaks moſt vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd Man as he is, and ſaid he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What, he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me elſe.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a ſtew'd Prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn Fox; and for Woman-hood, Maid-Marian may be the Deputies Wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing, go.

Hoſt. Say, what thing? What thing?

Fal. What thing? Why a thing to thank Heav'n on.

Hoſt. I am nothing to thank Heav'n on, I would thou ſhould'ſt know it: I am an honeſt Man's Wife, and ſetting thy Knighthood aſide, thou art a Knave to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy Womanhood aſide, thou art a Beaſt to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou Knave thou?

Fal. What beaſt? Why an Otter.

P. Henry. An Otter, Sir *John*, why an Otter?

Fal. Why, ſhe's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a Man knows not where to have her.

Hoſt. Thou art an unjuſt Man in ſaying ſo; thou, or any Man knows where to have me, thou Knave thou.

P. Henry. Thou ſay'ſt true, Hoſteſs, and he ſlanders thee moſt groſly.

Hoſt. So he doth you, my Lord, and ſaid this other day, you ow'd him a thouſand Pound.

P. Henry. Sirrah do I owe you a thouſand Pound?

Fal

Fal. A thouſand Pound, *Hal?* A Million; thy love is worth a Million: Thou ow'ſt me thy love.

Hoſt Nay, my Lord, he call'd you *Jack*, and ſaid he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph*?

Bard. Indeed, Sir *John*, you ſaid ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſaid my ring was copper.

P. Henry. I ſay 'tis copper. Dar'ſt be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, *Hal*, thou know'ſt, as thou art but a Man I dare, but as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lions whelp.

P. Henry. And why not as the Lion?

Fal. The King himſelf is to be fear'd as the Lion; do'ſt thou think I'll fear thee, as I fear thy Father? Nay if I do, let my girdle break.

P. Henry. O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fall about thy knees. But, Sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honeſty, in this boſom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honeſt Woman with picking thy pocket! Why thou Horſon impudent, imboſt Raſcal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but Tavern reckonings, *Memorandums* of Baudy-Houſes, and one poor penny-worth of ſugar-candy to make thee long winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other Injuries but theſe, I am a Villain; and yet you will ſtand to it, you will not pocket up wrongs. Art thou not aſham'd?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, *Hal*? Thou know'ſt in the ſtate of Innocency, *Adam* fell; and what would poor *Jack Falſtaff* do, in the days of Villany: Thou ſeeſt, I have more fleſh than another Man, and therefore more frailty. You confeſs then you pickt my pocket?

Pr. Henry. It appears ſo by the ſtory.

Fal. Hoſteſs, I forgive thee: Go make ready breakfaſt; love thy Husband, look to thy Servants, and cheriſh thy Gueſts; thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt reaſon.

Thou

Thou ſeeſt, I am pacify'd ſtill.
Nay, I prithee be gone. [*Exit Hoſteſs.*
Now, *Hal*, to the news at Court for the Robbery Lad,
How is that anſwer'd?

P. Henry. O my ſweet beef, I muſt ſtill be good Angel to thee.
The mony is paid back again.

Fal O, I do not like that paying back: 'tis a double labour.

P. Henry. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou do'ſt, and do it with un-waſh'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my Lord.

P. Henry. I have procured thee, *Jack*, a Charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had been of Horſe. Where ſhall I find one that can ſteal well? O, for a fine Thief, of two and twenty, or thereabout; I am heinouſly unprovided. Well, God be thanked for theſe Rebels; they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praiſe them.

P. Henry. Bardolph!

Bard. My Lord.

P. Henry. Go bear this Letter to Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*, to my Brother *John*. This to my Lord of *Weſtmorland*: Go *Peto*, to horſe; for thou and I, have thirty miles to ride yet e're dinner time. *Jack*, meet me to-morrow in the *Temple-Hall*, at two a clock in the afternoon, there ſhalt thou know thy charge, and there receive mony, and order for their furniture.
The Land is burning, *Percy* ſtands on high,
And either they, or we, muſt lower lye. (come:

Fal. Rare words; brave World: Hoſteſs, my breakfaſt,
Oh, I could wiſh this Tavern were my drum. [*Exeunt*

ACT. IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Hot-ſpur, Worceſter, *and* Dowglaſs.

HOT-SPUR.

Well ſaid, my noble *Scot*, if ſpeaking truth
In this fine Age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the *Dowglaſs* have,
As not a Soldier of this ſeaſons ſtamp,
Should go ſo general currant through the world.
By Heav'n I cannot flatter: I defie
The tongues of Soothers. But a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no Man than your ſelf.
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of Honour:
No Man ſo potent breaths upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Hot. Do ſo, and 'tis well. What Letters haſt thou there?
I can but thank you.

Meſſ. Theſe Letters come from your Father.

Hot. Letters from him? Why comes he not himſelf?

Meſſ. He cannot come, my Lord, he is grievous ſick.

Hot. How! Has he the leiſure to be ſick now
In ſuch a juſtling time? Who leads his Power?

Under whoſe government come they along?

Meſſ. His Letters bear his mind, not his Man.

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Meſſ. He did, my Lord, four days e're I ſet forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Phyſician.

Wor. I would the ſtate of time had firſt been whole,
E're he by ſickneſs had been viſited;
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now? Droop now? This ſickneſs doth infect
The very life-blood of our enetrpriſe;
'Tis catching hither, even to our Camp.
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſs—
And that his Friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoon be drawn: Nor did thinſh he meet,
To lay ſo dangerous and dear a truſt
On any Soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertiſement,
That with our ſmall conjunction we ſhould on,
To ſee how Fortune is diſpos'd to us.
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the King is certainly poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes. What ſay you to it?

Wor. Your Father's ſickneſs is a maim to us.

Hot. A perillous gaſh, a very limb lopt off:
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his preſent want
Seems more than we ſhall find it.
Were't good to ſet the wealth of all our ſtates,
All at one caſt? To ſet ſo rich a mine
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein ſhould we read
The very bottom, and the Soul of hope,
The very liſt, the very utmoſt bound
Of all our Fortunes.

Dow. Faith, and ſo we ſhould;
Where now remains a ſweet reverſion;
Now we may boldly ſpend upon the hope
Of what is to come in:

A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A Rendez-vous, a home to flie unto;
If that the Devil and Miſchance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your Father had been here:
The quality and heir of our attempt
Brooks no diviſion: It will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That Wiſdom, Loyalty, and meer diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earl from hence.
And think, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turn the tide of fearful Faction,
And breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe:
For well you know, we of the offending ſide,
Muſt keep aloof from ſtrict arbitrement;
And ſtop all ſight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of Reaſon may pry in upon us.
This abſence of your Father draws a curtain,
That ſhews the the ignorant a kind of fear,
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You ſtrain it too far.
I rather of his abſence make this uſe:
It lends a luſtre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great Entrepriſe,
Than if the Earl were here: For Men muſt think,
If we without his help, can make a Head
To puſh againſt the Kingdom; with his help,
We ſhall o'erturn it topſie turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Dow. As heart can think:
There is not ſuch a word ſpoke of in *Scotland*,
As is this dream of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My Couſin *Vernon*, welcome by my Soul.

Ver. Pray God my News be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earl of *Weſtmorland*, ſeven thouſand ſtrong,

Is marching hither-wards with Prince *John*.

Hot. No harm; what more:

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himſelf in perſon hath let forth,
Or hither-wards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He ſhall be welcome too, Where is his Son?
The nimble-footed Mad-cap, Prince of *Wales*,
And his Comrades, that daft the World aſide,
And bid it paſs?

Ver. All furniſht, all in Arms,
All plum'd like Eſtridges, that wing the wind,
Baited like Eagles, having lately bath'd,
Glittering in golden coats, like Images,
As full of Spirit as the month of *May*,
And gorgious as the Sun at *Midſummer*,
Wanton as youthful Goats, wild as young Bulls.
I ſaw young *Harry* with his Beaver on,
His Cuiſhes on his thighs gallantly arm'd,
Riſe from the ground like feather'd *Mercury*,
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeat,
As if an Angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegaſus*,
And witch the world with noble Horſemanſhip.

Hot. No more, no more; worſe than the Sun in *March*,
This praiſe doth nouriſh Agues. Let them come,
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd Maid of ſmoaky War,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
The mailed *Mars* ſhall on his Altar ſit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich Reprizal is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horſe,
Who is to bear me like a Thunder-bolt,
Againſt the boſom of the Prince of *Wales*.
Harry to *Harry* ſhall, not Horſe to Horſe,
Meet, and ne'er part, 'til one drop down a coarſe.

Oh,

Oh that that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more News:
I learn'd in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this fourteen days.

Dow. That's the worſt tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my Faith, that bears a frosty ſound.

Hot. What may the Kings whole battel reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thouſand.

Hot. Forty let it be;
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The Power of us may ſerve ſo great a Day.
Come, let us make a Muſter ſpeedily:
Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.

Dow. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
Of Death, or Death's hand, for this one half year.

(*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph

FALSTAFF.

Bardolph, get thee before to *Coventry*; fill me a bottle of Sack; our Soldiers ſhall march through: We'll to *Sutton-cop-hill* to-night.

Bard. Will you give me mony, Captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an Angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll anſwer the coynage. Bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meet me at the Towns end.

Bard. I will Captain; farewel. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not aſham'd of my Soldiers, I am a ſowc'd Gurnet: I have miſ-us'd the King's preſs damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty Soldiers,

three hundred and odd Pounds. I preſs me none but good Houſeholders, Yeomens Sons: enquire me out contracted Batchelors, ſuch as had been ask'd twice on the banes: Such a commodity of warm Slaves, as had as lieve hear the Devil, as a drum; ſuch as fear the report of a Caliver, worſe than a ſtruck-Fool, or a hurt wild-Duck. I preſt me none but ſuch Toſtes and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins-heads, and they have bought out their Services: And now my whole Charge conſiſts of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted cloath, where the Glutton's dogs licked his ſores; and ſuch as indeed were never Soldiers, but diſcarded unjuſt Servingmen, younger Sons to younger Brothers: revolted Tapſters and Oſtlers, trade-fall'n, the Cankers of a calm World, and long Peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged, than an old-fac'd Ancient; and ſuch have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their ſervices; that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd Prodigals, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating draff and huſks. A mad Fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the Gibbets, and preſt the dead Bodies. No eye hath ſeen ſuch ſcar-crows: I'll not march through *Coventry* with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed, I had the moſt of them out of Priſon. There's but a ſhirt and a half in all my Company; and the half ſhirt is two napkins tack'd together, and thrown over the Shoulders like a Herald's coat, without ſleeves; and the Shirt to ſay the truth, ſtol'n from my Hoſt of St. *Albans*, or the red-noſe Innkeeper of *Daintry*. But that's all one, they'll find linnen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, *and* Weſtmorland.

P. Henry. How now, blown *Jack*? how now, quilt?

Fal.

Fal. What, *Hal*? How now, mad Wag, what a Devil do'ſt thou in *Warwickſhire*? My good Lord of *Weſtmorland*, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already been at *Shrewsbury*.

Weſt. 'Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my Powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all; we muſt away all to-night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteal cream.

P. Henry. I think to ſteal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter; but tell me, *Jack*, whoſe Fellows are theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine *Hal*, mine.

P. Henry. I did never ſee ſuch pitiful Raſcals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toſs. Food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better; tuſh man, mortal men, mortal men.

Weſt. Ay, but Sir *John*, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareneſs, I am ſure they never learn'd that of me

P. Henry. No, I'll be ſworn, unleſs you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, Sirrah, make haſte: *Percy* is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

Weſt. He is, Sir *John*, I fear we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feaſt, fits a dull Fighter, and a keen Gueſt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Dowglaſs, *and* Vernon.

HOT-SPUR.

We'll fight with him to-night.
Wor. It may not be.
Dow. You give him then advantage.
Ver. Not a whit.
Hot. Why ſay you ſo? Looks he not for ſupply?
Ver. So do we.
Hot. His is certain, ours in doubtful.
Wor. Good Couſin be advis'd, ſtir not to-night.
Ver. Do not, my Lord.
Dow. You do not councel well;
You ſpeak it out of fear, and cold heart.
Ver. Do me no ſlander, *Dowglaſs*: By my Life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-reſpected Honour bid me on,
I hold as little counſel with weak fear,
As you, my Lord, or any *Scot* that this day lives.
Let it be ſeen to-morrow in the Battel,
Which of us fears.
Dow. Yea, or to-night.
Ver. Content.
Hot To-night, ſay I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being Men of ſuch great Leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag back our Expedition; certain Horſe
Of my Couſin *Vernon*'s are not yet come up;
Your Uncle *Worceſter*'s Horſe came but to-day,
And now their pride and mettle is aſleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That

That not a Horſe is half the half of himſelf.

Hot. So are the Horſes of the Enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Wor. The number of the King's exceedeth ours:
For God's ſake, Couſin, ſtay 'till all come in.

The Trumpet ſounds a Parley.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt*: and would to God
You were of our determination.
Some of us love you well; and even thoſe ſome
Envy your great deſervings, and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our quality,
But ſtand againſt us like an Enemy.

Blunt. And Heav'n defend but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as out of limit, and true rule,
You ſtand againſt anointed Majeſty.
But to my charge. The King hath ſent to know,
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breaſt of civil Peace,
Such bold Hoſtility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deſerts forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all ſpeed
You ſhall have your deſires, with intereſt:
And pardon abſolute for your ſelf, and theſe,
Herein miſled by your ſuggeſtion.

Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the King
Knows at what time to promiſe, when to pay.
My Father, & my Uncle, and my ſelf,
Did give him that ſame Royalty he wears:
And when he was not ſix and twenty ſtrong,

Sick in the Worlds regard, wretched and low;
A poor unminded Out-law, ſneaking home,
My Father gave him welcome to the ſhore:
Andwhen he heard him ſwear, and vow to God,
He came to be but Duke of *Lancaſter*,
To ſue out his Livery, and beg his Peace,
With tears of innocence, and terms of zeal:
My Father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realm
Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did lean to him,
They more and leſs came in with cap and knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on bridges, ſtood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oaths,
Gave him their Heirs, as Pages followed him,
Even at the heels, in golden Multitudes:
He preſently, as Greatneſs knows it ſelf,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my Father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked ſhore at *Ravenſpurg*:
And now, forſooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain Edicts, and ſome ſtrait Decrees,
That lay too heavy on the Commonwealth;
Cries out upon abuſes, ſeems to weep
Over his Country's wrongs; and by his face,
This ſeeming brow of Juſtice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the Favourites, that the abſent King
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonal in the *Iriſh* War.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.

In ſhort time after, he depos'd the King,
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life:
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole State.
To make that worſe, ſuffer'd his Kinſman *March*,

Who

Who is, if every Owner were right plac'd,
Indeed his King, to be engag'd in *Wales*,
There, without ranſom, to lie forfeited.
Diſgrac'd me in my happy Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Uncle from the Council-board,
In rage diſmiſs'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, committing wrong on wrong,
And in concluſion, drove us to ſeek out
This Head of ſafety; and withal, to pry
Into his Title; the which we do find
Too indirect, for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this anſwer to the King?

Hot. Not ſo, Sir *Walter*: We'll withdraw a while.
Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some ſurety for a ſafe return again:
And in the morning early ſhall my Uncle
Bring him our purpoſes; and ſo farewel.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And't may be, ſo we ſhall.

Blunt. Pray Heav'n you do. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter the Arch-Biſhop of York, *and Sir* Michell.

YORK.

Hye, good Sir *Michell*, bear this ſealed brief,
With winged haſte to the Lord Mareſhall,
This to my Couſin *Scroop*, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed.
If you but knew how much they do import,
You would make haſte.

Sir Michel. My good Lord, I gueſs their tenour.

York.

York. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day,
Wherein the Fortune of ten thousand Men
Must bide the touch. For, Sir, at *Shrewsbury*,
As I am truly given to understand,
The King, with mighty and quick raised power,
Meets with Lord *Harry*; and I fear, Sir *Michell*,
What with the sickeness of *Northumberland*,
Whose power was in the first proportion;
And what with *Owen Glendower*'s absence thence,
Who with them was rated firmly too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by Prophecies,
I fear the Power of *Percy* is too weak,
To wage an instant trial with the King.

Sir Michel. Why, my good Lord, you need not fear,
There is *Dowglass*, and Lord *Mortimer*.

York. No, *Mortimer* is not there.

Sir Michel. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, Lord *Harry Percy*, and there is my Lord of *Worcester*, and a Head of gallant Warriors, noble Gentlemen.

York. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawn
The special Head of all the Land together:
The Prince of *Wales*, Lord *John* of *Lancaster*,
The noble *Westmorland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many more Corrivals, and dear Men
Of estimation, and command in Arms.

Sir Mich. Doubt not, my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd.

York. I hope no less: Yet needful 'tis to fear;
And to prevent the worst, Sir *Michell* speed;
For if Lord *Percy* thrive not; e're the King
Dismiss his Power, he means to visit us;
For he hath heard of our Confederacy,
And, 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other Friends; and so farewel, Sir *Michell*.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. V.

SCENE I.

Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and* Falſtaff.

King HENRY.

HOw bloodily the Sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill: The Day looks pale
At his diſtemperature.

P. Henry. The ſouthern Wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And by his hollow whiſtling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempeſt, and a bluſt'ring day.

K. Henry. Then with the loſers let it ſympathize;
For nothing can ſeem ſow'r to them that win.

[*The Trumpet ſounds.*

Enter Worceſter.

K. Henry. How now, my Lord of *Wor'ſter?* 'Tis not well,
That you and I ſhould meet upon ſuch terms,
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our truſt,
And made us doff our eaſie Robe of Peace,
To cruſh our old limbs in ungentle ſteel:
This is not well, my Lord; this is not well.
What ſay you to it? Will you again unknit

This

This churliſh knot of all abhorred War?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light?
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and portent
Of broached miſchief, to the unborn times?
Wor. Hear me, my Liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours: For I do proteſt,
I have not ſought the day of this diſlike.
K. Henry. You have not ſought it; pray how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
P. Henry. Peace, Chewet, peace.
Wor. It pleas'd your Majeſty, to turn your looks
Of favour, from my ſelf, and all our Houſe;
And yet I muſt remember you, my Lord,
We were the firſt, and deareſt of your Friends.
For you, my Staff of Office did I break,
In *Richard*'s time, and poſted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiſs your hand;
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate as I:
It was my ſelf, my Brother and his Son,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You ſwore to us,
And you did ſwear that oath at *Doncaſter*,
That you did nothing purpoſe gainſt the State,
Nor claim no further, than your new-fal'n Right,
The Seat of *Gaunt*, Dukedom of *Lancaſter*.
To this, we ſware our aid: But in ſhort ſpace,
It rain'd down Fortune ſhowring on your head,
And ſuch a flood of greatneſs fell on you,
What with our help, what with the abſent King,
What with the injuries of wanton time,
The ſeeming ſufferances that you had born,
And the contrarious Winds that held the King
So long in the unlucky *Iriſh* Wars,

That

That all in *England* did repute him dead:
And from this ſwarm of fair advantages,
You took occaſion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the general ſway into your hand:
Forgot your Oath to us at *Doncaſter*,
And being fed by us, you us'd us ſo,
As that ungentle gull, the Cuckow's Bird,
Uſeth the ſparrow, did oppreſs our neſt,
Grew by our feeding, to ſo great a bulk,
That even our love durſt not come near your ſight
For fear of ſwallowing; but with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for ſafety's ſake, to fly
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent Head;
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch means
As you your ſelf, have forg'd againſt your ſelf,
By unkind uſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all Faith and Troth,
Sworn to us in your younger entreprize.

K. enry. Theſe things indeed you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at Market-Croſſes, read in Churches,
To face the garment of Rebellion
With ſome fine colour, that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle Changelings, and poor Diſcontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurly burly Innovation.
And never yet did Inſurection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cauſe;
Nor moody Beggars, ſtarving for a time
Of pell-mell havock and confuſion.

P. Henry. In both our Armies, there is many a Soul
Shall pay full dearly for this Encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of *Wales* doth join with all the World
In praiſe of *Henry Percy*: By my hopes,
This preſent entreprize ſet off his head,
I do not think a braver Gentleman,
More active, valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,

To grace this latter Age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may ſpeak it to my ſhame,
I have a Truant been to Chivalry,
And ſo, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my Father's Majeſty;
I am content that he ſhall take the odds
Of his great Name and Eſtimation,
And will, to ſave the blood on either ſide,
Try Fortune with him, in a ſingle fight. [thee,

K. Henry. And, Prince of *Wales*, ſo dare we venture
Albeit conſiderations infinite
Do make againſt it: No, good *Wor'ſter*, no,
We love our People well; even thoſe we love
That are miſ-led upon your Couſin's part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace;
Both he, and they, and you, yea every Man
Shall be my Friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your Couſin, and then bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread Correction wait on us,
And they ſhall do their office. So be gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer fair, take it adviſedly. [*Exit* Worceſter.

P. Henry. It will not be accepted, on my life,
The *Dowglaſs* and the *Hot ſpur* both together,
Are confident againſt the World in Arms.

K. Henry. Hence therefore, every Leader to his Charge,
For on their anſwer will we ſet on them;
And God befriend us, as our Cauſe is juſt. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Prince Henry *and* Falſtaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou ſee me fall down in the Battel,
And beſtride me, ſo; 'tis a point of friendſhip.

P. Henry. Nothing but a Coloſſus can do thee that friendſhip: Say thy Prayers, and farewel.

Fal. I would it were bed time, *Hal*, and all well.

P. Henry. Why, thou oweſt Heav'n a death.

Fal.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour pricks me on. But how if Honour prick me off when I come on? How then; can Honour set to a leg? No. Or an Arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in Surgery then? No. What is Honour? A word. What is that word Honour? Air? A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'd a Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it: therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a meer Scutcheon, and so ends my Catechism. [*Ex.*

SCENE II.

Enter Worcester, *and Sir* Richard Vernon.

WORCESTER.

O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir *Richard*,
The liberal kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keep his word in loving us:
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults.
Suppose, all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For Treason is but trusted like the Fox,
Who ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his Ancestors:
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like Oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.

My Nephew's treſpaſs may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of Youth, and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hare-brain'd *Hot ſpur*, govern'd by a Spleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his Father's. We did train him on,
And his corruption being ta'en from us,
We as the ſpring of all, ſhall pay for all:
Therefore, good Couſin, let not *Harry* know,
In any caſe, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll ſay 'tis ſo.
Here comes your Couſin.

Enter Hot-ſpur *and* Dowglaſs.

Hot. My Uncle is return'd:
Deliver up, my Lord of *Weſtmorland*.
Uncle, what News?

Wor. The King will bid you Battel preſently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of *Weſtmorland*.

Hot. Lord *Dowglaſs*; go you and tell him ſo.

Dow. Marry and ſhall, and very willingly.

(*Exit* Dowglaſs.

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our Grievances,
Of his Oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that he is forſworn.
He calls us Rebels, Traitors, and will ſcourge
With haughty Arms, this hateful Name in us.

Enter Dowglaſs.

Dow. Arm, Gentlemen, to Arms, for I have thrown
A brave Defiance in King *Henry's* teeth:
And *Weſtmorland* that was engag'd did bear it,
Which cannot chuſe but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of *Wales* ſtept forth before the King,

And,

And, Nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.
Hot. O, would the Quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no Man might draw ſhort breath to-day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth.* Tell me, tell me,
How ſhew'd his talking? Seem'd it in contempt?
Ver. No by my Soul: I never in my life
Did hear a Challenge urg'd more modeſtly;
Unleſs a Brother ſhould a Brother dare,
To gentle exerciſe and proof of Arms.
He gave you all the duties of a Man,
Trim'd up your praiſes with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deſervings like a Chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praiſe,
By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe, valu'd with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a bluſhing cital of himſelf,
And chid his truant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſter'd there a double Spirit
Of teaching and of learning; inſtantly
There did he pauſe. But let me tell the World,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe ſo ſweet a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his wantonneſs.
Hot. Couſin, I think thou art enamoured
On his follies; for never did I hear
Of any Prince ſo wild at liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once e're night,
I will embrace him with a Soldier's arm,
That he ſhall ſhrink under my courteſie.
Arm, arm with ſpeed. And Fellows, Soldiers, Friends
Better conſider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with perſuaſion.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, here are Letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.

O Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort:
To ſpend that ſhortneſs baſely were too long,
Tho Life did ride upon a Dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an Hour.
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
If die; brave Death, when Princes die with us.
Now for our Conſciences, the Arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is juſt.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profeſs not talking: Only this,
Let each Man do his beſt. And here I draw my Sword,
Whoſe worthy temper I intend to ſtain
With the beſt blood that I can meet withal,
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now Eſperances, *Percy*, and ſet on:
Sound all the lofty Inſtruments of War,
And by that Muſick let us all embrace:
For Heav'n to Earth, ſome of us never ſhall,
A ſecond time do ſuch a courteſie.

They embrace, then Exeunt. The Trumpets ſound, the King entreth with his Power, alarm unto the Battel. Then enter Dowglaſs *and Sir* Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name. That in the Battel thus thou
What Honour doſt thou ſeek upon my head? [croſſeſt me?
Dow. Know then, my name is *Dowglaſs*,
And I do haunt thee in the Battel thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me, that thou art a King.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeneſs; for inſtead of thee, King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, ſo ſhall it thee,
Unleſs thou yield thee as a Priſoner.
Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty *Scot*,

And

And thou ſhalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Staffard*'s death.

Fight, Blunt *is ſlain*, *then enter* Hot-ſpur.

Hot. O *Douglaſs*, hadſt thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I never had triumphed o'er a *Scot*.

Dow. All's done, all's won; here breathleſs lyes the King.

Hot. Where;

Dow. Here.

Hot. This, *Douglaſs*? No, I know this face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his Name was *Blunt*;
Semblably furniſh'd like the King himſelf

Dow. Ah! Fool go with thy Soul whither it goes,
A borrow'd Title haſt thou bought too dear.
Why didſt thou tell me, that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his coats.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his coats,
I'll murther all his Wardrobe piece by piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away.
Our Soldiers ſtand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm, *enter* Falſtaff *ſolus*.

Fal. Though I could ſcape ſhot-free at *London*, I fear the ſhot here: Here's no ſcoring, but upon the pate. Soft, who art thou? Sir *Walter Blunt*, there's Honour for you; here's no Vanity; I am as hot as moulten lead, and as heavy too: Heav'n keep lead out of me, I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my oRg-o-muffians where they are pepper'd; there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they for the Towns end to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. What, ſtand'ſt thou idle here? lend me thy Sword?

Many a noble Man lyes ſtark and ſtiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting Enemies,
Whoſe deaths are unreveng'd. Prithee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prithee give me leave to breath a while. Turk *Gregory* never did ſuch deeds in Arms, as I have done this day. I have paid *Percy*, I have made him ſure.

P. Henry. He is indeed, and living to kill thee: I prithee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. Nay, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'ſt not my Sword; but take my Piſtol if thou wilt.

P. Henry. Give it me: What, is it in the caſe?

Fal. Ay *Hal*, 'tis hot: There's that will ſack a City.

[*The Prince draws out a bottle of* Sack.

P. Henry What, is it a time to jeſt and dally now?

(*Throws it at him, and Exit.*

Fal. If *Percy* be alive, I'll pierce him; if he do come in my way, ſo; if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me; I like not ſuch grinning Honour as Sir *Walter* hath: Give me life, which if I can ſave, ſo; if not, Honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Alarm, Excurſions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John *of* Lancaſter, *and the Earl of* Weſtmorland.

King HENRY.

I prithee, *Harry*, withdraw thy ſelf, thou bleedeſt too much: Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my Lord, unleſs I did bleed too

P. Henry. I beſeech your Majeſty make up; leaſt your retirement do amaze your Friends.

K. Henry. I will do ſo:
My Lord of *Weſtmorland*, lead him to his Tent.

Weſt. Come my Lord, I'll lead you to your Tent.

P.

P. Henry. Lead me, my Lord! I do not need your help.
And Heav n forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould drive
The Prince of *Wales* from ſuch a Field as this,
Where ſtain'd Nobility lyes trodden on,
And Rebels Arms triumph in maſſacres.

Lan. We breath too long, come Couſin *Weſtmorland*,
Our duty this way lyes, for Heav'ns ſake come.

P. Henry. By Heav'n thou haſt deceiv'd me, *Lancaſter*,
I did not think thee Lord of ſuch a ſpirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a Brother, *John*;
But now, I do reſpect thee as my Soul.

K. Henry. I ſaw him hold Lord *Percy* at the point,
With luſtier maintenance than I did look for
Of ſuch an ungrown Warrior.

P. Henry. O this Boy, lends mettle to us all. *Exit.*

Enter Dowglaſs.

Dow. Another King? They grow like *Hydra*'s heads:
I am the *Dowglaſs*, fatal to all thoſe
That wear thoſe colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'ſt the perſon of a King?

K. Henry. The King himſelf; who, *Dowglaſs* grieves
So many of his ſhadows thou haſt met, [at heart
And not the very King. I have two Boys
Seek *Percy* and thy ſelf about the Field;
But ſeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily
I will aſſay thee: So defend thy ſelf.

Dow. I fear thou art another Counterfeit;
And yet in faith thou bear'ſt thee like a King:
But mine I am ſure thou art, who e'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight: The King being in danger, Enter Prince* Henry.

P. Henry. Hold up thy head, vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again: The Spirits
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my arms;
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee,
Who never promiſeth, but means to pay.

[*They fight*, Dowglaſs *retires*.

Chearly, my Lord; how fares your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawſey* hath for ſuccour ſent;
And ſo hath *Clifton*: I'll to *Clifton* ſtreight.

K. Henry. Stay, and breath a while.
Thou haſt redeem'd thy loſt opinion,
And ſhew'd thou mak'ſt ſome tender of my life
In this fair reſcue thou haſt brought to me.

P. Henry. O Heav'n, they did me too much injury,
That ever ſaid I hearkned to your death.
If it were ſo, I might have let alone
The inſulting hand of *Dowglaſs* over you,
Which would have been as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poiſonous potions in the World,
And ſav'd the treacherous labour of your Son.

K. Henry. Make up to *Clifton*, I'll to Sir *Nicholas Gawſey*.

[*Exit*.

Enter Hot-ſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*?

P. Henry. Thou ſpeakeſt as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My Name is *Harry Percy*. (name.

P. Henry. Why then I ſee a very valiant Rebel of that
I am the Prince of *Wales*; and think not, *Percy*,
To ſhare with me in Glory any more:
Two Stars keep not their motion in one ſphere,
Nor can one *England* brook a double Reign,
Of *Harry Percy* and the Prince of *Wales*.

Hot. Nor ſhall it *Harry*, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to Heav'n
Thy name in Arms were now as great as mine.

P. Henry. I'll make it greater, e're I part from thee,
And all the budding Honours on thy creſt,
I'll crop, to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. (*Fights*.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Well ſaid, *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay, you ſhall find no boys play here, I can tell you. *En-*

Enter Dowglas, *he fights with* Falſtaff, *who falls down as if he were dead. The Prince kills* Percy.

Hot. Oh *Harry* thou haſt robb'd me of my Youth:
I better brook the loſs of brittle life,
Than thoſe proud Titles thou haſt won of me,
They wound my thoughts worſe than thy Sword my fleſh
But thought's the Slave of life, and Life Time's Fool;
And Time, that takes ſurvey of all the world,
Muſt have a ſtop. O, I could propheſie,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of Death,
Lyes on my tongue: Now *Percy* thou art duſt
And food for — [*Dies.*

P. Henry. For Worms, brave *Percy*. Farewel, great Heart:
Ill weav'd Ambition, how much art thou ſhrunk?
When that this body did contain a ſpirit,
A Kingdom for it was too ſmall a bound:
But now two paces of the vileſt earth
Is room enough. This Earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive ſo ſtout a Gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of courteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhow of zeal.
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And even in thy behalf, I'll thank my ſelf
For doing theſe fair Rites of tenderneſs.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to Heav'n,
Thy ignominy ſleep with thee in the Grave
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.
What! Old Acquaintance! Could not all this fleſh
Keep in a little life? Poor *Jack*, farewel:
I could have better ſpar'd a better Man.
O, I ſhould have a heavy miſs of thee,
If I were much in love with Vanity.
Death hath not ſtruck ſo fat a Deer to-day,
Though many dearer in this bloody fray.
Imbowell'd will I ſee thee by and by,
'Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lye. *Exit.*

Falſtaff *riſeth up.*

Fal. Imbowell'd! If thou imbowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too to-morrow. 'Twas time to counterfeit, or that hot Termagant *Scot* had paid me ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit—I am no counterfeit; to die, is to be a Counterfeit; for he is but the Counterfeit of a Man, who hath not the life of a Man: But to counterfeit dying, when a Man thereby liveth, is to be no Counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour, is diſcretion; in the which better part, I have ſaved my life. I am afraid of this Gun-Powder *Percy*, though he be dead. How if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? I am afraid he would prove the better Counterfeit; therefore I'll make him ſure; yea, and I'll ſwear I have kill'd him. Why may not he riſe as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me. Therefore, Sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes* Hot-ſpur *on his back.*

Enter Prince Henry *and* John *of* Lancaſter.

P. Henry. Come Brother *John*, full bravely haſt thou fleſht
Thy maiden Sword

Lan. But ſoft, who have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat Man was dead?

P. Henry. I did; I ſaw him dead;
Breathleſs, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou alive;
Or is it Fantaſie that plays upon our eye-ſight?
I prethee ſpeak, we will not truſt our eyes
Witout our ears. Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt?

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double Man, but if I am not *Jack Falſtaff*, then am I a *Jack*. There is *Percy*; if your Father will do me any honour, ſo; if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himſelf. I look either to be Earl or Duke I can aſſure you.

P. Henry.

P Henry. Why, *Percy* I kill'd my ſelf, and ſaw thee dead.

Fal. Did'ſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the World is given to lying! I grant you I was down, and out of breath, and ſo was he; but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long hour by *Shrewsbury* clock: If I may be-lieved, ſo; if not, let them that ſhould reward Valour bear the Sin upon ther own heads. I'll take't on my death I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the Man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my Sword.

Lan. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that e'er I heard.

P. Henry. This is the ſtrangeſt Fellow, Brother *John.*
Come bring your luggage nobly on your back;
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happieſt terms I have.
[*A Retreat is ſounded.*
The Trumpets ſound Retreat, the Day is ours:
Come Brother, let's to the higheſt of the Field,
To ſee what Friends are living, who are dead. [*Exeunt.*

Fal. I'll follow as they ſay, for reward. He that rewards me, Heav'n reward him. If I do grow great again, I'll grow leſs; for I'll purge, and leave Sack, and live cleanly, as a Noble-Man ſhould do. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Trumpets ſound: *Enter King* Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *with* Worceſter *and* Vernon *Priſoners.*

KING HENRY.

Thus ever did Rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-ſpirited *Worceſter*, did we not ſend Grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turn our offers contrary?
Miſuſe the tenor of thy Kinſman's truſt?
Three Knights upon our party ſlain to-day,

A noble Earl and many a creature elſe
Had been alive this hour,
If like a Chriſtian thou had'ſt truly born,
Betwixt our Armies, true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my ſafety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this Fortune patiently,
Since, not to be avoided, it falls on me.

K. Henry. Bear *Worceſter* to death, and *Vernon* too:
Other Offenders we will pauſe upon.
(*Ex.* Worceſter *and* Vernon.
How goes the Field?

P. Henry. The noble *Scot*, Lord *Dowglaſs*, when he ſaw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble *Percy* ſlain, and all his Men,
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the reſt;
And falling from a hill, he was ſo bruiz'd
That the Purſuers took him. At my Tent
The *Dowglaſs* is, and I beſeech your Grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.

K. Henry. With all my heart.

P. Henry. Then Brother *John* of *Lancaſter*,
To you this honorable bounty ſhall belong:
Go to the *Dowglaſs*, and deliver him
Up to his pleaſure, ranſomleſs and free:
His Valour ſhewn upon our creſts to-day,
Hath taught us how to cheriſh ſuch high deeds,
Even in the boſom of our Adverſaries.

K. Henry. Then this remains, that we divide our Power.
You Son *John*, and my Couſin *Weſtmerland*,
Towards *York* ſhall bend you, with your deareſt ſpeed,
To meet *Northumberland*, and the Prelate *Scroop*,
Who, as we hear, are buſily in Arms.
My ſelf and Son *Harry* will towards *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earl of *March*.
Rebellion in this Land ſhall loſe his way,
Meeting the check of ſuch another day;
And ſince this buſineſs ſo far is done,
Let's not leave off, till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR; WITH THE AMOURS OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

A COMEDY.

Written by Mr. W. SHAKESPEAR.



LONDON,
Printed for the Company.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir John Falſtaff.

Fenton, *a young Gentleman of ſmall fortune, in love with Mrs.* Anne Page.

Shallow, *a Country Juſtice.*

Slender, *Couſin to* Shallow, *a fooliſh Country Squire.*

Mr. Page, *Mr.* Ford, } *two Gentlemen, dwelling at* Windſor.

Sir Hugh Evans, *a* Welch *Parſon.*

Dr. Caius, *a* French *Doctor.*

Hoſt of the Garter, *a merry talking Fellow.*

Bardolph, Piſtol, Nym, } *Sharpers attending on* Falſtaff.

Robin, *Page to* Falſtaff.

Simple, *Servant to* Slender.

Rugby, *Servant to Dr.* Caius.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Page, *Wife to Mr.* Page.

Mrs. Ford, *Wife to Mr.* Ford.

Mrs. Anne Page, *Daughter to Mr.* Page, *in love with* Fenton.

Mrs. Quickly, *Servant to Dr.* Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, *&c.*

SCENE, *WINDSOR.*



THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I.

SCENE. I.

Enter Juſtice Shallow, Slender, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

SHALLOW.

SIR *Hugh*, perſuade me not; I will make a *Star-Chamber* matter of it: If he were twenty Sir *John Falſtaffs*, he ſhall not abuſe *Robert Shallow*, Eſquire.

Slen. In the County of *Gloceſter*, Juſtice of Peace, and *Coram.*

Shal. Ay, Couſin *Slender*, and *Cuſtalorum.*

Slen. Ay, and *Rato-lorum* too; and a Gentleman born, Maſter Parſon, who writes himſelf *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero.*

Shal. Ay that I do, and have done any time theſe three hundred years.

Slen. All his Succeſſors, gone before him, have don't; and all his Anceſtors, that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white Luces in their Coat.

Shal. It is an old Coat.

Eva. The dozen white Lowſes do become an old Coat well, it agrees well paſſant; it is a familiar beaſt to Man, and ſignifies Love.

Shal. The Luce is the freſh fiſh, the ſalt fiſh is an old Coat.

Slen. I may quarter, Coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes per-lady; if he has a quarter of your Coat, there is but three skirts for your ſelf, in my ſimple conjectures; but that is all one: If Sir *John Falſtaff* have committed diſparagements unto you, I am of the Church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compremiſes between you.

Shal. The Council ſhall hear it; it is a Riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear of a Riot; there is no fear of Got in a Riot: The Council, look you, ſhall deſire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a Riot; take you viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha! o'my life, if I were young again, the Sword ſhould end it.

Eva. It is petter that Friends is the Sword and end it; and there is alſo another device in my prain, which peradventure prings good diſcretions with it: There is *Anne Page*, which is Daughter to Maſter *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Slen.

Slen. Miſtreſs *Anne Page*! ſhe has brown hair, and ſpeaks like a Woman.

Eva. It is that ferry perſon for all the orld, as juſt as you will deſire; and ſeven hundred pounds of monies, and Gold, and Silver, is her Grand-ſire upon his deaths bed (Got deliver to a joyful reſurrections) give, when ſhe is able to overtake ſeventeen years old: It were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a Marriage between Maſter *Abraham*, and Miſtreſs *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her Grand-ſire leave her ſeven hundred Pound?

Eva. Ay, and her Father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young Gentlewoman; ſhe has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred Pounds, and poſſibility is goot gifts.

Shal. Well; let us ſee honeſt *Mr. Page*: Is *Falſtaff* there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do deſpiſe a Liar as I do deſpiſe one that is falſe; or as I deſpiſe one that is not true. The knight, Sir *John*, is there; and I beſeech you be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door (*Knocks*) for Maſter *Page*. What hoa? Got bleſs your Houſe here.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's bleſſing, and your Friend, and Juſtice *Shallow*; and here's young Maſter *Slender*; that peradventures ſhall tell you another tale; if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to ſee your Worſhips well: I thank you for my Veniſon, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Maſter *Page*, I am glad to ſee you; much good do it your good heart: I wiſh'd your Veniſon better; it

was ill kill'd. How doth good Miſtreſs *Page*? And I thank you al ways with my heart la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no I do.

Page. I am glad to ſee you, good Maſter *Slender*.

Slen. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir? I heard ſay, he was out-run on *Cotſale*.

Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

Shal. That he will not; 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good Dog.

Page. A Cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good Dog, and a fair Dog; can there be more ſaid? He is good and fair. Is Sir *John Falſtaff* here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is ſpoke as a Chriſtians ought to ſpeak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, Maſter *Page*.

Page. Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſs it.

Shal. If it be confeſs'd, it is not redreſs'd; is not that ſo, Mr. *Page*? He hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath; at a word he hath; believe me; *Robert Shallow*, Eſquire, ſaith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir *John*.

Enter Sir John Falſtaff, Bardolph, Nym *and* Piſtol.

Fal. Now, Maſter *Shallow*, you'll complain of me to the King!

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my Men, kill'd my Deer, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your Keeper's Daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin; this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwer it ſtraight; I have done all this. That is now anſwer'd.

Shal. The Council ſhall know this.

Fal.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in Council; You'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. Pauca verba, Sir *John*, good worts.

Fal. Good worts? Good Cabage. *Slender*, I broke your head: What matter have you againſt me?

Slen. Marry Sir, I have matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your Cony catching Raſcals, *Bardolph*, *Nym* and *Piſtol*.

Bar. You *Banbury* Cheeſe.

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Piſt. How now, *Mephoſtophilus*?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay, *pauca*, *pauca*: Slice, that's my humour.

Slen. Where's *Simple*, my Man? Can you tell Couſin?

Eva. Peace, I pray you: Now let us underſtand; there is three Umpires in this matter, as I underſtand; that is, Maſter *Page*, *fidelicet*, Maſter *Page*; and there is my ſelf, *fidelicet*, my ſelf; and the three party is, laſtly, and finally, mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Ferry goot; I will make a prief of it in my Notebook, and we will afterwards orke upon the Cauſe with as great diſcreetly as we can.

Fal. Piſtol.

Piſt. He hears with ears.

Eva. The Tevil and his Tam; what phraſe is this, he hears with ear? Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Piſtol, did you pick *Mr. Slender*'s purſe?

Slen. Ay, by theſe gloves did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great Chamber again elſe, of ſeven Groats in mill-ſixpences, and two *Edward* Shovelboards, that coſt me two Shilling & two pence a piece, of *Yead Miller*; by theſe Gloves.

Fal. Is this true, *Piſtol*?

Eva. No; it is falſe, if it is a Pick-purſe.

Piſt. Ha, thou Mountain Foreigner: Sir *John*, and Maſter mine, I combate challenge of this *Latin* Bilboe: Word of denial in thy *Labras* here; word of denial; Froth and Scum, thou ly'ſt.

Slen. By theſe Gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and paſs good humours: I will ſay marry trap with you, if you run the nuthooks humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat then he in the red face had it; for tho' I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an Aſs.

Fal. What ſay you, *Scarlet* and *John*?

Bard. Why, Sir, for my part, I ſay, the Gentleman had drunk himſelf out of his five ſentences.

Eva. It is his five Senſes. Fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being ſap, Sir, was, as they ſay, caſhier'd; and ſo concluſions paſt the car-eires.

Slen. Ay, you ſpake in *Latin* then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll ne'er be drunk whil'ſt I live again, but in honeſt, civil, godly company for this trick: If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with thoſe that have the fear of God, and not with drunken Knaves.

Eva. So God udg me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all theſe matters deny'd, Gentlemen, you hear it.

Enter Miſtreſs Anne Page, *with Wine*

Page. Nay, Daughter, carry the Wine in; we'll drink within.

Slen. Oh Heav'n! this is Miſtreſs *Anne Page*.

Enter Miſtreſs Ford *and Miſtreſs* Page.

Page. How now Miſtreſs *Ford*?

Fal.

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford*, by my troth you are very well met; by your leave, good Miſtreſs.

Page. Wife, bid theſe Gentlemen welcome: Come, we have a hot Veniſon Paſty to dinner; Come, Gentlemen, I hope we ſhall drink down all unkindneſs.

(*Ex.* Fal. Page, *&c.*

Manent Shallow, Evans *and* Slender.

Slen. I had rather than forty Shillings, I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How, now *Simple*, where have you been? I muſt wait on my ſelf, muſt I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Simp. Book of Riddles! Why, did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* upon *Allhollowmas* laſt, a fortnight afore *Michaelmas*?

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz; we ſtay for you: A word with you Coz: Marry this, Coz, there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir *Hugh* here: Do you underſtand me?

Slen. Ay, Sir you ſhall find me reaſonable: If it be ſo, I ſhall do that is reaſon.

Shal. Nay, but underſtand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Mr. *Slender*: I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my Couſin *Shallow* ſays: I pray you pardon me; he's a Juſtice of Peace in his Country, ſimple tho' I ſtand here.

Eva. But that is not the queſtion: the queſtion is concerning your Marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry is it; the very point of it, to Mrs. *Anne Page.*

Slen. Why if it be ſo, I will marry her upon any reaſonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: For divers Philoſophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth: Therefore preciſely, can you marry your good will to the Maid?

Shal. Couſin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir; I will do as it ſhall become one that would do reaſon.

Eva. Nay, Got's Lords and his Ladies, you muſt ſpeak poſſitable, if you can carre-her your deſires towards her.

Shal. That you muſt:
Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your Requeſt, Couſin, in any reaſon.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, ſweet Coz, what I do is to pleaſure you, Coz: Can you love the Maid?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your Requeſt: But if there be no great Love in the beginning, yet Heav'n may decreaſe it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occaſion to know one another: I hope upon familiarity will grow more content: But if you ſay, marry her, I will marry her, I am freely diſſolved, and diſſolutely.

Eva. It is a ferry diſcretion anſwer; ſave the fall is in th'ord diſſolutely: The ort is, according to our meaning, reſolutely; his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my Couſin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or elſe I would I might be hang', la.

Enter Miſtreſs Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair Miſtreſs *Anne:* Would I were young for your ſake, Miſtreſs *Anne.*

Anne.

Anne. The Dinner is on the table; my Father desires your Worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress *Anne.*

Eva. Od's pleſſed will, I will not be abſence at the Grace. (*Ex.* Shallow *and* Evans.

Anne. Will't pleaſe your Worſhip to come in, Sir?

Slen. No, I thank you forſooth heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The Dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a hungry, I thank you forſooth: Go Sirrah, for all you are my Man, go wait upon my Couſin *Shallow*, a Juſtice of Peace ſometime may be beholding to his Friend for a Man. I keep but three Men and a Boy yet, 'till my Mother be dead; but what though, yet I live a poor Gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your Worſhip; they will not ſit 'till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my ſhin th' other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Maſter of Fence, three Veneys for a diſh of ſtew'd Prunes, and by my troth I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meat ſince. Why do your Dogs bark ſo? be there Bears i'th' Town?

Anne. I think there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the ſport well, but I ſhall as ſoon quarrel at it as any Man in *England*. You are afraid if you ſee the Bear looſe, are you not?

Anne. Ay indeed, Sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now; I have ſeen *Sackerſon* looſe twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the Women have ſo cry'd and ſhriek'd at it, that it paſt: But Women indeed cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. *Slender*, come; we ſtay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

Page. By Cock and Pye you ſhall not chuſe, Sir; come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slen. Miſtreſs *Anne*, your ſelf ſhall go firſt.

Anne. Not I, Sir, pray you keep on.

Slen. Truly I will not go firſt, truly la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, Sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troubleſome; you do your ſelf wrong, indeed-la. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Evans *and* Simple.

EVANS.

GO your ways, and ask of Doctor *Caius* Houſe which is the way; and there dwells one Miſtreſs *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his Nurſe, or his dry Nurſe, or his Cook, or his Laundry, his Waſher, and his Ringer.

Simp. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet; give her this Letter; for it is a 'omon that altogethers acquaintance with Miſtreſs *Anne Page*, and the Letter is to deſire, and require her to ſollicit your Maſter's deſires to Miſtreſs *Anne Page*: I pray you be gone; I will make an end of my Dinner; there's Pippins and Cheeſe to come. *Exeunt.*

SCE-

SCENE III.

Enter Falſtaff, Hoſt, Bardolph, Nym, Piſtol *and* Robin.

FALSTAFF.

MIne Hoſt of the Garter.

Hoſt. What ſays my Bully *Rock?* ſpeak ſchollarly, and wiſely.

Fal. Truly, mine Hoſt, I muſt turn away ſome of my Followers.

Hoſt. Diſcard, Bully *Hercules*, caſhier; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten Pounds a week.

Hoſt. Thou'rt an Emperor, *Cæſar*, *Kaiſar*, and *Phaezer*. I will entertain *Bardolph*, he will draw, he will tap, ſaid I well, Bully *Hector*?

Fal. Do ſo, good mine Hoſt.

Hoſt. I have ſpoke, let him follow; let me ſee thee froth and live: I am at a word; follow.

(*Exit* Hoſt.

Fal. Bardolph follow him; a Tapſter is a good Trade; an old Cloak makes a new Jerkin; a wither'd Serving man, a freſh Tapſter; go, adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have deſir'd: I will thrive.

(*Exit.* Bard.

Piſt. O baſe *Hungarian* Wight, wilt thou the ſpigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink; is not the humour conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am ſo acquit of this Tinderbox; his thefts were too open, his filching was like an unskilful Singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to ſteal at a minute's reſt.

Piſt.

Piſt. Convey, the Wiſe it call: Steal! Foh; a fico for the phraſe.

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almoſt out at heels.

Piſt. Why then let kibes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I muſt conicatch, I muſt ſhift.

Piſt. Young Ravens muſt have food.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Town?

Piſt. I ken the Wight, he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Piſt. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now, *Piſtol*: Indeed I am in the waſte two yards about; but I am now about no waſte, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to *Ford*'s Wife: I ſpy entertainment in her; ſhe diſcourſes, ſhe carves, ſhe gives the leer of invitation; I can conſtrue the action of her familiar ſtile, and the hardeſt voice of her behaviour, to be engliſh'd right, is, *I am* Sir John Falſtaff's.

Piſt. He hath ſtudy'd her well, and tranſlated her will, out of honeſty into Engliſh.

Nym. The Anchor is deep; will that humour paſs?

Fal. Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her Husband's Purſe; He hath a Legend of Angels.

Piſt. As many Devils entertain; and to her, Boy, ſay I.

Nym. The humour riſes; it is good; humour me the Angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a Letter to her; and here another to *Page*'s Wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with moſt judicious illiads; ſometimes the beam of her view guarded my foot, ſometimes my portly belly.

Piſt. Then did the Sun on dung-hill ſhine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O ſhe did ſo courſe o'er my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the apetite of her eye did ſeem

to

to ſcorch me up like a Burning glaſs: Here's another Letter to her; ſhe bears the Purſe too; ſhe is a Region in *Guiana*, all Gold and bounty. I will be Cheaters to them both, and they ſhall be *Exchequers* to me; they ſhall be my *Eaſt* and *Weſt Indies*, and I will trade to to them both. Go, bear thou this Letter to Miſtreſs *Page*; and thou this to Miſtreſs *Ford*. We will thrive, Lads, we will thrive.

Piſt. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become?
And by my ſide wear ſteel? Then *Lucifer* take all.

Nym. I will run no baſe humour: Here take the humour Letter, I will keep the haviour of Reputation.

Fal. Hold, Sirrah, bear you theſe Letters rightly;
Sail like my Pinnace to theſe golden ſhores.
Rogues, hence, avaunt, vaniſh like hail-ſtones; go,
Trudge, plod away o'th'hoof, ſeek ſhelter, pack:
Falſtaff will learn the humour of the Age,
French thrift, you Rogues, my ſelf, and skirted *Page*.
(*Exit.* Falſtaff *and* Boy.

Piſt. Let Vultures gripe thy guts; for Gourd, and *Fullam* holds;
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.
Teſter I'll have in pouch when thou ſhalt lack,
Baſe *Phrygian Turk*.

Nym. I have operations,
Which be humours of revenge.

Piſt. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By Welkin and her Star.

Piſt. With Wit, or Steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will diſcuſs the humour of this Love to *Ford*.

Piſt. And I to *Page* ſhall eke unfold
How *Falſtaff*, Varlet vile,
His Dove will prove, his Gold will hold,
And his ſoft couch defile.

Nym. My humour ſhall not cool; I will incenſe *Ford* to deal with poiſon; I will poſſeſs him with yellow-

neſs,

neſs, for the Revolt of mine is dangerous: That is my true humour.

Piſt. Thou art the *Mars* of *Male-contents*: I ſecond thee; troop on. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly, Simple *and* John Rugby.

QUICKLY.

WHat, *John Rugby*! I pray thee go to the caſement, and ſee if you can ſee my Maſter, Maſter Doctor *Caius*, coming; if he do, I'faith, and find any body in the houſe, here will be an old abuſing of God's patience, and the King's *Engliſh*.

Rug. I'll go watch. (*Exit* Rugby.

Quic. Go, and we'll have a poſſet for't ſoon at night, in Faith, at the latter end of a Sea-coal fire. An honeſt, willing, kind Fellow, as ever Servant ſhall come in houſe withal, and I warrant you no Tell-tale, nor no Breed-bate; his worſt fault is that he is given to Pray'r, he is ſomething peeviſh that way; but no body but has his fault; but let that paſs. *Peter Simple* you ſay your name is?

Simp. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And Maſter *Slender*'s your Maſter?

Simp. Ay, forſooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a Glover's pairing-knife?

Simp. No, forſooth; he hath but a little weeface, with a little yellow beard, a Cain-colour'd beard.

Quic. A ſoftly-ſpirited Man, is he not?

Simp. Ay, forſooth; but he is as tall a Man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a Warrener.

Quic.

Quic. How ſay you? Oh, I ſhould remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were? And ſtrut in his gate?

Simp. Yes indeed does he.

Quic. Well, Heav'n ſend *Anne Page* no worſe Fortune. Tell Maſter Parſon *Evans*, I will do what I can for your Maſter: *Anne* is a good Girl, and I wiſh...

Enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! Here comes my Maſter.

Quic. We ſhall all be ſhent; run in here, good young Man; go into this Cloſet; (*ſhuts* Simple *in the Cloſet.*) He will not ſtay long. What, *John Rugby! John!* What *John!* I ſay, go *John*, go enquire for my Maſter, I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home; *and down, down, adown'a.*

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you ſing? I do not like des toys; pray you go and vetch me in my Cloſet, *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-abox; do intend vat I ſpeak? A green abox.

Quic. Ay forſooth, I'll fetch it you.
I am glad he went not in himſelf; if he had found the young Man, he would have been horn mad.

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe, ma foi il fait fort chaud, je m'en va à la Cour... la grande affaire.

Quic. Is it this Sir?

Caius. Oui, mette le dans mon Pocket, *Depêche* quickly:.. Vere is dat Knave *Rugby*?

Quic. What, *John. Rugby! John!*

Rug. Here Sir.

Caius. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*; come, take a your Rapier, and come after my heel to the Court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot I tarry too long: Od's me: *Qu'ai je oublié:* Dere is ſome Simples in my Cloſet, dat I will not for the Varld I ſhall leave behind.

Quic. Ay me, he'll find the young Man there, and be mad.

Caius. O *Diable*, *Diable*; vat is in my Cloſet? Villanie, *Larron.* *Rugby*, my Rapier.

Quic. Good Maſter be content.

Caius. Wherefore ſhould I be content a?

Quic. The young Man is an honeſt Man.

Caius. What ſhall de honeſt Man do in my Cloſet? dere is no honeſt Man dat ſhall come in my Cloſet.

Quic. I beſeech you be not ſo flegmatick; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from Parſon *Hugh.*

Caius. Vell.

Simp. Ay Forſooth, to deſire her to...

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace a your tongue, ſpeak a your tale.

Simp. To deſire this honeſt Gentlewoman, your Maid, to ſpeak a good word to Miſtreſs *Anne Page* for my Maſter in the way of Marriage.

Quic. This is all indeed la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir *Hugh* ſend-a-you? *Rugby*, ballow me ſome paper; tarry you a little-a while.

Quic. I am glad he is ſo quiet; if he had been throughly moved, you ſhould have heard him ſo loud, and ſo melancholy: But notwithſtanding, Man, I'll do for your Maſter what good I can; and the very yea, and the no is, the *French* Doctor my Maſter, I may call him my Maſter, look you, for I keep his houſe, and I waſh, ringe, brew, bake, ſcour, dreſs meat and drink, make the beds, and do all my ſelf.

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quic.

Quic. Are you a vis'd o'that? You ſhall find it a great charge; and to be up early, and down late. But notwithſtanding, to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it, my Maſter himſelf is in love with Miſtreſs *Anne Page*: but notwithſtanding that, I know *Anne*'s mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You; Jack'nape; give'a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*: by gar it is a Shallenge: I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a ſcurvy Jack anape Prieſt to meddle or make. You may be gone, it is not good you tarry here; by gar I will cut all his two ſtones; by gar, he ſhall not have a ſtone to trow at his Dog. (*Exit* Simple.

Quic. Alas; he ſpeaks but for his Friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat; do not you tell-a me dat I ſhall have *Anne Page* for my ſelf? By gar, I vill kill de Jack Prieſt; and I have appointed mine Hoſt of *de Jartiere* to meaſure our weapon: By gar I will my ſelf have *Anne Page*.

Quic. Sir, the Maid loves you, and all ſhall be well: We muſt give Folks leave to prate; what the good-jer.

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me; by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I ſhall turn your head out of my door; follow my heel, *Rugby*.

(*Ex.* Caius *and* Rugby.

Quic. You ſhall have *Anne*, Fools-head of your own. No, I know *Anne*'s mind for that; that never a Woman in *Windſor* knows more of *Anne's* mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank Heav'n.

Fent. (*within*) Who's within there, hoa?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? Come near the Houſe, I pray you.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good Woman, how doſt thou?

Quic. The better that it pleaſes your good Worſhip to ask.

Fent. What News? How does pretty Miſtreſs *Anne*?

Quic. In truth Sir, and ſhe is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle, and one that is your Friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praiſe Heav'n for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'ſt thou? ſhall I not loſe my ſuit?

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithſtanding, Maſter *Fenton*, I'll be ſworn on a book ſhe loves you: Have not your Worſhip a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry have I; what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a Tale; good Faith, it is ſuch another *Nan*; but, I deteſt, an honeſt Maid as ever broke bread; we had an hours talk of that wart: I ſhall never laugh but in that Maid's company; but, indeed, ſhe is given too much to allicholly and muſing, but for you... Well...go to...

Fent. Well, I ſhall ſee her to-day; hold, there's mony for thee: Let me have thy voice in my behalf; if thou ſeeſt her before me, commend me...

Quic. Will I? Ay faith that we will: And I will tell your Worſhip more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other Wooers.

Fent. Well, farewel, I am in great haſte now.

(*Exit.*

Quic. Farewel to your Worſhip. Truly an honeſt Gentleman, but *Anne* loves him not; for I know *Anne*'s mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot? (*Exit*

ACT. II.

SCENE I.

Enter Miſtreſs Page *with a Letter.*

MRS. PAGE.

WHat, have I 'ſcap'd Love-Letters in the Holy-day time of my Beauty, and am I now a ſubject for them? Let me ſee: (*Reads.*

Ask me no reaſon why I love you; for tho' Love uſe Reaſon for his Phiſician, he admits him not for his Counſellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's Sympathy: You are merry, ſo am I; ha! ha! then there's more Sympathy: You love Sack, and ſo do I; would you deſire better Sympathy? Let it ſuffice thee, Miſtreſs Page, *at the leaſt, if the Love of a Soldier can ſuffice, that I love thee. I will not ſay, pity me, 'tis not a Soldier-like phraſe; but I ſay, Love me:*

By me, thine own true Knight, by day or night,
Or any kind of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight.

JOHN FALSTAFF.

What a *Herod* of *Jury* is this? O wicked, wicked World! One that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to ſhew himſelf a young Gallant? What unweigh'd behaviour hath this *Flemiſh* Drunkard pickt, I' th' Devil's name, out of my converſation, that he dares in this manner aſſay me? Why, he hath not been

thrice in my com ? any : What ſhould I ſay to him ? I was then not frugal of my mirth, Heav'n forgive me: Why, I'll exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting down of Men; how ſhall I be reveng'd on him? For reveng'd I will be, as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. *Ford.* Miſtreſs *Page*, truſt me, I was going to your Houſe.

Mrs. *Page.* And truſt me, I was coming to you; you look very ill.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to ſhew to the contrary.

Mrs. *Page.* Faith but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. *Ford.* Well, I do then; yet I ſay, I could ſhew you to the contrary. O Miſtreſs *Page*, give me ſome counſel.

Mrs. *Page.* What's the matter, Woman?

Mrs. *Ford.* O Woman! If it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch Honour.

Mrs. *Page.* Hang the trifle, Woman, take the Honour: what is it? Diſpenſe with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. *Ford.* If I would but go to Hell for an eternal moment, or ſo, I could be knighted.

Mrs. *Page.* What, thou lieſt! Sir *Alice Ford*! Theſe Knights will hack, and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy Gentry.

Mrs. *Ford.* We burn day-light, here; read, read, perceive how I might be knighted: I ſhall think the worſe of fat Men as long as I have an eye to make difference of Men's liking: and yet he would not ſwear, praiſed Women's modeſty, and gave ſuch orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomelineſs, that I would have ſworn his diſpoſition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere, and keep pace together, than the hun-

hundredth Pſalm to the Tune of *Green Sleeves*. What Tempeſt, I trow, threw this Whale, with ſo many tun of oil in his belly, a' ſhore at *Windſor*? How ſhall I be reveng'd on him? I think the beſt way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of Luſt have melted him in his own greaſe. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. *Page*. Letter for letter, but that the Name of *Page* & *Ford* differs. To thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opinions, here's the Twin-brother of thy Letter; but let thine inherit firſt, for I proteſt mine never ſhall. I warrant he hath a thouſand of theſe Letters, writ with blank ſpace for different names; nay more; and theſe are of the ſecond Edition: He will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the preſs, when he would put us two. I had rather be a Gianteſs, and lye under *Mount-Pelion*. Well, I will find you twenty laſcivious Turtles, e're one chaſte Man.

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, this is the very ſame, the very hand, the very words: what doth he think of us?

Mrs. *Page*. Nay, I know not; it makes me almoſt ready to wrangle with mine own Honeſty. I'll entertain my ſelf like one that I am not acquainted withal; for ſure, unleſs he knew ſome ſtrain in me, that I know not my ſelf, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. *Ford*. Boarding, call it you? I'll be ſure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. *Page*. So will I; if he come under my hatches I'll never to Sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him, let's appoint him a meeting, give him a ſhow of comfort in his ſuit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, 'till he hath pawn'd his Horſes to mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, I will conſent to act any villany againſt him that may not ſully the charineſs of our

Honeſty. Oh that my Husband ſaw this Letter, it would give eternal food to his Jealouſie.

Mrs. *Page.* Why, look where he comes, and my good-Man too; he's as far from jealouſie as I am from giving him cauſe, and that, I hope, is an unmeaſurable diſtance.

Mrs. *Ford.* You are the happier Woman.

Mrs. *Page.* Let's conſult together againſt this greaſie Knight. Come hither.

Enter Ford *with* Piſtol, Page *with* Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not ſo.

Piſt. Hope is a curtal-dog in ſome affairs.
Sir *John* affects thy Wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my Wife is not young.

Piſt. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor, both young and old; and one with another, *Ford*, he loves thy Gally-mawfry, *Ford*, perpend.

Ford. Love my Wife?

Piſt. With liver burning hot: Prevent, Or go thou, like Sir *Acteon*, with Ring-wood at thy heels: O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, Sir?

Piſt. The Horn, I ſay: Farewel.
Take heed, have open eye; for Thieves do foot by night.
Take heed e'er Summer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do
Away, Sir Corporal *Nym.* (ſing.
Believe it, *Page*, he ſpeaks ſenſe. (*Exit* Piſtol.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true: I like not the humour of lying; he hath wrong'd me in ſome humours: I ſhould have born the humour'd Letter to her; but I have a Sword, and it ſhall bite upon my neceſſity. He loves your Wife; there's the ſhort and the long. My name is Corporal *Nym*; I ſpeak it, and I avouch 'tis true, my name is *Nym*, and *Falſtaff* loves your Wife.

Wife. Adieu; I love not the humour of bread and cheese: Adieu. (*Exit* Nym.

Page. The humour of it, quoth 'a? here's a Fellow frights *English* out of its wits.

Ford. I will seek out *Falstaff.*

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting Rogue.

Ford. If I do find it: well.

Page. I will not believe such a *Cataian*, tho'the Priest o'th' Town commended him for a true Man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible Fellow: Well.

Page. How now, *Meg*?

Mrs. *Page.* Whither go you, *George*? hark you.

Mrs. *Ford.* How now, sweet *Frank*, why art thou melancholly?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. *Ford.* Faith thou hast some crochets in thy head. Now will you go, Mistress *Page*?

Mrs. *Page.* Have with you. You'll come to dinner, *George*? Look who comes yonder; she shall be our Messenger to this paultry Knight.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs. *Ford.* Trust me, I thought on her; she'll fit it.

Mrs. *Page.* You are come to see my Daughter *Anne*?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and I pray how does good Mistress *Anne*?

Mrs. *Page.* Go in with us and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

(*Ex. Mr.* Page, *Mrs.* Ford *and Mrs.* Quic.

Page. How now, Master *Ford*?

Ford. You heard what this Knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang'em, Slaves, I do not think the Knight

would offer it; but these that accuse him in his intent towards our Wives are a Yoke of his discarded Men, very Rogues now they be out of Service.

Ford. Were they his Men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lye at the *Garter*?

Page. Ay marry does he. If he should intend this Voyage toward my Wife, I would turn her loose to him: and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my Wife, but I would be loath to turn them together; a Man may be too confident; I would have nothing lye on my head; I cannot be thus satisfy'd.

Page. Look where my ranting Host of the Garter comes; there is either liquor in his pate, or mony in his purse, when he looks so merrily. How now, mine Host?

Enter Host *and* Shallow.

Host. How now, Bully *Rock*? Thou'rt a Gentleman, Cavalerio Justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine Host, I follow. Good Even, and twenty, good Master *Page*. Master *Page*, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, Cavaliero-Justice; tell him, Bully *Rock*.

Shal. Sir, there is a Fray to be fought between Sir *Hugh*, the *Welsh* Priest, and *Caius*, the *French* Doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o'th' Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, Bully *Rock*?

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, be-

believe me, I hear the Parſon is no Jeſter. Hark, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

Hoſt. Haſt thou no Suit againſt my Knight, my Gueſt, Cavalier?

Ford. None, I proteſt; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt Sack to give me recourſe to him, and tell him my name is *Broom*; only for a jeſt.

Hoſt. My hand, Bully; thou ſhalt have egreſs and regreſs; ſaid I well? and thy name ſhall be *Broom*. It is a merry Knight. Will you go an-heirs?

Shal. Have with you, mine Hoſt.

Page. I have heard the *Frenchman* hath good skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut, Sir, I could have told you more: in theſe times you ſtand not on diſtance, your Paſſes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'Tis the heart, Maſter *Page*; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have ſeen the time, with my long Sword, I would have made you four tall Fellows skip like Rats.

Hoſt. Here Boys, here: Shall we wag?

Page. Have with you; I had rather hear them ſcold than fight. (*Exeunt* Hoſt, Shallow *and* Page.

Ford. Tho' *Page* be a ſecure Fool, and ſtand ſo firmly on his Wife's fealty, yet I cannot put off my opinion ſo eaſily. She was in his company at *Page*'s houſe, and what they made there I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a diſguiſe to ſound *Falſtaff*: If I find her honeſt, I loſe not my labour; if ſhe be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtow'd. (*Exit.*

SCE-

SCENE II.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Piſtol.

FALSTAFF.

I will not lend thee a penny.

Piſt. Why then the World's mine Oyſter, which I with Sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, Sir, you ſhould lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated upon my good Friends for three Reprieves for you, and your Coach-fellow, *Nim*; or elſe you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of Baboons. I am damn'd in Hell for ſwearing to Gentlemen, my Friends, you were good Soldiers, and tall Fellows. And when Miſtreſs *Briget* loſt the handle of her Fan, I took't upon mine Honour thou hadſt it not.

Piſt. Didſt thou not ſhare? Hadſt thou not fifteen Pence?

Fal. Reaſon, you Rogue, Reaſon: Think'ſt thou I'll endanger my Soul *gratis*? At a word; hang no more about me, I am no Gibbet for you: Go, a ſhort Knife, and a throng, to your Manor of *Pickthatcht*; go, you'll not bear a Letter for me, you Rogue; you ſtand upon your Honour! Why, thou unconfinable baſeneſs, it is as much as I can do to keep the term of my Honour preciſe. I, I, I my ſelf ſometimes, leaving the fear of Heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine Honour in my Neceſſity, am fain to ſhuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet, you Rogue will enſconſe your rags, your Cat-a-Mountain looks, your red-lattice phraſes, and your bold beating Oaths, under the ſhelter of your Honour! You will not do it, you!

Piſt.

Piſt. I do relent: what would thou more of Man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a Woman would ſpeak with you.
Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Quic. Give your Worſhip good morrow.
Fal. Good-morrow, good Wife.
Quic. Not ſo, an't pleaſe your Worſhip.
Fal. Good Maid then.
Quic. I'll be ſworn;
As my Mother was the firſt hour I was born.
Fal. I do believe the Swearer: What with me?
Quic. Shall I vouchſafe your Worſhip a word or two?
Fal. Two thouſand, fair Woman, and I'll vouchſafe thee the hearing.
Quic. There is one Miſtreſs *Ford*, Sir; I pray come a little nearer this ways: I my ſelf dwell with Mr. Doctor *Caius*.
Fal. Well, on: Miſtreſs *Ford*, you ſay.
Quic. Your Worſhip ſays very true: I pray your Worſhip come a little nearer this ways.
Fal. I warrant thee no body hears; mine own People, mine own People.
Quic. Are they ſo? Heav'n bleſs them, and make them his Servants.
Fal. Well; Miſtreſs *Ford*, what of her?
Quic. Why, Sir, ſhe's a good Creature. Lord, Lord, your Worſhip's a Wanton; well, Heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray...
Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford*, come, Miſtreſs *Ford*.
Quic. Marry, this is the ſhort and the long of it; you have brought her into ſuch a canaries as 'tis wonderful: The beſt Courtier of them all, when the Court

Court lay at *Windſor*, could never have brought her to ſuch a canary. Yet there has been Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, Letter after Letter, Gift after Gift, ſmelling ſo ſweetly; all Musk, and ſo ruſhling, I warrant you, in ſilk and Gold, and in ſuch alligant terms, and in ſuch Wine and Sugar of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would have won any Woman's heart; and I warrant you they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had my ſelf twenty Angels given me this morning; but I defie all Angels, in any ſuch ſort as they ſay, but in the way of Honeſty; and I warrant you they could never get her ſo much as ſip on a cup with the proudeſt of them all; and yet there has been Earls, nay, which is more, Penſioners; but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But what ſays ſhe to me? Be brief, my good ſhe *Mercury*.

Quic. Marry, ſhe hath receiv'd your Letter, for the which ſhe thanks you a thouſand times; and ſhe gives you to notifie, that her Husband will be abſence from his houſe between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quic. Ay, Forſooth; and then you may come and ſee the Picture, ſhe ſays, that you wot of: Maſter *Ford*, her husband, will be from home. Alas! The ſweet Woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealouſie Man, ſhe leads a very frampold life with him, good Heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you ſay well: But I have another Meſſenger to your Worſhip. Miſtreſs *Page* has her hearty Commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, ſhe's as fartuous a civil modeſt Wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſs you Morning and Evening Prayer, as any is in *Windſor*, who-e'er be the other; and ſhe bade me tell your Wor-

Worſhip that her Husband is ſeldom from home, but ſhe hopes there will come a time. I never knew a Woman ſo doat upon a Man; ſurely I think you have Charms, la; yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I aſſure thee; ſetting the attraction of my good parts aſide, I have no other Charms.

Quic. Bleſſing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this; has *Ford's* Wife and *Page's* Wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jeſt indeed! they have not ſo little Grace, I hope; that were a trick indeed! But Miſtreſs *Page* would deſire you to ſend her your little Page, of all love: Her Husband has a marvellous infection to the little Page; and truly Maſter *Page* is an honeſt Man. Never a Wife in *Windſor* leads a better life than ſhe does; do what ſhe will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, go to-bed when ſhe liſt, riſe when ſhe liſt, all is as ſhe will; and truly ſhe deſerves it, for if there be a kind Woman in *Windſor* truly ſhe is one. You muſt ſend her your Page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do ſo then; and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any caſe, have a Nayword, that you may know one anothers mind, and the Boy never need to underſtand any thing; for 'tis not good that Children ſhould know any wickedneſs: Old Folks, you know have diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the World.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both: There's my Purſe, I am yet thy Debtor. Boy, go along with this Woman. This News diſtracts me.

(*Ex.* Quic. *and* Robin.

Piſt. This Punk is one of *Cupid's* Carriers:
Clap on more Sails; purſue; up with your Fights;
Give fire; ſhe is my Prize, or Ocean whelm them all.

(*Exit* Piſtol.

Fal. Say'ſt thou ſo, old *Jack*? go thy ways; I'll make

make more of thy old body than I have done; will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of ſo much mony, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee; let them ſay, 'tis groſly done, ſo it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir *John*, there's one Maſter *Broom* below would fain ſpeak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath ſent your Worſhip a morning's draught of Sack.

Fal. Broom, is his name?

Bard. Ay Sir.

Fal. Call him in; ſuch *Brooms* are welcome to me that o'erflow ſuch liquor. Ah! ah! Miſtreſs *Ford* and Miſtreſs *Page*, have I encompaſs'd you? Go to, *via*.

Enter Ford *diſguis'd*.

Ford. Bleſs you, Sir.

Fal. And you, Sir; would you ſpeak with me?

Ford. I make bold to preſs with ſo little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; what's your will? Give us leave, Drawer.

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that have ſpent much; my name is *Broom*.

Fal. Good Maſter *Broom*, I deſire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I ſue for yours; not to charge you; for I muſt let you underſtand, I think my ſelf in better plight for a Lender than you are, the which hath ſome thing embolden'd me to this unſeaſon'd intruſion; for they ſay, if Mony go before, all ways do lye open.

Fal. Mony is a good Soldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of mony here troubles me; if you will help to bear it, Sir *John*, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your Porter.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master *Broom*, I shall be glad to be your Servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a Scholar, I will be brief with you, and you have been a Man long known to me, tho' I had never so good means as desire to make my self acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but good Sir *John*, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you your self know how easie it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Town, her Husband's name is *Ford*.

Fall. Well; Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her, follow'd her with a doating observance, ingross'd opportunities to meet her, fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: Briefly, I have pursu'd her, as Love hath pursu'd me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed I am sure I have received none; unless Experience be a Jewel I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this.

„ *Love like a ſhadow flies, when ſubſtance Love purſues:*
„ *Purſuing that that flies, and flying what purſues.*

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promiſe of ſatisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to ſuch a purpoſe?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair Houſe built on another Mans ground, ſo that I have loſt my Edifice, by miſtaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpoſe have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some ſay, that tho' ſhe appear honeſt to me, yet in other places ſhe enlargeth her mirth ſo far, that there is ſhrewd conſtruction made of her. Now, Sir *John*, here is the heart of my purpoſe: You are a Gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable diſcourſe, of great admittance, authentick in your place and perſon, generally allow'd for your many War-like, Court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it; there is mony, ſpend it, ſpend it, ſpend more, ſpend all I have, only give me ſo much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable Siege to the honeſty of this *Ford*'s Wife; uſe your art of wooing, win her to conſent to you; if any Man may, you may as ſoon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your Affection, that I ſhould win what you would enjoy? Methinks you preſcribe to your ſelf very preposterouſly.

Ford. O, underſtand my drift: ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the excellency of her Honour, that the folly of my Soul dares not preſent it ſelf; as ſhe is too bright

bright to be look'd againſt. Now could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my deſires had inſtance and argument to commend themſelves; I could drive her then from the Ward of her purity, her Reputation, her Marriage-Vow, and a thouſand other her defences, which now are too too ſtrongly embattail'd againſt me. What ſay you to't, Sir *John*?

Fal. Maſter *Broom*, I will firſt make bold with your Mony; next, give me your hand; and laſt, as I am a Gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enjoy *Ford*'s Wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. I ſay, you ſhall.

Ford. Want no mony, Sir *John*, you ſhall want none.

Fal. Want no Miſtreſs *Ford*, Maſter *Broom*, you ſhall want none. I ſhall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment: Even as you came in to me, her Aſſiſtant, or Go-between, parted from me. I ſay, I ſhall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous raſcally Knave, her Husband, will be forth: come you to me at night, you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

Ford. I am bleſt in your acquaintance: Do you know *Ford*, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldy Knave, I know him not. Yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they ſay, the jealous wittolly Knave hath maſſes of mony, for the which his Wife ſeems to me well favour'd. I will uſe her as the key of the Cuckold-Rogue's coffer; and there's my Harveſt-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you ſaw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical-ſalt-butter Rogue; I will ſtare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it ſhall hang like a Meteor o'er the Cuckold's horns. Maſter *Broom*, thou ſhalt know I will predominate over the Peſant, and thou ſhalt lye with

his Wife. Come to me ſoon at night; *Ford*'s a Knave, and I will aggravate his ſtile: Thou, Maſter *Broom*, ſhalt know him for Knave and Cuckold: come to me ſoon at night. (*Exit.*

Ford. What a damn'd *Epicurean* Raſcal is this? My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who ſays this is improvident jealouſie? My Wife hath ſent to him, the hour is fixt, the match is made. Would any Man have thought this? See the Hell of having a falſe Woman: my bed ſhall be abus'd, my coffers ranſack'd, my reputation gnawn at, and I ſhall not only receive this villainous wrong, but ſtand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms, Names; *Amaimon* ſounds well, *Lucifer* well, *Barbaſon* well, yet they are Devils additions, the names of Fiends; but Cuckold, Wittol-Cuckold! the Devil himſelf hath not ſuch a name. *Page* is an Aſs, a ſecure Aſs, he will truſt his Wife; he will not be jealous: I will rather truſt a *Fleming* with my butter, Parſon *Hugh*, the *Welch-man*, with my cheeſe, an *Irish-man* with my *Aqua-vitæ* bottle, or a Thief to walk my ambling Gelding, than my Wife with her ſelf: Then ſhe plots, then ſhe ruminates, then ſhe deviſes; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealouſie. Eleven o' clock the hour: I will prevent this, detect my Wife, be reveng'd on *Falſtaff*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it; better three hours too ſoon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie; Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold. (*Exit.*

SCE-

SCENE III.

Enter Caius *and* Rugby.

CAIUS.

Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, *Jack*?

Rug. 'Tis paſt the hour, Sir, that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has ſave his Soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Bible well, dat he is no come: By gar, *Jack Rugby*, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wiſe, Sir; he knew your Worſhip would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead ſo as I vill kill him; take your rapier, *Jack*, I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Hoſt, Shallow, Slender *and* Page.

Hoſt. 'Bleſs thee, Bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.

Slend. Give you good-morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Hoſt. To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foigne, to ſee thee traverſe; to ſee thee here, to ſee thee there, to ſee thee paſs thy puncto, thy ſtock, thy reverſe,

thy diſtance, thy montant. Is he dead, my *Ethiopian*? Is he dead, my *Franciſco*? Ha, Bully? What ſays my *Eſculapius*? my *Galen*? my heart of Elder? Ha? is he dead, Bully-ſtale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de Coward *Jack* Prieſt of de Vorld; he is not ſhow his face.

Hoſt. Thou art a *Caſtalion king Urinal*: *Hector* of *Greece*, my Boy.

Caius. I pray you bear witneſs, dat me have ſtay ſix or ſeven, two tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiſer Man, Mr. Doctor; he is a curer of Souls, and you a curer of Bodys: If you ſhould fight, you go againſt the hair of your profeſſions: Is it not true, Maſter *Page*?

Page. Maſter *Shallow*, you have your ſelf been a great fighter, tho' now a Man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, Mr. *Page*, tho' I now be old, and of peace, if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one; tho' we are Juſtices, and Doctors, and Church-men, Mr. *Page*, we have ſome ſalt of our youth in us; we are the Sons of Women, Mr. *Page*.

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found ſo, Mr. *Page*. Mr. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home; I am ſworn of the peace; you have ſhew'd your ſelf a wiſe Phyſician, and Sir *Hugh* hath ſhown him ſelf a wiſe and patient Church-man: You muſt go with me, Mr, Doctor.

Hoſt. Pardon, Gueſt-Juſtice; a Monſieur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-water? Vat is dat?

Hoſt. Mock-water, in our *English* tongue, is Valour, Bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-water as de *English-man*-Scurvy-Jack-dog-Prieſt; by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Hoſt. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, Bully.

Caius.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw? Vat is dat?

Hoſt. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do lock he ſhall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me vill have it.

Hoſt. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tanck you for dat.

Hoſt. And moreover, Bully; but firſt, Mr. *Gueſt*, and Mr. *Page*, and eek *Cavalerio Slender*, go you through the Town to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Hoſt. He is there; ſee what humour he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about the fields: Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

(*Ex.* Page, Shal. *and* Slen.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de Prieſt; for he ſpeak for a Jack-an Ape to *Anne Page*.

Hoſt. Let him die; ſheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through *Frogmore*; I will bring thee where Miſtreſs *Anne Page* is, at a Farm-houſe a feaſting, and thou ſhalt woo her, Cride-game ſaid I well?

Caius. By gar, me dank you vor dat: By gar I love you; and I ſhall procure'a you de good Gueſt, de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my Patients.

Hoſt. For the which I will be thy Adverſary toward *Anne Page*: Said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heel, *Jack Rugby*. (*Exeunt.*

ACT. III.

SCENE. I.

Enter Evans *and* Simple.

EVANS.

I pray you now, good Maſter *Slender*'s Serving-man, and Friend *Simple* by your name, which way have you look'd for Maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelf *Doctor of Phyſick*?

Simp. Marry Sir, the *Pitty-ward*, the *Park-ward*, every way, old *Windſor* way, and every way but the Town way.

Eva. I moſt fehemently deſire you, you will alſo look that way.

Simp. I will, Sir.

Eva. Pleſs my Soul, how full of chollars I am, and trempling of mind! I ſhall be glad if he have deceiv'd me; how melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his Knaves coſtard, when I have good oppottunities for the orke. 'Pleſs my Soul: *To ſhallow Rivers, to whoſe falls, Melodious Pirds ſings Madrigalls: There will we make our Peds of Roſes, And a thouſand fragrant Poſies. To ſhallow*: Mercy on me, I have a great diſpoſition to cry. *Melodious Birds ſing Madrigals... When as I ſat in Pabilon; and a thouſand vagram Poſies. To ſhallow*, &c.

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir *Hugh*.

Eva. He's welcome. *To ſhallow Rivers, to whoſe Falls*... Heaven proſper the right: What weapons has he?

Simp.

Simp. No weapons, Sir; there comes my Maſter, Mr. *Shallow*, and another Gentleman, from *Frogmore*, over the ſtile, this way.

Eva. Pray you give me my Gown; or elſe keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow *and* Slender.

Shal. How now, Maſter Parſon? Good morrow, good Sir *Hugh*. Keep a Gameſter from the dice, and a good Student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah ſweet *Anne Page.*

Page. Save you, good Sir *Hugh.*

Eva. 'Pleſs you from his mercy-ſake, all of you.

Shal. What? The Sword and the Word? Do you ſtudy them both, Mr. Parſon?

Page. And youthful ſtill, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw-rumatick day?

Eva. There is reaſons and cauſes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, Mr. Parſon.

Eva. Ferry well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reverend Gentleman, who, belike, having receiv'd wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you ſaw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourſcore years and upward; I never heard a Man of his place, gravity and learning, ſo wide of his own reſpect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Mr. Doctor *Caius*, the renowned *French* Phyſician.

Eva. Got's will, and his paſſion of my heart. I had as lief you ſhould tell me of a meſs of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*; and he is a Knave beſides, a cowardly Knave as you would deſire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the Man ſhould fight with him:

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page.*

Enter Hoſt, Caius *and* Rugby.

Shal. It appears ſo by his weapons: Keep them aſunder; here comes Doctor *Caius.*

Pag. Nay, good Mr. Parſon, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hoſt. Diſarm them, and let them queſtion; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our *Engliſh.*

Caius. I pray you let a me ſpeak a word with your ear: Wherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you uſe your patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de Coward, de *Jack* Dog; *John* Ape.

Eva. Pray you let us not be laughing-ſtocks to other Mens humours; I deſire you in friendſhip, and will one way or other make you amends: I will knog you your urinal about your Knave's cogs-comb.

Caius. Diable! *Jack Rugby*, mine Hoſt *de Jarteer*, have I not ſtay for him, to kill him? have I not at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Chriſtian's-ſoul, now look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Hoſt Peace, I ſay, *Gallia* and *Gaul*, *French* and *Welch*, Soul-curer and Body-curer.

Caius. Ay dat is very good, excellant.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay; hear mine Hoſt of the Garter. Am I politick? am I ſubtle? am I a *Machivel*? Shall I loſe my Doctor? No; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I loſe my Parſon? my Prieſt? my Sir, *Hugh*? No; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs. Give me thy hand, celeſtial, ſo. Boys of Art, I have deceived you both: I have directed you to wrong

wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burn'd Sack be the iſſue. Come, lay their Swords to pawn. Follow me, Lad of Peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Truſt me, a mad Hoſt. Follow, Gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page.*

(*Ex.* Shal. Slen. Page *and* Hoſt.

Caius. Ha' do I perceive dat? Have you make adeſot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlowting-ſtog: I deſire you that we may be Friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this ſame raſcall ſcurvy-cogging Companion, the Hoſt of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart; he promiſe to bring me where is *Anne Page*; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will ſmite his noddles; pray you follow.

SCENE II.

Enter Miſtreſs Page *and* Robin.

MRS. PAGE.

NAy, keep your way, little Gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your Maſters heels?

Rob. I had rather, forſooth, go before you like a Man, than follow him like a Dwarf.

Mrs. *Page.* O you are a flattering Boy; now I ſee you'll be a Courtier.

En-

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, Miſtreſs *Page*; whither go you?

Mrs. *Page.* Truly Sir, to ſee your Wife; is ſhe at home?

Ford. Ay, and as idle as ſhe may hang together for want of company; I think if your Husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. *Page.* Be ſure of that, two other Husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty Weather-cock?

Mrs. *Page.* I cannot tell what the dickens his name is; my Husband had him of.... What do you call your Knight's name, Sirrah?

Rob. Sir *John Falſtaff.*

Mrs. *Page.* He, he; I can never hit on his name; there is ſuch a league between my good-Man and he. Is your Wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed ſhe is.

Mrs. *Page.* By your leave, Sir; I am ſick'till I ſee her. (*Exeunt Mrs.* Page *and* Robin.

Ford. Has *Page* any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? ſure they ſleep; he hath no uſe of them. Why, this Boy will carry a Letter twenty mile, as eaſie as a Cannon will ſhoot point-blank twelve-ſcore: he pieces out his Wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now ſhe's going to my Wife, and *Falſtaff*'s Boy with her. A Man may hear this ſhower ſing in the wind: and *Falſtaff*'s Boy with her! Good plots; they are laid, and our revolted Wives ſhare damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my Wife, pluck the borrowed vail of modeſty from the ſo ſeeming Miſtreſs *Page*; divulge *Page* himſelf for a ſecure and wilful *Acteon*, and to theſe violent proceedings all my Neighbours ſhall cry aim. The Clock gives me my cue, and my aſſurance bids me ſearch; there I ſhall find *Falſtaff*: I ſhall be rather praiſed for this than mocked; for it

is

is as poſitive as the Earth is firm, that *Falſtaff* is there; I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Evans *and* Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Mr. *Ford.*

Ford. Truſt me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I muſt excuſe my ſelf, Mr. *Ford.*

Slen. And ſo muſt I, Sir; We have appointed to dine with Miſtreſs *Anne*, and I would not break with her for more mony than I'll ſpeak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a Match between *Anne Page* and my Couſin *Slender*, and this day we ſhall have our anſwer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, Father *Page*?

Page. You have, Mr. *Slender*, I ſtand wholly for you; but my Wife, Maſter Doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, be gar, and de Maid is love-a-me: My Nurſh a Quickly tell me ſo muſh.

Hoſt. What ſay you to young Mr. *Fenton*? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verſes, he ſpeaks Holy-day, he ſmells *April* and *May*, he will carry't, he will cary't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my conſent, I promiſe you: The Gentleman is of no having; he kept company with the wild Prince, and *Poinz*; he is of too high a region, he knows too much; no, he ſhall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my ſubſtance. If he take her, let him take her ſimply; the wealth I have waits on my conſent, and my conſent goes not that way.

Ford. I beſeech you heartily, ſome of you go home with me to dinner; beſides your cheer you ſhall have ſport; I will ſhew you a Monſter. Mr. Doctor you ſhall

ſhall go, ſo ſhall you Mr. *Page*, and you Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well:
We ſhall have the freer wooing at Mr. *Page*'s.

Caius. Go home, *John Rugby*, I come anon.

Hoſt. Farewel, my Hearts; I will to my honeſt Knight, *Falſtaff*, and drink Canary with him.

Ford. I think I ſhall drink in Pipe-Wine firſt with him: I'll make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Have with you to ſee this Monſter. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Miſtreſs Ford, *Miſtreſs* Page, *and Servants with a Basket.*

MRS. FORD.

WHat *John*? what *Robert*?

Mrs. *Page*. Quickly, quickly? Is the Buckbasket...

Mrs. *Ford*. I warrant. What *Robin*, I ſay.

Mrs. *Page*. Come, come, come.

Mrs. *Ford*. Here, ſet it down.

Mrs. *Page*. Give your Men the charge, we muſt be brief.

Mrs. *Ford*. Marry, as I told you before, *John* and *Robert*, be ready here hard by in the Brew-houſe, and when I ſuddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pauſe or ſtaggering, take this basket on your ſhoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haſte, and carry it among the Whitſters in *Datchet*-Mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, cloſe by the *Thames* ſide.

Mrs. *Page*. You will do it?

Mrs. *Ford*. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Mrs. *Page*. Here comes little *Robin*.

En-

Enter Robin.

Mrs. *Ford.* How now, my Eyas-Musket, what News with you?

Rob. My Maſter, Sir *John*, is come in at your back door, Miſtreſs *Ford*, and requeſts your company.

Mrs. *Page.* You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be ſworn; my Maſter knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlaſting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he ſwears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. *Page.* Thou'rt a good Boy; this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a Tailor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new doublet and hoſe. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. *Ford.* Do ſo; go tell thy Maſter I am alone; Miſtreſs *Page*, remember you your cue.

(*Ex.* Robin.

Mrs. *Page.* I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiſs me. (*Exit Mrs.* Page.

Mrs. *Ford.* Go to then; we'll uſe this unwholeſom humidity, this groſs watry pumpion; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Jays.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'nly Jewel? why, now let me die; for I have liv'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition; O this bleſſed hour!

Mrs. *Ford.* O ſweet Sir *John.*

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Miſtreſs *Ford*: Now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh. I would thy Husband were dead, I'll ſpeak it before the beſt Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Mrs. *Ford.* I your Lady, Sir *John!* Alas, I ſhould be a pitiful Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of *France* ſhew me ſuch another; I ſee

ſee how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou haſt the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-Tire, the Tire-valiant, or any Tire of *Venetian* admittance.

Mrs. *Ford*. A plain kerchiffe, Sir *John*: my brows become nothing elſe, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a Tyrant to ſay ſo; thou wouldſt make an abſolute Courtier, and the firm fixure of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a ſemi-circled Farthingale. I ſee what thou wert, if Fortune thy Foe were not, Nature thy Friend: Come, thou canſt not hide it.

Mrs. *Ford*. Believe me, there's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? Let that perſuade thee, there's ſomething extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and ſay, thou art this and that, like a many of theſe liſping Haw-thorn Buds, that come like Women in Mens apparel, and ſmell like *Bucklers Berry* in ſimpling time: I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deſerveſt it.

Mrs. *Ford*. Do not betray me, Sir; I fear you love Miſtreſs *Page*.

Fal. Thou might'ſt as well ſay, I love to walk by the *Counter* Gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a Lime-kiln.

Mrs. *Ford*. Well, Heav'n knows how I love you; and you ſhall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deſerve it.

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you do; or elſe I could not be in that mind.

Rob. (*Within*.) Miſtreſs *Ford*, Miſtreſs *Ford*, here's Miſtreſs *Page* at the door, ſweating, and blowing, and looking wildy, and would needs ſpeak with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me; I will enſconce me behind the Arras.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ford.* Pray you do ſo; ſhe's a very tatling Woman.

Enter Miſtreſs Page.

What's the matter? How now?

Mrs. *Page.* O Miſtreſs *Ford*, What have you done? You're ſham'd, y'are overthrown, y'are undone for ever.

Mrs. *Ford.* What's the matter, good Miſtreſs *Page*?

Mrs. *Page.* O well-a-day, Miſtreſs *Ford*, having an honeſt Man to your Husband, to give him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpicion!

Mrs. *Ford* What cauſe of ſuſpicion?

Mrs. *Page.* What cauſe of ſuſpicion! Out upon you; how am I miſtook in you?

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. *Page.* Your Husband's coming hither, Woman, with all the Officers in *Windſor*, to ſearch for a Gentleman that he ſays is here now in the houſe, by your conſent, to take an ill advantage of his abſence. You are undone.

Mrs. *Ford.* 'Tis not ſo, I hope.

Mrs. *Page.* Pray Heav'n it be not ſo, that you have ſuch a Man here; but 'tis moſt certain your Husband's coming with half *Windſor* at his heels, to ſearch for ſuch a one. I come before to tell you; if you know your ſelf clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a Friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your ſenſes to you, defend your Reputation, or bid farewel to your good life for ever.

Mrs. *Ford.* What ſhall I do? there is a Gentleman, my dear Friend; and I fear not my own ſhame ſo much as his peril. I had rather than a thouſand Pound he were out of the houſe.

Mrs. *Page.* For ſhame, never ſtand, you had rather, and you had rather; your Husband's here at hand, bethink you of ſome conveyance; in the Houſe you

ſee how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou haſt the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Sip-Tire, the Tire-valiant, or any Tire of *Venetian* admittance.

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Fal. What made me love thee? Let that perſuade thee, there's ſomething extraoadinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and ſay, thou art this and that, like a many of theſe liſping Haw-thorn Buds, that come like Women in Mens apparel, and ſmell like *Bucklers Berry* in ſimpling time: I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deſerveſt it.

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Mrs. *Page.* For ſhame, never ſtand, you had rather, and you had rather; your Husband's here at hand, bethink you of ſome conveyance; in the Houſe you

cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me Look, here is a basket, if he be of any reasonable ſtature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, ſend him by your two Men to *Datchet*-Mead.

Mrs. *Ford*. He's too big to go in there: What ſhall I do?

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, o let me ſee't; I'll in, I'll in; follow your Friend's counſel; I'll in.

Mrs. *Page*. What, Sir *John Falſtaff*, are theſe your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away; let me creep in here: I'll never... (*He gets into the basket, they cover him with foul linnen.*

Mrs. *Page*. Help to cover your Maſter, Boy: Call your Men, Miſtreſs *Ford*. You diſſembling Knight!

Mrs. *Ford*. What, *John*, *Robert*, *John*, go take up theſe cloaths here, quickly. Where's the cowlſtaff? Look how you drumble: Carry them to the Landreſs in *Datchet*-Mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius *and* Evans.

Ford. Pray you come near; if I ſuſpect without cauſe, why then make ſport at me, then let me be your jeſt, I deſerve it. How now? whither bear your this?

Serv. To the Landreſs, forſooth.

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could waſh my ſelf of the buck: Buck, Buck, Buck, ay Buck: I warrant you Buck, and of the ſeaſon too, it ſhall appear.

(*Exeunt Servants with the Basket.*

Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night, I'll tell you my dream.

dream; Here, here, here be my Keys; aſcend my Chambers, ſearch, ſeek, find out. I'll warrant we'll unkennel the Fox. Let me ſtop this way firſt: So, now uncape.

Page. Good Maſter *Ford*, be contented:
You wrong your ſelf too much.

Ford. True, Maſter *Page*. Up Gentlemen, you ſhall ſee ſport anon; follow me, Gentlemen.

Eva. This is ferry fantaſtical humours and jealouſies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the faſhion of *France*; it is not jealous in *France*... (*Exeunt.*

Page. Nay, follow him, Gentlemen, ſee the iſſue of his ſearch.

Manent Miſtreſs Page *and Miſtreſs* Ford.

Mrs. *Page.* Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. *Ford.* I know not which pleaſes me better, that my Husband is deceiv'd, or Sir *John*.

Mrs. *Page.* What a taking was he in when your Husband ask'd who was in the Basket?

Mrs. *Ford.* I am half afraid he will have need of waſhing; ſo throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. *Page.* Hang him, diſhoneſt Raſcal; I would all of the ſame ſtrain were in the ſame diſtreſs.

Mrs. *Ford.* I think my Husband hath ſome ſpecial ſuſpicion of *Falſtaff*'s being here! I never ſaw him ſo groſs in his jealouſie 'till now.

Mrs. *Page.* I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with *Falſtaff*: His diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarce obey this Medicine.

Mrs. *Ford.* Shall we ſend that fooliſh Carrion, Miſtreſs *Quickly*, to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

Mrs. *Page*. We'll do it; let him be ſent for to morrow by eight a clock, to have amends.

Re enter Ford, Page, *&c.*

Ford. I cannot find him; may be the Knave bragg'd of that he could not compaſs.

Mrs. *Page*. Heard you that?

Mrs. *Ford*. You uſe me well, Maſter *Ford*, do you?

Ford. Ay, ay, I do ſo.

Mrs. *Page*. Heav'n make you better than your thoughts.

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. *Page*. You do your ſelf mighty wrong, Mr. *Ford*.

Ford. Ay, ay; I muſt bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the houſe and in the Chambers, and in the Coffers, and in the preſſes, Heav'n forgive my ſins.

Caius. By gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Mr. *Ford* are you not aſham'd? What Spirit, what Devil ſuggeſts this imagination? I would not ha your diſtemper in this kind, for the wealth of *Windſor-Caſtle*.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Mr. *Page*: I ſuffer for it.

Eva. You ſuffer for a pad Conſcience; your Wife is as honeſt `omans, as I will deſires among five thouſand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt Woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a dinner; come, come, walk in the Park. I pray you pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come Wife, come Miſtreſs *Page*, I pray you pardon me: pray heartily pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, Gentlemen; but truſt me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow-morning to my houſe to Breakfaſt: after we'll a birding together; I have a fine Hawk for the Buſh. Shall it be ſo? *Ford*.

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I ſhall make a the turd.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr. *Page.*

Eva. I pray you now remembrance to-morrow on the lowſie Knave, mine Hoſt.

Caius. Dat is good, by gar, with all my heart.

Eva. A lowſie Knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Fenton *and Miſtreſs* Anne Page.

FENTON.

I ſee I cannot get thy Father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, ſweet *Nan.*

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou muſt be thy ſelf.
He doth object I am too great of birth,
And that my State being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeek to heal it only by his wealth.
Beſides theſe, other bars he lays before me,
My riots paſt, my wild ſocieties;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, Heav'n ſo ſpeed me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confeſs, thy Father's Wealth
Was the firſt motive that I woo'd thee, *Anne:*
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than ſtamps in Gold, or ſums in ſealed bags:
And 'tis the very riches of thy ſelf
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Mr. *Fenton*,
Yet ſeek my Father's Love, ſtill ſeek it, Sir:
If opportunity and humbleſt ſuit
Cannot attain it, why then hark you hither.

Enter Shallow, Slender *and Miſtreſs* Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, Miſtreſs *Quickly*;
My Kinſman ſhall ſpeak for himſelf.

Slen. I'll make a ſhaft or a bolt on't: 'D'slid 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not diſmaid.

Slen. No ſhe ſhall not diſmay me: I care not for that, but I am affeard.

Quic. Hark ye; Mr. *Slender* would ſpeak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. This is my Father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Look handſome in three hundred Pounds a year?

Quic. And how does good Maſter *Fenton*!
Pray you a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her Coz.
O Boy, thou hadſt a Father!

Slen. I had a Father, Mrs. *Anne*; my Uncle can tell you good jeſts of him. Pray you, Uncle, tell Mrs. *Anne* the jeſt, how my Father ſtole two Geeſe out of a pen; good Uncle.

Shal. Miſters *Anne*, my Conſin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any Woman in *Gloceſter-ſhire*.

Shal. He will maintain you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will; come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty Pounds Jointure.

Anne. Good Maſter *Shallow*, let him woo for himſelf.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that:

Good

Good comfort; ſhe calls you Coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now Maſter *Slender.*

Slen. Now good Miſtreſs *Anne.*

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will; Od's-heart-lings, that's a pretty jeſt indeed, I ne'er made my Will yet, I thank Heav'n; I am not ſuch a ſickly Creature, I give Heav'n praiſe.

Anne. I mean, Mr. *Slender*, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: your Father and my Uncle have made motions; if it be my luck ſo, if not, happy Man be his dole; they can tell you how things go better than I can; you may ask your Father; here he comes.

Enter Page *and Miſtreſs* Page.

Anne.

Page. Now, Maſter *Slender*: Love him, Daughter
Why how now? What does Maſter *Fenton* here?
You wrong me, Sir, thus ſtill to haut my Houſe:
I tell you, Sir, my Daughter is diſpos'd of.

Fent. Nay, Maſter *Page*, be not impatient.

Mrs. *Page.* Good Maſter *Fenton*, come not to my (Child.

Page. She is no Match for you.

Fent. Sir will you hear me?

Page. No, good Maſter *Fenton.*
Come, Maſter *Shallow*; come, Son *Slender*, in.
Knowing my mind you wrong me, Maſter *Fenton.*
(*Exeunt* Page, Shallow *and* Slender.

Quic. Speak to Miſtreſs *Page.*

Fent. Good Miſtreſs *Page*, for that I love your (Daughter
In ſuch a righteous faſhion as I do,
Perforce, againſt all checks, rebukes and manners,
I muſt advance the colours of my Love,

And not retire. Let me have your good-will.

Anne. Good Mother, do not marry me to yon Fool.

Mrs. *Page.* I mean it not, I ſeek you a better Husband.

Quic. That's my Maſter, Maſter Doctor.

Anne. Alas I had rather be ſet quick i'th' earth, and bowl'd to death with turneps. (*Fenton*;

Mrs. *Page.* Come, trouble not your ſelf, good Maſter
I will not be your Friend nor Ennemy:
My Daughter will I queſtion how ſhe loves you,
And as I find her, ſo am I affected.
'Till then, farewel Sir; ſhe muſt needs go in,
Her Father will be angry. (*Ex. Mrs.* Page *and* Anne.

Fent. Farewel, gentle Miſtreſs; farewel *Nan.*

Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, ſaid I, will you caſt away your Child on a Fool, and a Phyſician? Look on Maſter *Fenton*: This is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee once to-night, Give my ſweet *Nan* this Ring: There's for thy pains. (*Exit.*

Quic. Now Heav'n ſend thee good Fortune. A kind heart he hath, a Woman would run through fire and water for ſuch a kind heart. But yet, I would my Maſter had Miſtreſs *Anne*; or I would Mr. *Slender* had her; or, in ſooth, I would Mr. *Fenton* had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for ſo I have promis'd, and I'll be as good as my word, but ſpeciouſly for Mr. *Fenton*. Well, I muſt of another errand to Sir *John Falſtaff* from my two Miſtreſſes; what a Beaſt am I to ſlack it? (*Exit.*

SCE-

SCENE V.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

FALSTAFF.

BArdolph, I ſay.

Bard. Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of Sack, put a toſt in't. Have I liv'd to be carry'd in a basket like a barrow of Butchers offal, and to be thrown into the *Thames*! Well, if I be ſerv'd ſuch another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a Dog for a New-years Gift. The Rogues ſlighted me into the River, with as little remorſe as they would have drown'd a blind Bitches Puppies, fifteen i'th' litter; and you may know, by my ſize, that I have a kind of alacrity in ſinking: If the bottom were as deep as hell, I ſhould down. I had been drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſhelvy and ſhallow; a death that I abhor, for the water ſwells a Man; And what a thing ſhould I have been when I had been ſwell'd? I ſhould have been a mountain of Mummy.

Bard. Here's Miſtreſs *Quickly*, Sir, to ſpeak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in ſome Sack to the *Thames* water; for my belly's as cold as if I had ſwallow'd ſnowballs for Pills to cool the Reins. Call her in.

Bard Come in, Woman.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Quic. By your leave: I cry you mercy.
Give your Worſhip good-morrow.

Fal. Take away theſe challices:
Go, brew me a pottle of Sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it ſelf: I'll no Pullet-ſperm in my brevage. How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your Worſhip from Miſtreſs *Ford.*

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford*? I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly-full of ford.

Quic. Alas the day! Good heart, that was not her fault: She does ſo take on with her Men; they miſtook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a fooliſh Woman's promiſe.

Quic. Well, ſhe laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your heart to ſee it. Her Husband goes this morning a birding; ſhe deſires you once more to come to her, between eight and nine. I muſt carry her word quickly, ſhe'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will viſit her; tell her ſo, and bid her think what a Man is: Let her conſider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do ſo. Between nine and ten, ſay'ſt thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well be gone; I will not miſs her.

Quic. Peace be with you, Sir. (*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Maſter *Broom*; he ſent me word to ſtay within: I like his mony well. Oh, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bleſs you, Sir.

Fal. Now, Maſter *Broom*, you come to know what hath paſs'd between me and *Ford*'s Wife?

Ford. That indeed, Sir *John*, is my buſineſs.

Fal. Maſter *Broom*, I will not lie to you; I was at her houſe the hour ſhe appointed me.

Ford. And you ſped, Sir?

Fal.

Fal. Very ill favour'dly, Maſter *Broom*.

Ford. How Sir, did ſhe change her determination?

Fal. No, Mr. *Broom*; but the peaking Cornuto her Husband, Mr. *Broom*, dwelling in a continual larum of jealouſie, comes in the inſtant of our Encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiſs'd, proteſted, & as it were ſpoke the Prologue of our Comedy, and at his heels a rabble of his Companions, thither provok'd and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and, forſooth, to ſearch his houſe for his Wife's Love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he ſearch for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You ſhall hear. As good Luck would have it, comes in one Miſtreſs *Page*, gives intelligence of *Ford*'s approach, and in her invention, and *Ford*'s Wife's diſtraction, they convey'd me into a Buck-basket.

Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yea, a Buck-basket: ramm'd me in with foul Shirts and Smocks, Socks, foul ſtockings, and greaſie napkins; that, Maſter *Broom*, there was the rankeſt compound of villanous ſmell that ever offended noſtril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you ſhall hear, Maſter *Broom*, what I have ſuffer'd, to bring this Woman to evil, for your good. Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Ford*'s Knaves, his Hinds, were call'd forth by their Miſtreſs, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to *Datchet-lane*; they took me on their ſhoulders, met the jealous Knave their Maſter in the door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket; I quak'd for fear, leaſt the Lunatick Knave would have ſearch'd it; but Fate, ordaining he ſhould be a Cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a ſearch, and away went I for foul cloaths. But mark the ſequel, Maſter *Broom*; I ſuffered the pangs of three ſeveral Deaths: Firſt, an intolerable fright, to

be

be detected with a jealous rotten Bell-weather; next to be compaſs'd, like a good Bilbo, in the circumference of a Peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then to be ſtopt in, like a ſtrong diſtillation, with ſtinking cloaths, that fretted in their own greaſe: Think of that, a Man of my kidney; think of that, that am as ſubject to heat as butter; a Man of continual diſſolution and thaw: it was a miracle to 'ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half ſtew'd in greaſe, like a *Dutch* diſh, to be throw into the *Thames*, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that ſerge, like a Horſe-ſhoe; think of that; hiſſing hot, think of that, Maſter *Broom*.

Ford. In good ſadneſs, Sir, I am ſorry that for my ſake you ſuffer'd all this. My ſuit is then deſperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Maſter *Broom*, I will be thrown into *Etna*, as I have been into *Thames*, e'er I will leave her thus. Her Husband is this morning gone a birding; I have receiv'd from her another Ambaſſie of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the Hour, Maſter *Broom*.

Ford. 'Tis paſt eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addreſs me to my Appointment. Come to me at your convenient leiſure, and you ſhall know how I ſpeed; and the concluſion ſhall be crown'd with your enjoying her. Adieu, you ſhall have her, Maſter *Broom*, Maſter *Broom*, you ſhall cuckold *Ford*. (*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! Ha! Is this a viſion? Is this a dream? Do I ſleep? Maſter *Ford*, awake, awake Maſter *Ford*; there's a hole made in your beſt coat, Maſter *Ford*: This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have Linnen and Buck baskets! Well, I will proclaim my ſelf what I am; I will now take the Leacher; he is at my Houſe; he cannot 'ſcape me; 'tis impoſſible he ſhould; he cannot creep into a half-penny purſe, nor into a Pepper box. But leſt the Devil that guides him ſhould aid him, I will ſearch impoſſible places; tho' what I am I cannot

cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not ſhall not make me tame. If I have horns, to make one mad, let the Proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. (*Exit.*

ACT. IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Falſtaff *and Miſtreſs* Ford.

FALSTAFF.

MIſtreſs *Ford*, your ſorrow hath eaten up my ſufferance; I ſee you are obſequious in your Love, and I profeſs requital to a hairs breadth, not only, Miſtreſs *Ford*, in the ſimple office of Love, but in all the accouſtrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you ſure of your Husband now?

Mrs. *Ford*. He's a birding, ſweet Sir *John*.

Mrs. *Page*. (*within.*) What hoa, Goſſip *Ford*: what hoa!

Mrs *Ford*. Step into th'Chamber, Sir *John*.

(*Ex.* Falſtaff.

Enter Miſtreſs Page.

Mrs. *Page*. How now, ſweet Heart, who's at home beſides your ſelf?

Mrs. *Ford*. Why none but mine own People.

Mrs. *Page*. Indeed?

Mrs. *Ford*. No certainly... Speak louder.

Mrs. *Page*. Truly, I am ſo glad you have no body here.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ford*. Why?

Mrs. *Page*. Why Woman, your Husband is in his old lines again; he ſo takes on yonder with my Husband, ſo rails againſt all married Mankind, ſo curſes all *Eve*'s Daughters, of what complexion ſoever, and ſo buffets himſelf on the fore-head, crying peer-out peer-out, that any madneſs I ever yet beheld ſeem'd but tameneſs, civility and patience to this his diſtemper he is in now. I am glad the fat Knight is not here.

Mrs. *Ford*. Why does he talk of him?

Mrs. *Page*. Of none but him, and ſwears he was carry'd out, the laſt time he ſearch'd for him, in a basket; proteſts to my Husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the reſt of their Company from their ſport, to make another experiment of his ſuſpicion: but I am glad the Knight is not here; now he ſhall ſee his own foolery.

Mrs. *Ford*. How near is he, Miſtreſs *Page*?

Mrs. *Page*. Hard by, at ſtreets end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. *Ford*. I am undone, the Knight is here.

Mrs. *Page*. Why then you are utterly ſham'd, and he's but a dead Man. What a Woman are you? Away with him, away with him, better ſhame than Murther.

Mrs. *Ford*. Which way ſhould he go? How ſhould I beſtow him? Shall I put him into the Basket again?

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. No, I'll no more i'th basket: May I not go out e'er he come?

Mrs. *Page*. Alas, three of Maſter's *Fords* Brothers watch the door with Piſtols, that none ſhould iſſue out, otherwiſe you might ſlip away e're he came: But what make you here?

Fal. What ſhall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ford.* There they always uſe to diſcharge their Birding-pieces; creep into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. *Ford.* He will ſeek there, on my word: Neither preſs, coffer, cheſt, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abſtract for the rembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his Note; there is no hiding you in the Houſe.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. *Ford.* If you go out in your own ſemblance, you die, Sir *John*, unleſs you go out diſguis'd. How might we diſguiſe him?

Mrs. *Page* Alaſs-the-day; I know not, there is no Woman's Gown big enough for him, otherwiſe he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kercheif, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good Hearts, deviſe ſomething; any extremity, rather than miſchief.

Mrs. *Ford.* My Maid's Aunt; the fat Woman of *Brainford*, has a Gown above.

Mrs. *Page.* On my word it will ſerve him, ſhe's as big as he is; and there's her thrumb Hat, and her Muffler too. Run up, Sir *John.*

Mrs. *Ford.* Go, go, ſweet Sir *John*, Miſtreſs *Page* and I will look ſome linnen for your head.

Mrs. *Page.* Quick, quick; we'll come dreſs you ſtraight; put on the Gown the while. (*Exit* Falſtaff.

Mrs. *Ford.* I would my Husband would meet him in this ſhape; he cannot abide the old Woman of *Brainford*; he ſwears ſhe's a Witch, forbad her my Houſe, and hath threatned to beat her.

Mrs. *Page.* Heav'n guide him to thy Husband's cudgel, and the Devil guide his cudgel afterwards.

Mrs. *Ford.* But is my Husband coming?

Mrs. *Page.* Ay in good ſadneſs is he, and talks of the Basket too, howſoever he had intelligence.

Mrs. *Ford.* We'll try that; for I'll appoint my Men to

to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did laſt time.

Mrs. *Page*. Nay, but he'll be here preſently; let's go dreſs him like the Witch of *Brainford*.

Mrs. *Ford*. I'll firſt direct my Men, what they ſhall do with the basket; go up, I'll bring linnen for him ſtraight.

Mrs. *Page*. Hang him, diſhoneſt Varlet, We cannot miſuſe him enough.
We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honeſt too.
We do not act, that often jeſt and laugh:
'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

Mrs. *Ford*. Go Sirs, take the basket again on your ſhoulders; your Maſter is hard at door; if he bid you ſet it down, obey him: Quickly, diſpatch.

Enter Servants with the Basket.

1 *Serv*. Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv*. Pray Heav'n it be not full of the Knight again.

1 *Serv*. I hope not. I had as lief bear ſo much lead.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius *and* Evans.

Ford. Ay, if it prove true, Maſter *Page*, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the Basket, Villains; ſomebody call my Wife: Youth in a Basket. Oh you panderly Raſcals, there's a Knot, a Gang, a Pack, a conſpiracy againſt me; now ſhall the Devil be ſham'd. What, Wife I ſay; come, come forth, behold what honeſt cloaths you ſend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paſſes Mr. *Ford*; you are not to go looſe any longer, you muſt be pinnion'd.

Eva. Why; this is lunaticks; this is mad as a mad Dog.

Shal. Indeed, Mr. *Ford*, this is not well indeed.

Ford.

Ford. So ſay I too, Sir. Come hither Miſtreſs *Ford*, Miſtreſs *Ford*, the honeſt Woman, the modeſt Wife, the virtuous Creature, that hath the jealous fool to her Husband: I ſuſpect without cauſe, Miſtreſs, do I?

Mrs. *Ford.* Heav'n be my witneſs you do, if you ſuſpect me in any dishoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid, Brazen-face, hold it out: Come forth, Sirrah. (*Pulls the cloaths out of the basket.*

Page. This paſſes.

Mrs. *Ford.* Are you not aſham'd! let the cloaths alone.

Ford. I ſhall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreaſonable; will you take up your Wife's cloaths? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I ſay.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why Man, why?

Ford. Maſter *Page*, as I am a Man, there was one convey'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this Basket; why may not he be there again? In my houſe I am ſure he is; my intelligence is true, my jealouſie is reaſonable, pluck me out all the Linnen.

Mrs. *Ford.* If you find a Man there, he ſhall die a Flea's death.

Page. Here's no Man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not not well, Mr. *Ford*; this wrongs you.

Eva. Mr. *Ford*, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealouſies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I ſeek for.

Page. No, nor no where elſe but in your brain.

Ford. Help to ſearch my houſe this one time; if I find not what I ſeek, ſhew no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your Table-ſport; let them ſay of me, As jealous as *Ford*, that ſearched a hollow wall-nut for his Wives Lemman. Satisfie me once more; once more ſearch with me.

Mrs. *Ford.* What hoa, Miſtreſs *Page*! come you

and the old Woman down; my Husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old Woman! What old Woman's that?

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, it is my Maid's Aunt of *Brainford.*

Ford. A Witch, a Quean, an old cozening Quean; have I not forbid her my houſe? She comes of errands, does ſhe? We are ſimple Men, we do not know what's brought to paſs under the Profeſſion of Fortune-telling. She works by Charms, by Spells, by th' Figure, and ſuch dawbry as this is, beyond our element; we know nothing. Come down, you Witch, you Hag you, come down, I ſay.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, good ſweet Husband; good Gentlemen, let him not ſtrike the old Woman.

Enter Falſtaff *in Womens cloaths.*

Mrs. *Page.* Come Mother *Prat*, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *Prat* her. Out of my door you Witch, (*Beats him.*) you Hag, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out; I'll conjure you, I'll Fortune-tell you. (*Exit* Fal.

Mrs. *Page.* Are you not aſham'd?
I think you have kill'd the poor Woman.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, he will do it; 'tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, Witch.

Eva. By yea, and no, I think the Oman is a Witch indeed: I like not when a Oman has a great peard; I ſpy a great peard under his Muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, Gentlemen? I beſeech you follow; ſee but the iſſue of my jealouſie; if I cry out thus upon no trial, never truſt me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, Gentlemen. (*Exeunt.*

Mrs.

Mrs. *Page.* Truſt me he beat him moſt pitifully.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, by th' Maſs that he did not; he beat him moſt unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. *Page.* I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the Altar, it hath done meritorious ſervice.

Mrs. *Ford.* What think you? May we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witneſs of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. *Page.* The ſpirit of wantonneſs is ſure ſcar'd out of him; if the Devil have him not in Fee-ſimple, with Fine and Recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waſte, attempt us again.

Mrs. *Ford.* Shall we tell our Husbands how we have ſerved him?

Mrs. *Page.* Yes, by all means; if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your Husband's brain. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat Knight ſhall be any further afflicted, we two will ſtill be the Miniſters.

Mrs. *Ford.* I'll warrant they'll have him publickly ſham'd; and methinks there would be no period to the jeſt, ſhould he not be publickly ſham'd.

Mrs. *Page,* Come to the Forge with it, then ſhape it: I would not have things cool. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Hoſt *and* Bardolph.

BARDOLPH.

SIr, the German deſires to have three of your horſes; the Duke himſelf will be to-morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoſt. What Duke ſhould that be comes ſo ſecretly?

I hear not of him in the Court: Let me ſpeak with the Gentlemen, they ſpeak *Engliſh*?

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Hoſt. They ſhall have my horſes, but I'll make them pay, I'll ſawce them. They have had my Houſe a week at command; I have turn'd away my other Gueſts; they muſt come off, I'll ſawce them, come.

(*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Page, Ford, *Miſtreſs* Page, *Miſtreſs* Ford, *and* Evans.

EVANS.

'TIs one of the beſt diſcretions of a Oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he ſend you both theſe Letters at an inſtant?

Mrs. *Page.* Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, Wife. Henceforth do what thou (wilt;
I rather will ſuſpect the Sun with cold, (ſtand,
Than thee with wantonneſs; now doth thy Honour
In him that was of late an Heretick,
As firm of Faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not extream in ſubmiſſion, as in offence,
But let our Plot go forward: Let our Wives
Yet once again, to make us publick ſport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat Fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they ſpoke of.

Page. How? to ſend him word they'l meet him in the Park at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll never come.

Eva. You ſay he hath been thrown into the River, and

and has been grievouſly peaten, as an old Oman; methinks there ſhould be terrors in him, that he ſhould not come; methinks his fleſh is puniſh'd, he ſhall have no deſires.

Page. So think I too. (comes,

Mrs. *Ford.* Deviſe but how you'll uſe him when he And let us two deviſe to bring him thither.

Mrs. *Page.* There is an old Tale goes, that *Herne* the Hunter, ſometime a Keeper in *Windſor* Foreſt, doth all the Winter time, at ſtill of midnight walk round about an oak, with great ragged horns. And there he blaſts the Tree, and takes the Cattle, and makes Milch-kine yield blood, and ſhakes a Chain in a moſt hideous and dreadful manner. You have heard of ſuch a Spirit, and well you know
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed *Eld*
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our Age
This Tale of *Herne* the Hunter, for a Truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this *Herne*'s Oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. *Ford.* Marry this is our device,
That *Falſtaff* at that Oak ſhall meet with us.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come.
And in this ſhape when you have brought him thither,
What ſhall be done with him? What is your Plot?

Mrs *Page.* That like wiſe we have thought upon, and *Nan Page*, my Daughter, and my little Son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dreſs
Like Urchins, Ouphes and Fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands: upon a ſudden,
As *Falſtaff*, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a Saw-pit ruſh at once
With ſome diffuſed Song: Upon their ſight
We two, in great amazedneſs, will fly;
Then let them all encircle him about,

And Fairy-like to pinch the unclean Knight;
And ask him why, that hour of Fairy Revel,
In their ſo ſacred paths he dares to tread
In ſhape prophane?

Mrs. *Ford.* And 'till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed Fairies pinch him ſound,
And burn him with their Tapers.

Mrs. *Page.* The truth being known,
We'll all preſent our ſelves; dis-horn the Spirit,
And mock him home to *Windſor.*

Ford. The Children muſt
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the Children their behaviours; and I will be like a Jack-a-napes alſo, to burn the Knight with my Taber.

Ford. That will be excellent,
I'll go buy them Vizards.

Mrs. *Page.* My *Nan* ſhall be the Queen of all the Fairies, finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That Silk will I go buy; and in that time
Shall Mr. *Slender* ſteal my *Nan* away,
And marry her at *Eaton.* Go, ſend to *Falſtaff* ſtraight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of *Broom*;
He'll tell me all his purpoſe. Sure he'll come.

Mrs. *Page.* Fear not you that; go get us properties
And tricking for your Fairies.

Eva. Let us about it,
It is admirable pleaſures, and ferry honeſt knaveries.

(*Exeunt* Page, Ford *and* Evans.

Mrs. *Page.* Go, Mrs. *Ford*,
Send quickly to Sir *John*, to know his mind.

(*Ex. Mrs.* Ford.

I'll to the Doctor, he hath my good-will,
And none but he, to marry with *Nan Page.*
That *Slender*, tho' well landed, is an Ideot;
And he my Husband beſt of all affects.
The Doctor is well mony'd, and his Friends

Po-

Potent at Court; he, none but he ſhall have her,
Tho' twenty thouſand worthier came to crave her.
(*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Hoſt *and* Simple.

HOST.

WHat wouldſt thou have, Boor? what, Thick-skin? ſpeak, breathe, diſcuſs; brief, ſhort, quick, ſnap.

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to ſpeak with Sir *John Falſtaff*, from Mr. *Slender*.

Hoſt. There's his Chamber, his Houſe, his Caſtle, his ſtanding bed and truckle bed; 'tis painted about with the Story of the Prodigal, freſh and new; go, knock and call; he'll ſpeak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: Knock, I ſay.

Simp. There's an old Woman, a fat Woman gone up into his Chamber; I'll be ſo bold as ſtay, Sir, 'till ſhe come down; I come to ſpeak with her indeed.

Hoſt. Ha! a fat Woman? The Knight may be robb'd, I'll call. Bully-Knight! Bully-Sir *John!* ſpeak from thy lungs Military: Art thou there? It is thine Hoſt, thine *Epheſian* calls.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. How now, mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* tarries the coming down of thy fat Woman: Let her deſcend, Bully, let her deſcend; my Chambers are honourable. Fie, privacy! Fie.

Fal. There was, mine Hoſt; an old fat Woman even now with me, but ſhe's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wiſe Woman of *Brainford*?

Fal. Ay marry was it, Muſſel-ſhell, what would you with her?

Simp. My Maſter, Sir, my Maſter *Slender* ſent to her, ſeeing her go thro' the ſtreets, to know, Sir, whether one *Nym*, Sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no?

Fal. I ſpake with the old Woman about it.

Simp. And what ſays ſhe, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry ſhe ſays, that the very ſame Man that beguil'd Maſter *Slender* of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have ſpoken with the Woman her ſelf; I had other things to have ſpoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? Let us know.

Hoſt. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Hoſt. Conceal them, or thou dy'ſt.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about Miſtreſs *Anne Page*; to know if it were my Maſter's Fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis 'tis his Fortune.

Simp. What, Sir?

Fal. To have her, or no: Go; ſay the Woman told me ſo.

Simp. May I be bold to ſay ſo, Sir?

Fal. Ay Sir; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your Worſhip: I ſhall make my Maſter glad with theſe tidings. (*Exit* Simple.

Hoſt. Thou art clarkly; thou art clarkly, Sir *John:* Was there a wiſe Woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine *Hoſt*, one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life;

life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out alas, Sir, Cozenage; meer Cozenage.

Hoſt. Where be my Horſes? Speak well of them, Varletto.

Bard. Run away with the Cozeners; for ſo ſoon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behind one of them in a ſlough of mire; and ſet ſpurs, and away, like three *German* Devils, three Doctor *Fauſtuſſes*.

Hoſt. They are gone but to meet the Duke, Villain, do not ſay they be fled; *Germans* are honeſt Men.

Enter Evans.

Eva. Where is mine *Hoſt*?

Hoſt. What is the matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments; there is a Friend of mine come to Town, tells me there is three Cozen-Jermans that has cozen'd all the *Hoſts* of *Reading*, of *Maiden-Head*, of *Cole-Brook*, of Horſes and Mony. I tell you for good will, look you, you are wiſe, and full of gibes and vlouting-ſtocks, and 'tis not convenient you ſhould be cozened; fare you well. (*Exit.*

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver'is mine *Hoſt de Jarteer*?

Hoſt. Here, Maſter Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful delemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a-me,

dat you make a grand preparation for a Duke *de Jarmany*; by my trot, der is no Duke dat the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will; adieu.

(*Exit.*

Hoſt. Hue and Cry, Villain, go; aſſiſt me, Knight, I am undone; fly, run, Hue and cry, Villain. I am undone. (*Exit.*

Fal. I would all the World might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it ſhould come to the ear of the Court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation has been waſh'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor Fiſhermens boots with me; I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, 'till I were as creſt-faln as a dry'd Pear. I never proſper'd ſince I forſwore my ſelf at *Primero*. Well, if my Wind were but long enough, I would repent. Now, whence come you?

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Quic. From the two Parties, Forſooth.

Fal The Devil take one Party, and his Dam the other, and ſo they ſhall be both beſtow'd; I have ſuffer'd more for their ſakes, more than the villainous inconſtancy of Man's diſpoſition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they ſuffer'd? Yes, I warrant, ſpeciouſly one of them; Miſtreſs *Ford*, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fal. What tell'ſt thou me of black and blue? I was beaten my ſelf into all the colours of the Rain-bow; and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Brainford*; but that my admirable dexterity of Wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old Woman deliver'd me, the Knave Conſtable had ſet me i'th' Stocks, i'th' common Stocks for a Witch.

Quic.

Quic. Sir, let me ſpeak with you in your Chamber, you ſhall hear how things go, and, I warraut, to your content. Here is a Letter will ſay ſomewhat. Good Hearts, what ado is here to bring you together? Sure one of you does not ſerve Heav'n well, that you are ſo croſs'd.

Fal. Come up into my Chamber. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE. V.

Enter Fenton *and* Hoſt.

HOST.

MAſter *Fenton*, talk not to me, my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me ſpeak; aſſiſt me in my purpoſe,
And, as I am a Gentleman, I'll give thee.
A hundred pound in Gold, more than your loſs.

Hoſt. I will hear you, Maſter *Fenton*; and I will at the leaſt, keep your counſel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair *Anne Page*,
Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection,
(So far forth as her ſelf might be her chuſer)
Even to my wiſh; I have a Letter form her
Of ſuch contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof, ſo larded with my matter,
That neither ſingly can be manifeſted,
Without the ſhew of both. Fat Sir *John Falſtaff*
Hath a great ſcene; the image of the jeſt
I'll ſhew you here at large. Hark good mine Hoſt;
To-night at *Herne*'s Oak, juſt 'twixt twelve and one,
Muſt my ſweet *Nan* preſent the Fairy Queen:
The purpoſe why is here. In which diſguiſe,
While other jeſts are ſomething rank on foot,

Her

Her Father hath commanded her to ſlip
Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton*
Immediately to marry; ſhe hath conſented. Now Sir,
Her Mother, even ſtrong againſt that match,
And firm for Doctor *Caius*, hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
While other ſports are tasking of their minds,
And at the Deanry, where a Prieſt attends,
Straight marry her; to this her Mother's Plot
She, ſeemingly obedient, likewiſe hath
Made promiſe to the Doctor. Now thus it reſts;
Her Father means ſhe ſhall be all in white,
And in that habit, when *Slender* ſees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She ſhall go with him. Her Mother hath intended,
The better to devote her to the Doctor,
(For they muſt all be mask'd and vizarded)
That quaint in green, ſhe ſhall be looſe enrob'd,
With Ribbands-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The Maid hath given conſent to go with him.

Hoſt. Which means ſhe to deceive? Father, or Mother?

Fent. Both, my good Hoſt, to go along with me:
And here it reſts, that you'll procure the Vicar
To ſtay for me at Church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our Hearts united ceremony.

Hoſt. Well, husband your device; I'll to the Vicar.
Bring you the Maid, you ſhall not lack a Prieſt.

Fent. So ſhall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beſide, I'll make a preſent recompenſe. (*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE. I.

Enter Falſtaff *and Miſtreſs* Quickly.

FALSTAFF.

PRithee no more pratling; go, I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good Luck lyes in odd numbers: away, go, they ſay there is Divinity in odd numbers, either in Nativity, Chance or Death; away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

(*Exit. Mrs.* Quickly.

Fal. Away, I ſay, time wears; hold up your head, and mince.

Enter Ford.

How now, Mr. *Broom*? Mr. *Broom*, the matter will be known to-night or never. Be you in the Park about mid-night, at *Herne*'s Oak, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yeſterday, Sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Maſter *Broom*, as you ſee, like a poor old Man; but I came from her, Maſter *Broom*, like a poor old Woman. That ſame Knave, *Ford* her Husband, hath the fineſt mad Devil of Jealouſie in him, Maſter *Broom*, that ever govern'd Frenzy. I will

will tell you, he beat me grievouſly, in the ſhape of a Woman; for in the ſhape of a Man, Maſter *Broom* I fear not *Goliah* with a Weaver's beam, becauſe, I know alſo life is a ſhuttle. I am in haſte, go along with me, I'll tell you all, Maſter *Broom*. Since I pluckt Geeſe, play'd Truant, and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me, I'l tell you ſtrange things of this Knave *Ford*; on whom to-night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his Wife into your hand. Follow, ſtrange things in hand, Maſter *Broom*, follow. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Page, Shallow *and* Slender.

PAGE.

COme, come; we'll couch i'th'Caſtle-ditch, 'till we ſee the light of our Fairies. Remember, Son *Slender*, my Daughter.

Slen. Ay Forſooth, I have ſpoke with her and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white and cry Mum, ſhe cries Budget, and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath ſtruck ten a-clok.

Page. The night is dark, Light and Spirits will become it well; Heav'n proſper our ſport. No Man means evil but the Devil, and we ſhall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. (*Exeunt.*

SCE-

SCENE III.

Enter Miſtreſs Page, *Miſtreſs* Ford *and* Caius.

MISTRESS PAGE.

MR. Doctor, my Daughter is in green; when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanry, and diſpatch it quickly; go before into the Park; we two muſt go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu. (*Exit.*

Mrs. *Page.* Fare you well, Sir. My Husband will not rejoice ſo much at the abuſe of *Falſtaff*, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my Daughter: But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. *Ford.* Where is *Nan* now, and her Troop of Fairies, and the *Welch* Devil *Herne*?

Mrs. *Page.* They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Herne*'s Oak, with obſcur'd lights; which at the very inſtant of *Falſtaff*'s and our meeting they will at once diſplay to the night.

Mrs. *Ford.* That cannot chuſe but amaze him.

Mrs. *Page.* If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd he will be mock'd.

Mrs. *Ford.* We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. *Page.* Againſt ſuch Leudſters, and their lechery,

Thoſe that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. *Ford.* The hour draws on; to the Oak, to the Oak. (*Exeunt.*

SCE-

SCENE IV.

Enter Evans *and Fairies.*

EVANS.

TRib, trib, Fairies; come, and remember your parts: Be pold, I pray you, follow me into the Pit, and when I give the watch-ords do as I bid you: Come, come, trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

FALSTAFF.

THe *Windſor* bell hath ſtruck twelve, the minute draws on; now the hot-blooded God aſſiſt me. Remember, *Jove*, thou waſt a Bull for thy *Europa*; Love ſet on thy horns. Oh powerful Love! That in ſome reſpects makes a Beaſt a Man; in ſome other, a Man a Beaſt. You were alſo, *Jupiter*, a Swan, for the love of *Leda*: O omnipotent Love! How near the God drew to the complexion of a Gooſe; a fault done firſt in the form of a Beaſt; O *Jove*, a beaſtly fault; and then another fault in the ſemblance of a Fowl; think on't, *Jove*, a foul fault. When Gods have hot backs, what ſhall poor Men do? For me I am a *Windſor* Stag, and the fatteſt I think, i'th' Forreſt. Send me a cool Rut-time, *Jove*, or who can blame me to piſs my tallow? Who comes here? My Doe?

Enter Miſtreſs Ford *and Miſtreſs* Page.

Mrs. *Ford.* Sir *John*? Art thou there, my Deer? My male Deer?

Fal.

Fal. My Doe with the black ſcut? Let the ſky rain potatoes, let it thunder to the tune of *Green-Sleeves*, hail kiſſing comfits, and ſnow eringoes, let there come a tempeſt of provocation, I will ſhelter me here.

Mrs. *Ford.* Miſtreſs *Page* is come with me, ſweet Heart.

Fal. Divide me like a brib'd Buck, each a haunch, I will keep my ſides to my ſelf, my ſhoulders for the Fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your Husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speak I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is *Cupid* a Child of Conſcience, he makes reſtitution. As I am a true Spirit, welcome. (*Noiſe within.*

Mrs. *Page.* Alas! what noiſe?

Mrs. *Ford.* Heav'n forgive our ſins.

Fal. What ſhould this be?

Mrs. *Ford.* Mrs. *Page.* Away, away. (*The Women run out.*

Fal. I think the Devil will not have me damn'd,
Leſt the oil that is in me ſhould ſet Hell on fire;
He would never elſe croſs me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Quic. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You Moon-ſhine Revellers, and Shades of night;
You orphan heirs of fixed Deſtiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the Fairy O yes.

Piſt. Elves, liſt your names; ſilence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to *Windſor* chimneys ſhalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'ſt unrak'd, & hearths unſwept,
There pinch the Maids as blew as bilbery.
Our radiant Queen hates ſluts & ſluttery.

Fal. They're Fairies, he that ſpeaks to them ſhall die:

I'll wink and couch; no Man their works muſt eye.
(Lyes down upon his face.

Eva. Where's *Bede*? Go you, & where you find a Maid
That ere ſhe ſleep has thrice her Prayers ſaid,
Raiſe up the organs of her fantaſie,
Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs infancy:
But thoſe that ſleep and think not on their ſins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, ſhoulders, ſides & ſhins

Quick. About, about;
Search *Windſor* Caſtle, Elves, within and out;
Strew good luck, Ouphes, on every ſacred room,
That it may ſtand 'till the perpetual Doom,
In ſtate as wholeſom, as in State 'tis fit,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The ſeveral chairs of order look you ſcour,
With juice of balm and ev'ry precious flow'r;
Each fair Inſtalment, Coat, and ſev'ral Creſt,
With loyal Blazon evermore be bleſt.
And nightly medow-Fairies, look you ſing
Like to the *Garter* compaſs in a ring,
Th'expreſſure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile freſh than all the field to ſee;
And, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe* write
In emrold tuffs, flowers, purple, blue and white,
Like Saphire-pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair Knight-hoods bending knee;
Fairies uſe flow'rs for their charactery.
Away, diſperſe; but 'till 'tis one a clock
Our dance of cuſtom round about the Oak
Of *Herne* the Hunter let us not forget. (order ſet;

Eva. Pray you lock hand in hand, your ſelves in
And twenty Glow-worms ſhall our Lanthorns be
To guide our meaſure round about the tree.
But ſtay, I ſmell a Man of middle earth.

Fal. Heav'ns defend me from that *Welch* Fairy,
Leſt he transform me to a piece of cheeſe.

Piſt. Vild worm, thou waſt o'er-look'd even in thy birth.

Quic.

Quic. With trial-fire touch me his finger end;
If he be chaſte the flame will back deſcend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he ſtart,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted heart.

Piſt. A Trial, come.

(*They burn him with their Tapers, and pinch him.*

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire;
About him, Fairies, ſing a ſcornful Rhime,
And as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

The Song.

Fie on ſinful phantaſie: Fie on Luſt and Luxury:
Luſt is but a bloody fire, kindled with unchaſte deſire.
Fed in heart whoſe flames aſpire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him, Fairies, mutually; pinch him for his villany:
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till candles, and Star-light, and Moon-ſhine be out.

(*He offers to run out.*

Enter Page, Ford *&c. They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly, I think I have watcht you now;
Will none but *Herne* the Hunter ſerve your turn?

Mrs. *Page.* I pray you come, hold up the jeſt no higher.
Now, good Sir *John*, how like you *Windſor* wives?
See you theſe Husbands; Do not theſe fair Oaks
Become the Foreſt better than the Town?

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a Cuckold now?
Mr. *Broom*, *Falſtaff*'s a Knave, a cuckoldy Knave,
Here are his Horns, Maſter *Broom*;

And, Maſter *Broom*, he hath enjoy'd nothing of *Ford*, but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty Pounds of Mony, which muſt be paid to Mr. *Broom*; his Horſes are arreſted for it, Mr. *Broom*.

Mrs. *Ford*. Sir *John*, we have had ill luck: we could never meet. I will never take you for my Love again, but I will always count you my Deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an Aſs.

Ford. Ay, and an Ox too: Both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And theſe are not Fairies:

I was three or four times in the thought they were not Fairies; and yet the guiltineſs of my mind, the ſudden ſurprize of my powers, drove the groſſneſs of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in deſpight of the teeth of all Rhime and Reaſon, that they were Fairies. See now how Wit may be made a Jack a-lent, when 'tis upon ill imployment.

Eva. Sir *John Falſtaff*, ſerve Got, and leave your deſires, and Fairies will not pinſe you.

Ford. Well ſaid, Fairy *Hugh*.

Eva. And leave you your jealouzies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never miſtruſt my Wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good *Engliſh*.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the Sun and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent ſo groſs o'er reaching as this? Am I ridden with a *Welch* Goat too? Shall I have a Coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choak'd with a piece of toaſted cheeſe.

Eva. Seeſe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seeſe and putter? Have I liv'd to ſtand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of *Engliſh*? This is enough to be the decay of Luſt and late-walking through the Realm.

Mrs *Page*. Why Sir *John*, do you think, though we would have thruſt Virtue out of our hearts by the head

head and ſhoulders, and have given our ſelves without ſcruple to Hell, that ever the Devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge pudding? A bag of flax?

Mrs. *Page.* A puft Man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is ſlandrous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as *Job*?

Ford. And as wicked as his Wife?

Eva. And given to Fornications, and to Taverns, and Sack, and Wine, and Metheglin, and to drinkings, and ſwearings, and ſtaring? Pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the ſtart of me; I am dejected; I am not able to anſwer the *Welch* flannel. Ignorance it ſelf is a Plummet o'er me, uſe me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, we'll bring you to *Windſor* to one Mr. *Broom*, that you have cozen'd of Mony, to whom you ſhould have been a Pander: Over and above that you have ſuffer'd, I think, to repay that Mony will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, Knight, thou ſhalt eat a Poſſet to-night at my houſe, where I will deſire thee to laugh at my Wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her Mr. *Slender* hath marry'd her Daughter.

Mrs. *Page.* Doctors doubt that:
If *Anne Page* be my Daughter, ſhe is by this, Doctor *Caius*'s Wife.

Enter Slender.

Slen. What hoe! Hoe! Father *Page*!

Page. Son? How now? How now Son,
Have you diſpatch'd?

Slen. Diſpatch'd? I'll make the beſt in *Glouceſter Shire* know on't; would I were hang'd-la, elſe.

Page. Of what, Son?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Miſtreſs *Anne Page*, and ſhe's a great lubberly Boy. If it had not been i'th' Church, I would have ſwing'd him, or he ſhould have ſwing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never ſtir, and 'tis a Poſt-maſter's Boy.

Page. Upon my Life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think ſo, when I took a Boy for a Girl: If I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in Womans apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly.
Did not I tell you how you ſhould know my Daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in green and cry'd Mum, and ſhe cry'd Budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Poſt-maſter's Boy.

Mrs. *Page.* Good *George* be not angry; I knew of your purpoſe, turn'd my Daughter into white, and indeed ſhe is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there marry'd.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is Miſtreſs *Page*; by gar I am cozon'd, I ha'marry'd one Garſoon, a Boe; oon Peſant, by gar. A Boy, it is not *Anne Page*, by gar, I am cozon'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Why? Did you take her in white?

Caius. Ay be gar; and 'tis a Boy; be gar, I'll raiſe all *Windſor*.

Ford. This is ſtrange; who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My Heart miſgives me; here comes Mr. *Fenton*.
How now Mr. *Fenton*?

Anne. Pardon, good Father; good my Mother, Pardon.

Page.

Page. Now Miſtreſs,
How chance you went not with Mr. *Slender* ?
Mrs. *Page.* Why went you not with Mr. Doctor, Maid ?
Fent. You do amaze her. Hear the truth of it.
You would have marry'd her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, ſhe and I, long ſince contracted,
Are now ſo ſure that nothing can diſſolve us.
Th' offence is holy that ſhe hath committed,
And this deceit loſes the name of craft,
Of diſobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein ſhe doth evitate and ſhun
A thouſand irreligious curſed hours
Which forced Marriage would have brought upon her.
Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy,
In Love, the Heav'ns themſelves do guide the State;
Mony buys lands, and Wives are ſold by Fate.
Fal. I am glad, tho' you have ta'en a ſpecial ſtand to ſtrike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.
Page. Well, what remedy ? *Fenton*, Heav'n give thee joy; what cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.
Fal. When Night-dogs run, all ſorts of Deer are chac'd.
Mrs. *Page.* Well, I will muſe no further: Mr. *Fenton*, Heav'n give you many, many merry days.
Good Husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this ſport o'er by a country fire,
Sir *John* and all.
Ford. Let it be ſo, Sir *John*:
To Maſter *Broom* you yet ſhall hold your word;
For he, to-night, ſhall lye with Miſtreſs *Ford.*

(*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE HISTORY OF TIMON OF ATHENS, THE MAN-HATER.

First written by Mr. Wil. SHAKESPEAR, & since altered by Mr. Tho. SHADWELL.

Printed for T. JOHNSON,
Bookseller at the Hague.

M. DCC. XII.

THE HISTORY OF TIMON OF ATHENS, THE MAN-HATER.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE GEORGE *DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, &c.*

May it please your Grace,

NOthing could ever contribute more to my having a good Opinion of my self, than the being favour'd by your Grace: The thought of which has so exalted me, that I can no longer conceal my Pride from the World; but must publish the Joy I receive in having so Noble a Patron, and one so excelling in Wit and Judgment; Qualities, which even your Enemies could never doubt of, or detract from. And which make all good Men, and Men of Sence admire you, and none but Fools and ill Men fear you for 'em. I am extreamly

ſenſible what Honour it is to me that my Writings are approved by your Grace; who in your own have ſo clearly ſhown the excellency of Wit and Judgment in your Self, and ſo juſtly the defect of 'em in others, that they at once ſerve for the greateſt Example, and the ſharpeſt Reproof. And no Man who has perfectly underſtood the *Rehearſal*, and ſome other of your Writings, if he has any *Genius* at all, can write ill after it.

I pretend not of an Epiſtle to make a Declamation upon theſe and your other excellent Qualities. For naming the Duke of *Buckingham* is enough: who cannot have greater commendations from me than all who have the Honour to know him already give him. Amongſt which number I think it my greateſt happineſs to be one, and can never be prouder of any thing can arrive to me, than of the honour of having been admitted ſometimes into your Graces Converſation, the moſt charming in the World. I am now to preſent your Grace with this Hiſtory of *Timon*, which you were pleaſed to tell me you liked; and it is the more worthy of you, ſince it has the inimitable hand of *Shakeſpear* in it, which never made more Maſterly ſtrokes than in this. Yet I

can

can truly ſay, I have made it into a Play, which I humbly lay at your feet, begging the continuance of your Favour, which no Man can value more than I ſhall ever do, who am unfeignedly,

MY LORD,

Your Graces,

Moſt Obedient,

Humble Servant,

THO. SHADWELL.

PROLOGUE
TO TIMON.

SInce the bare gleanings of the Stage are grown
The only Portion for brisk Wits o' th' Town,
We mean ſuch as have no crop of their own;
Methinks you ſhould encourage them that ſow,
Who are to watch and gather what does grow.
Thus a poor Poet muſt maintain a Muſe,
As you do Miſtreſſes for others uſe:
The wittieſt Play can ſerve him but one day,
Though for three Months it finds you what to ſay.
Yet you your Creditors of Wit will fail,
And never pay, but borrow on and rail.
Poor Ecchos can repeat Wit, though they've none,
Like Bag-pipes they no Sound have of their own,
Till ſome into their emptineſs be blown.
Yet...
To be thought Wits and Judges they're ſo glad,
And labour for't as if they were Wit-mad.
Some will keep Tables for the Wits o' th' Nation,
And Poets eat them into Reputation.
Some Scriblers will Wit their whole Bus'neſs make,
For labour'd Dullneſs grievous Pains will take;
And when with many Throes they've travail'd long,
They now and then bring forth a fooliſh Song.
One Fop all modern Poets will condemn,
And by this means a parlous Judge will ſeem.
Wit is a common Idol, and in vain

Fop

Fops try a thousand ways the Name to gain.
Pray judge the nauſeous Farces of the Age,
And meddle not with Senſe upon the Stage;
To you our Poet no one Line ſubmits;
Who ſuch a Coil will keep to be thought Wits:
'Tis you who truly are ſo, he would pleaſe;
But knows it is not to be done with Eaſe.
In th' Art of Judging you as wiſe are grown;
As in their Choice ſome Ladies of the Town.
Your neat ſhap't Barbary *Wits you will deſpiſe,*
And none but luſty Sinewy *Writers prize.*
Old Engliſh Shakeſpear *ſtomachs you have ſtill,*
And judge as our Fore-fathers writ with Skill.
You Coin the Wit, the Witlings of the Town
Retailers are, that ſpread it up and down.
Set but your Stamp upon't, though it be Braſs,
With all the Wou'd-be-Wits, 'twill currant paſs.
Try it to day, and we are ſure 'twill hit;
All to your Sovereign Empire muſt ſubmit.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON of ATHENS.
ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian Captain.*
APEMANTUS, *a Rigid Philoſopher.*
NICIAS.
PHÆAX.
ÆLIUS.
CLEON.
ISANDER.
ISIDORE.
THRASILLUS.
} *Senators of* Athens.
DEMETRIUS, Timons *Steward.*
DIPHILUS, *Servant to* Timon.
OLD MAN.
POET.
PAINTER.
JEWELLER.
MUSICIAN.
MERCHANT.
EVANDRA.
MELISSA.
CHLOE.
THAIS.
PHRINIAS.
} *Miſtreſſes to* Alcibiades.
SERVANTS.
MESSENGERS.
SEVERAL MASQUERADERS.
SOLDIERS.

SCENE *ATHENS.*

TIMON OF ATHENS,

OR, THE

MAN-HATER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Demetrius.

HOW ſtrange is it to ſee my riotous Lord
With careleſs Luxury betray himſelf!
To Feaſt and Revel all his hours away;
Without account how faſt his Treaſure ebbs,
How ſlowly flows; and when I warn'd him of
His following dangers, with his rigorous frowns
He nipt my growing honeſty i' th' Bud,
And kill'd it quite: and well for me he did ſo.
It was a barren Stock would yield no Fruit.
But now like Evil Councellors I comply,

And lull him in his ſoft lethargick life.
And like ſuch curſed Politicians can
Share in the headlong ruine, and will riſe by't.
What vaſt rewards to nauſeous Flatterers,
To Pimps, and Women, what Eſtates he gives!
And ſhall I have no ſhare? Be gone all Honeſty,
Thou fooliſh, ſlender, threadbare, ſtarving thing,
be gone!

Enter Poet.

Here's a Fellow Horſe-leech: How now Poet, how goes the World?

Poet. Why, it wears as it grows; but is Lord *Timon* viſible?

Dem. He'll come out ſuddenly, what have you to preſent him?

Poet. A little Off-ſpring of my fruitful Muſe:
She's in travail daily for his honour.

Dem. For your own profit, you groſs flatterer. [*Aſide.*
By his damn'd Panegyricks he has written himſelf up to my Lords Table, which he ſeldom fails: nay, into his Chariot, where he in publick does not bluſh to own the ſordid Scribler.

Poet. The laſt thing I preſented my Noble Lord was Epigram: But this is in Heroick Style.

Dem. What d'ye mean by Style? That of good Sence is all alike;
That is to ſay, with apt and eaſie words, not one too little or too much:
And this I think good Style.

Poet. O Sir, you are wide o' th' matter! apt and eaſie!
Heroick muſt be lofty and high ſounding;
No eaſie language in Heroick Verſe;
'Tis moſt unfit: for ſhould I name a Lion,

I muſt not in Heroicks call him ſo!

Dem. What then?

Poet. I'd as ſoon call him an Aſs. No thus...
The fierce *Numidian* Monarch of the Beaſts.

Dem. That's lofty, is it?

Poet. O yes! but a Lyon would ſound ſo baldly, not to be endur'd, and a Bull too... but
The mighty Warriour of the horned Race:
Ah!... how that ſounds!

Dem. Then I perceive ſound's the great matter in this way.

Poet. Ever while you live.

Dem. How would you ſound a Fox as you call it?

Poet. A Fox is but a ſcurvy Beaſt for Heroick Verſe.

Dem. Hum... is it ſo? How will a Raven do in Heroick?

Poet. Oh very well, Sir.
That black and dreadful fate-denouncing Fowl.

Dem. An excellent ſound... But let me ſee your Piece.

Poet. I'll read it... 'Tis a good-morrow to the Lord *Timon*.

Dem. Do you make good-morrow ſound loftily?

Poet. Oh very loftily!...

The fringed Vallance of your Eyes advance,
Shake off your Canopy'd and downy trance:
Phœbus *already quaffs the morning dew,*
Each does his daily leaſe of life renew.

Now you ſhall hear Deſcription, 'tis the very life of Poetry.

He darts his beams on the Larks moſſie Houſe;
And from his quiet Tenement does rouze
The little charming and harmonious Fowl,
Which ſings its lump of body to a Soul:
Swiftly it clambers up in the ſteep Air

With

With warbling throat and makes each note a ſtair.

There's rapture for you! hah!...

Dem. Very fine.

Poet. *This the ſolicitous Lover ſtraight alarms,*
Who too long ſlumber'd in his Cælias *arms:*
And now the ſwelling Spunges of the night
With aking heads ſtagger from their delight:
Slovenly Taylors to their Needles haſt:
Already now the moving ſhops are plac'd
By thoſe who crop the treaſures of the fields,
And all thoſe Gems the ripening Summer yields.

Who d'ye think theſe are now? Why... Nothing but Herb-Women: theſe are fine lofty expreſſions for Herb-Women: Ha!... *Already now*, &c.

Dem. But what's all this to my Lord?

Poet. No, that's true, 'tis deſcription though.

Dem. Yes in twenty lines to deſcribe to him that 'tis about the Fourth hour in the Morning... I'll in and let him know in three words 'tis the ſeventh.

[*Exit* Demetrius.

Enter Muſician.

Poet. Good Morning, Sir, whither this way?

Muſ. To preſent his Honour with a piece of Muſick.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. My Lord will ſoon come out.

Poet. He's the very Spirit of Nobility...
And like the Sun when ever he breaks forth,
His Univerſal bounty falls on all.

Enter

Enter Merchant, Jeweller, Painter, *and ſeveral others.*

Jewell. Good Morrow, Gentlemen.
Paint. Save you all.
Dem. Now they begin to ſwarm about the Houſe!
Poet. What confluence the worthy *Timon* draws?
Magick of bounty... Theſe familiar Spirits
Are conjur'd up by thee.
Merch. 'Tis a ſplendid Jewel.
Jewell. 'Tis of an excellent Water.
Poet. What have you there, Sir?
Paint. It is a Picture, Sir, a dumb piece of Poetry:
But you preſent a ſpeaking Poem.
Poet. I have a little thing ſlipt idly from me:
The fire within the flint ſhews not it ſelf
Till it be ſtruck; our gentle flame provokes
It ſelf...
Dem. You write ſo ſcurvily, the Devil's in any
Man that provokes
You, but your ſelf.
Poet. It is a pretty mocking of the Life.
Paint. So, ſo.
Dem. Now muſt theſe Raſcals be preſented all,
As if they had ſaved his Honour, or his Life;
And I muſt have a feeling in the buſineſs.

Enter certain Senators going in to Timon.

Poet. How this Lord is follow'd!

Enter more who paſs over.

Paint. See more, well, he's a noble Spirit!
Jewell. A moſt worthy Lord!
Poet. What a floud of Viſitors his bounty draws!

Dem.

Dem. You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slippery Creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality, present
Their services to Lord *Timons* prosp'rous Fortune.
He to his good and gracious nature does subdue
All sorts of tempers, from the smooth fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that Philosophical Churl
Who hates the World, and does almost abhor
Himself...

Paint. He is a most excellent Lord, and makes the finest Picture!

Poet. The joy of all Mankind, deserves a *Homer* for his Poet.

Jewell. A most accomplish'd Person!

Poet. The Glory of the Age!

Paint. Above all Parallel!

Dem. And yet these Rogues, were this Man poor, would fly him,
As I would them, if I were he. [*Soft Musick.*

Poet. Here's excellent Musick!
In what delights he melts his hours away!

Enter Timon *and Senators*; Timon *addressing himself courteously to all.*

Tim. My Lord you wrong your self, and bate too much of your own merits: 'Tis but a trifle.

Ælius. With more than common thanks I must receive it.

Isidore. Your Lordship has the very Soul of Bounty.

Pheax. You load us with too many Obligations.

Tim. I never can oblige my Friends too much.
My Lord, I remember you the other day
Commended a Bay Courser which I rode on:
He's yours, because you lik'd him.

Pheax. I beseech your Lordship pardon me in this.

Tim.

Tim. My word is paſt: is there ought elſe you like?
I know, my Lord, no Man can juſtly praiſe
But what he does affect; and I muſt weigh
My Friends affections with my own:
So kindly I receive your viſits, Lords:
My heart is not enough to give, methinks,
I could deal Kingdoms to my Friends and ne'er be weary.

Ælius. We all muſt ſtand amaz'd at your vaſt bounty!

Cleon. The ſpirit of Magnificence reigns in you!

Pheax. Your Bounty's as diffuſive as the Sea.

Tim. My Noble Lords, you do me too much honour.

Iſand. There lives not ſuch a Noble Lord on Earth.

Thraſil. None but the Sun and He oblige, without
A proſpect of Return.

Enter a Meſſenger and whiſpers Timon.

Tim. Lampridius Impriſon'd! ſay you?

Meſſ. Yes, my good Lord, five Talents is his Debt;
His Means are ſhort, his Creditors moſt ſtrict;
He begs your Letter to thoſe cruel Men,
That may preſerve him from his utter ruine.

Tim. I am not of that temper to ſhake off
My Friend when moſt he needs me: I know him,
A Gentleman that well deſerves my help;
Which he ſhall have: I'll pay the debt and free him.

Meſſ. Your Lordſhip ever binds him to your ſervice.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will ſend his Ranſom,
And when he's free, bid him depend on me:
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to ſupport him after... tell him ſo.

Meſſ. All happineſs to your honour.

[*Exit Meſſenger.*

Enter

Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Man. My Lord, pray hear me ſpeak.
Tim. Freely, Good Father.
Old Man. You have a Servant named *Diphilus.*
Tim. I have ſo, that is he.
Old Man. That Fellow there by night frequents my Houſe.
I am a Man that from my firſt have been
Inclin'd to thrift, and my Eſtate deſerves
A nobler Heir than one that holds a Trencher.
Tim. Go on.
Old Man. I have an only Daughter: no Kin elſe,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The Maid is fair, o'th' youngeſt for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my deareſt coſt.
This Man attempts her love; pray, my good Lord
Join with me to forbid him; I have often
Told him my mind in vain.
Tim. The Man is honeſt.
Old Man. His honeſty rewards him in himſelf;
It muſt not bear my Daughter.
Tim. Does ſhe love him?
Old Man. She is young and apt.
Tim. Do you love her?
Diphil. Yes, my good Lord, and ſhe accepts of mine.
Old Man. If to her Marriage my conſent be wanting,
I call the Gods to witneſs, I will make
The Beggers of the ſtreet my Heirs, e'er ſhe
Shall have a drachma.
Tim. This Gentleman of mine has ſerv'd me long;
There is a duty from a Maſter too;
To build his Fortune I will ſtrain a little,
What e'er your Daughters Portion weighs, this Mans

ſhall counterpoiſe.

Old Man. Say you ſo, my Noble Lord! upon your honour
This, and She is his.

Tim. Give me thy hand: my Honour on my promiſe.

Diphil. My Noble Lord, I thank you on my Knees:
May I be as miſerable as I ſhall be baſe
When I forget this moſt ſurprizing favour:
No Fortune or Eſtate ſhall e'er be mine,
Which I'll not humbly lay before your feet.

Tim. Riſe. I ne'er do good with proſpect of return,
That were but Merchandizing, a meer Trade
Of putting kindneſs out to Uſe.

Poet. Vouchſafe to accept my labours, and long live your Lordſhip.

Tim. I thank you; you ſhall hear from me anon.
What have you there, my Friend?

Taint. A piece of Limning for your Lordſhip.

Pim. 'Tis wellcome: I like it, and you ſhall find I do.

Jewel. My Lord, here's the Jewel.

Tim. 'Tis Excellent!

Enter Apemantus.

Jewel. Your Lordſhip mends the Jewel by the wearing.

Tim. Well mock't.

Poet. No, my good Lord, he ſpeaks what all Men think.

Apem. Scum of all Flatterers wilt thou ſtill perſiſt
For filthy gain to guild and varniſh o'er
This great Mans Vanities!

Tim. Nay, now we muſt be chidden.

Poet. I can bear with your Lordſhip.

Apem. Yes and without him too: vain credulous *Timon*,
If thou believ'ſt this Knave, thou art a Fool.
Tim. Well; gentle *Apemantus*, good Morrow to thee.
Apem. Till I am gentle ſtay for thy good Morrow,
Till thou art *Timons* Dog, and theſe Knaves honeſt.
Tim. Why doſt thou call them Knaves?
Apem. They are *Athenians*, and I'll not recant;
They're all baſe Fawners; what a coil is here
With ſmiling, cringing, jutting out of Bums:
I wonder whether all the Legs they make
Are worth the ſumms they coſt you; Friendſhip's full
Of dregs, baſe filthy dregs.
Thus honeſt Fools lay out their wealth for cringes.
Ælius. Do you know us, Fellow?
Apem. Did I not call you by your names?
Tim. Thou preacheſt againſt Vice, and thou thy ſelf art proud, *Apemantus*.
Apem. Proud! that I am not *Timon*.
Tim. Why ſo?
Apem. To give belief to flattering Knaves and Poets,
And to be ſtill my ſelf my greateſt Flatterer:
What ſhould Great Men be proud of? made of noiſe,
And pomp and ſhow, and holding up their heads,
And cocking up their Noſes; pleas'd to ſee
Baſe ſmiling Knaves, and cringing Fools bow to 'em?
Did they but ſee their own ridiculous Folly,
Their mean and abſurd Vanities; they'd hide
Their heads within ſome dark and little corner,
And be afraid that every Fool ſhould find 'em.
Tim. Thou haſt too much ſowrneſs in thy blood.
Poet. Hang him,... ne'er mind him...
Apem. What is this fooliſh animal Man, that we
Should magnifie him ſo? A little warm,
And walking earth that will be aſhes ſoon?

We come into the World crying and ſqualling,
And ſo much of our time's conſum'd in driv'ling infancy,
In ignorance, ſleep, diſeaſe and trouble, that
The remainder is not worth the being rear'd to.

Pheax. A Preaching Fool.

Apem. A Fool? If thou hadſt half my Wit thou'dſt find
Thy ſelf an Aſs! Is it not truth I ſpeak?
Are not all the arts and ſubtleties of Men,
All their Inventions, all their Sciences,
All their Diverſions, all their Sports, little enough
To paſs away their happieſt hours with,
And make a heavy Life be born with Patience?

Tim. I, with the help of my Friends, will make mine eaſier
Than what your melancholy frames.

Apem. How little doſt thou look before thee!
Thou, who tak'ſt ſuch great felicity in Fools and Knaves,
And in thy own enjoyments, wilt e'er long
Find 'em ſuch thin, ſuch poor and empty ſhadows,
That thou wilt wiſh thou never hadſt been born.

Tim. I do not think ſo.

Pheax. Hang him, ſend him to the *Areopagus*, and let him be whipt!

Apem. Thus Innocence, Truth and Merit often ſuffer,
Whilſt Injurers, Oppreſſors and deſertleſs Fools,
Swell in their brief Authority, look big
And ſtrut in Furs: 'tis a foul ſhame,
But 'tis a loathſome Age,... it has been long
Impoſtumating with its Villany;
And now the ſwelling's broken out
In moſt contagious Ulcers; no place free
From the deſtructive Peſtilence of manners.
Out upon't, 'tis time the World ſhould end!

Tim. Do not rail ſo... 'tis to little purpoſe.

Apem. I fear it is, I have done my Morning-Lecture,
And I'll be gone...

Tim. Whither?

Apem. To knock out an honeſt *Athenians* Brains,

Tim. Why? That's a deed thou'lt die for, *Apemantus.*

Apem. Yes if doing nothing be Death by the Law.

Tim. Will nothing pleaſe thee? How doſt thou like this Picture?

Apem. Better than the thing 'twas drawn for,
'Twill neither lie, drink, nor Whore,
Flatter a Man to his Face, and cut his Throat
Behind his back; for ſince falſe ſmiles, and baſe
Diſhonour traffique with Mans nature,
He is but mere outſide; your Pictures are
Even ſuch as they give out: Oh! did you ſee
The inſides of theſe Fellows minds about you,
You'd loath the baſe corruptions more than all
The putrid Excrements their Bodies hide.

Ælius. Silence the foul mouth'd Villain.

Tim. He hurts not us. How likeſt thou this Jewel?

Apem. Not ſo well as plain-dealing, which will not coſt a Man a Doit.

Tim. What doſt thou think this Jewel worth?

Apem. What Fools eſteem it, it is not worth my thinking.
Lo, now the mighty uſe of thy great Riches!
That muſt ſet infinite value on a Bauble!
Will't keep thee warm, or ſatisfy thy thirſt;
Or hunger? No it is compariſon
That gives it value; then, thou look'ſt upon
Thy finger, and art very proud to think
A poor Man cannot have it: Childiſh pleaſure!
What ſtretcht inventions muſt be found to make
Great wealth of uſe? Oh! that I were a Lord!

Tim.

Tim. What would'ſt thou do?

Apem. I would cudgel two Men a day for flattering me, till I had beaten the whole Senate.

Phæax. Let the Villain be ſoundly puniſh'd for his licentious Tongue.

Tim. No, the Man is honeſt, 'tis his humour; 'Tis odd, and methinks pleaſant. You muſt dine with me, *Apemantus.*

Apem. I devour no Lords.

Tim. No, if you did, the Ladies wou'd be angry.

Apem. Yet they with all their modeſt ſimperings,
And varniſh'd looks, can ſwallow Lords, and get
Great Bellies by't, yet keep their virtuous
Vizors on, till a poor little Baſtard ſteals into
The World, and tells a tale.

Enter Nicias.

Tim. My Noble Lord, welcome! moſt welcome to my Arms!
You are the Fountain from which all my happineſs
Did ſpring! your Matchleſs Daughter, fair *Melliſſa.*

Nic. You honour us too much, my Lord.

Tim. I cannot, ſhe is the joy of *Athens!* the chief delight
Of Nature, the only life I live by: Oh, that her vows
Were once expir'd; it is, methinks, an Age till that bleſt day
When we ſhall joyn our hands and hearts together.

Nic. 'Tis but a Week, my Lord.

Tim. 'Tis a Thouſand Years.

Apem. Thou miſerable Lord, haſt thou to compleat
All thy Calamities, that plague of Love?
That moſt unmanly madneſs of the mind,

That ſpecious Cheat, as falſe as Friendſhip is?
Did'ſt thou but ſee how like a ſniveling thing
Thou look'ſt and talk'ſt, thou would'ſt abhor, or laugh at
Thy own admired Image.

Tim. Peace: I will hear no railing on this ſubject.

Apem. *Oh vile corrupted time, that men ſhould be Deaf to good Counſel, not to Flatterie.*

Tim. Come, my dear Friends, let us now viſit our Gardens,
And refreſh our ſelves with ſome cool Wines and Fruit:
I am tranſported with your Viſits!
There is not now a Prince whom I can envy,
Unleſs it be in that he can more beſtow
Upon the Men he loves.

Ælius. My Noble Lord,
Who would not wed your Friendſhip,
Though without a Dowry?

Iſidor. Moſt worthy *Timon*!
Who has a Life you may not call your own?

Phaax. We are all your Slaves.

Poet. The joy of all Mankind.

Jewel. Great ſpirit of Nobleneſs.

Tim. We muſt not part this day, my Friends.

Apem. So, ſo, crouching Slaves, Aches contract and make your ſupple
Joynts to wither. That there ſhould be ſo little
Love among theſe Knaves, yet all this Courteſie!
They hate and ſcorn each other, yet they kiſs
As if they were of different Sexes: Villains, Villains.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Evandra. *Re-enter* Timon.

Tim. Hail to the fair *Evandra*! methinks your looks are chang'd,

And

And clouded with ſome grief that misbecomes 'em.

Evan. My Lord, my Ears this Morning were ſaluted with
The moſt unhappy News, the diſmal'ſt ſtory,
The only one cou'd have afflicted me;
My dream foretold it, and I wak'd affrighted,
With a cold ſweat oe'r all my Limbs.

Tim. What was it, Madam?

Evand. You ſpeak not with the kindneſs you were wont,
I have been us'd to tenderer words than theſe:
It is too true, and I am miſerable!

Tim. What is't diſturbs you ſo? Too well I gueſs. [*Aſide.*

Evand. I hear I am to loſe your Love, which was
The only Earthly Bleſſing I enjoy'd,
And that on which my Life depended.

Tim. No, I muſt ever love my Excellent *Evandra*!

Evand. *Meliſſa* will not ſuffer it: Oh cruel *Timon*,
Thou well may'ſt bluſh at thy Ingratitude!
Had I ſo much towards thee, I ne'er ſhou'd ſhow
My Face without confuſion: Such a guilt,
As if I had deſtroy'd thy Race, and ruin'd
All thy Eſtate, and made thee infamous!
Thy Love to me I cou'd prefer before
All cold reſpects of Kindred, Wealth and Fame.

Tim. You have been kind ſo far above return,
That 'tis beyond expreſſion.

Evand. Call to mind
Whoſe Race I ſprung from, that of great *Alcides*,
Though not my Fortune, my Beauty and my Youth
And my unſpotted Fame yielded to none.
You on your knees a thouſand times have ſworn,
That they exceeded all; and yet all theſe,
The only Treaſures a poor Maid poſſeſt,
I ſacrific'd to you, and rather choſe
To throw my ſelf away, than you ſhou'd be

Uneaſie in your wiſhes; ſince which happy,
And yet unhappy time, you have been to me,
My Life, my Joy, my Earth, my Heaven, my All,
I never had one ſingle wiſh beyond you;
Nay, every action, every thought of mine,
How far ſoe'er their large Circumference
Stretcht out, yet center'd all in you: You were
My end, the only thing could fill my Mind.

Tim. She ſtrikes me to the heart! I would I had not ſeen her. [*Aſide.*

Evand. Ah *Timon*, I have lov'd you ſo, that had
My Eyes offended you, I with theſe fingers
Had pluck't 'em by the roots, and caſt them from me;
Or had my heart contain'd one thought that was
Not yours, I with this hand would rip it open:
Shew me a Wife in *Athens* can ſay this;
And yet I am not one, but you are now to marry.

Tim. That I have lov'd you, you and Heaven can witneſs
By many long repeated acts of Love,
And Bounty I have ſhew'd you...

Evand. Bounty! ah *Timon*!
I am not yet ſo mean, but I contemn
Your tranſitory dirt, and all rewards,
But that of Love; your Perſon was the bound
Of all my Thoughts and Wiſhes; in return
You have lov'd me! Oh miſerable ſound!
I would you never had, or always would.

Tim. Man is not Maſter of his Appetites,
Heav'n ſways our mind to Love.

Evan. But Hell to falſehood:
How many thouſand times y' have vow'd and ſworn
Eternal Love: Heav'n has not yet abſolv'd
You of your Oaths to me; nor can I ever;
My Love's as much too much as your's too little.

Tim. If you love me, you'll love my Happineſs;
Meliſſa; Beauty and her Love to me

Has

Has ſo inflam'd me, I can have none without her.
Evan. If I had lov'd another, when you firſt,
My dear, falſe *Timon* ſwore to me, would you
Have wiſht I might have found my happineſs
Within anothers Arms? No, no, it is
To Love a contradiction.
Tim. 'Tis a truth I cannot anſwer.
Evan. Beſides, *Meliſſas* beauty
Is not believ'd to exceed my little ſtock;
Even modeſty may praiſe it ſelf when 'tis
Aſpers'd: Beſides her Love is mercenary,
Moſt mercenary, baſe, 'tis Marriage-Love.
She gives her perſon, but in vile exchange
She does demand your liberty: But I
Could generouſly give without mean bargaining:
I truſted to your honour, and loſt mine,
Loſt all my Friends and Kindred: but little thought
I ſhould have loſt my Love, and caſt it on
A barren and ungrateful ſoil that would return no fruit.
Tim. This does perplex me, I muſt break it off.
[*Aſide.*
Evand. The firſt ſtorm of your Love did ſhake me ſo,
It threw down all my leaves my hopeful bloſſoms.
Pull'd down my branches; but this latter tempeſt of your hate
Strikes at my root, and I muſt wither now,
Like a deſertleſs, ſapleſs Tree: muſt fall...
Tim. You are ſecure againſt all injuries
While I have breath...
Evand. And yet you do the greateſt.
Tim. You ſhall be ſo much Partner of my Fortune
As will ſecure you full reſpect from all,
And may ſupport your Quality in what pomp you can deſire.
Evand. I am not of ſo courſe a Mould, or have
So groſs a mind, as to partake of ought

That's yours without you...
But, oh thou too dear perjur'd Man, I cou'd
With thee prefer a Dungeon, a low and loathſome
Dungeon,
Before the ſtately gilded fretted Roofs,
The Pomp, the Noiſe, the Show, the Revelling,
And all the glittering ſplendour of a Palace.
Tim. I by reſiſtleſs fate am hurry'd on...
Evand. A vulgar, mean excuſe for doing ill.
Tim. If that were not, my honour is engag'd...
Evand. It had a pre-engagement.
Tim. All the great Men of *Athens* urge me on
To marry her and to preſerve my Race.
Evan. Suppoſe your Wife be falſe; (as 'tis not new
In *Athens*;) and let others graft upon
Your ſtock; where is your Race? weak vulgar Reaſon!
Tim. Her honour will not ſuffer her.
Evan. She may do it cunningly and keep her
honour.
Tim. Her love will then ſecure her; which is as
fervent...
Evan. As yours was once to me, and may continue
Perhaps as long; and yet you cannot know
She loves you. Since that baſe *Cecropian* Law
Made Love a Merchandize, to traffick hearts
For Marriage, and for Dowry, who's ſecure?
Now her great ſign of Love is, ſhe's content
To bind you in the ſtrongeſt Chains, and to
A ſlavery, nought can manumize you from
But death: And I could be content to be
A Slave to you, without thoſe vile conditions...
Tim. Why are not our deſires within our power?
Or why ſhould we be puniſh't for obeying them?
But we cannot create our own affections;
They're mov'd by ſome inviſible active Pow'r,
And we are only paſſive, and whatever
Of imperfection follows from th' obedience

To our desires, we suffer, not commit;
And 'tis a cruel and a hard decree,
That we must suffer first, and then be punish't for't.
Evan. Your Philosophy is too subtle... but what
Security of Love from her can be like mine?
Is Marriage a bond of Truth, which does consist
Of a few trifling Ceremonies? Or are those
Charms or Philters? 'Tis true, my Lord, I was not
First lifted o'er the Threshold, and then
Led by my Parents to *Minervas* Temple:
No young unyoked Heifers blood was offer'd
To *Diana*; no Invocation to *Juno*, or the *Parca*:
No Coachman drove me with a lighted torch;
Nor was your House adorn'd with Garlands then;
Nor had I Figs thrown on my head, or lighted
By my dear Mothers Torches to your Bed.
Are these slight things, the Bonds of truth and constancy?
I came all Love into your Arms, unmixt
With other aims; and you for this will cause my death.
Tim. I'd sooner seek my own, *Evandra.*
Evan. Ah, my Lord, if that be true, then go not to *Melissa*
For I shall die to see another have
Possession of all that e'er I wisht for on Earth.
Tim. I would I had not seen *Melissa*:...
Evan. Ah, my dear Lord, there is some comfort left;
Cherish those noble thoughts, and they'll grow stronger,
Your lawful Gratitude and Love will rise,
And quell the other Rebel-passion in you;
Use all the endeavours which you can, and if
They fail in my relief, I'll die to make you happy.
Tim. You have moved me to be Womanish; pray retire,
I will love you.

Evan.

Evan. Oh happy word! Heav'n ever bleſs my Dear;
Farewel: but will you never ſee *Meliſſa* more?
Tim. Sweet Excellence! Retire.
Evan I will... will you remember your *Evandra*?
Tim. Yes, I will,
How happy were Mankind in Conſtancy,
'Twould equal us with the Celeſtial Spirits!
O could we meet with the ſame tremblings ſtill,
Thoſe panting Joys, thoſe furious Deſires,
Thoſe happy Trances which we found at firſt! But, oh!

Unhappy Man, whoſe moſt tranſporting joy,
Feeds on ſuch luſcious food as ſoon will cloy,
And that which ſhou'd preſerve, does it deſtroy.

[*Exit* Timon.

ACT II.

ENTER MELISSA AND CHLOE.

Meliſſa.

WHat think'ſt thou, *Chloe*? Will this Dreſs become me?
Chlo. Oh, moſt exceedingly! This pretty curl
Does give you ſuch a killing Grace, I ſwear
That all the youth at the Lord *Timons* Mask will die for you.
Mel. No: But doſt thou think ſo, *Chloe*? I love
To make thoſe Fellows die for me, and I
All the while look ſo ſcornfully, and then with my
Head on one ſide, with a languiſhing Eye I do ſo

Kill

Kill 'em again: Prithee, what do they ſay of me, *Chloe*?

Chlo. Say! That you are the Queen of all their hearts,
Their Goddeſs, their Deſtiny, and talk of *Cupids* Flames,
And Darts, and Wounds! Oh 'tis the rareſt language,
'Twould make one die to hear it; and ever now
And then they ſteal ſome gold into my hand,
And then commend me too.

Mel. Dear Soul, do they, and do they die for me?

Chlo. Oh yes, the fineſt, propereſt Gentlemen...

Mel. But there are not many that die for me? humh...

Chlo. Oh yes, *Lamachus*, *Theodorus*, *Theſſalus*, *Eumolpides*,
Memnon, and indeed all that ſee your Ladyſhip.

Mel. I'll ſwear? How is my Complexion to day? ha, *Chole*?

Chlo. O moſt fragrant! 'tis a rare white waſh this;

Mel. I think it is the beſt I ever bought; had I not beſt
Lay on ſome more red, *Chloe?*

Chlo. A little more would do well; it makes you look
So pretty, and ſo plump, Madam.

Mel. I have been too long this Morning in dreſſing.

Chlo. Oh no, I vow you have been but bare three hours.

Mel. No more! well, if I were ſure to be thus pretty but ſeven
Years, I'd be content to die then on that condition.

Chlo. The Gods forbid.

Mel. I'll ſwear I would; but doſt thou think, *Timon* will like me in this dreſs?

Chlo. Oh he dies for you in any dreſs, Madam!

Mel.

Mel. Oh this vile Taylor that brought me not home my new
Habit to day; he deſerves the Oſtraciſm! a Villain,
To diſorder me ſo; I am afraid it has done harm
To my complexion: I have dreamt of it theſe two nights,
And ſhall not recover it this Week...

Chlo. Indeed, Madam, he deſerves death from your Eyes.

Mel. I think I look pretty well? Will not *Timon*
Perceive my diſorder?... hah...

Chlo. Oh no, but you ſpeak as if you made this killing preparation for none but *Timon*.

Mel. O yes, *Chloe*, for every one, I love to have all the
Young Blades follow, kiſs my hand, admire, adore me,
And die for me: but I muſt have but one favour'd
Servant; it is the Game and not the Quarry, I
Muſt look after in the reſt.

Chloe. Oh Lord, I would have as many Admirers as I could.

Mel. Ah ſo would I... but favour one alone.
No, I am reſolv'd nothing ſhall corrupt my honeſty;
Thoſe Admirers would make one a Whore, *Chloe*,
And that undoes us, 'tis our intereſt to be honeſt.

Chloe. Would they? No I warrant you, I'd fain ſee
Any of thoſe Admires make me a Whore.

Mel. *Timon* loves me honeſtly and is rich...

Chloe. You have forgot your *Alcibiades*:
He is the rareſt Perſon!

Mel. No, no, I could love him dearly: Oh he was the beautiful'ſt Man,
The fineſt wit in *Athens*, the beſt Companion, fulleſt of mirth
And pleaſure, and the prettieſt ways he had to pleaſe Ladies,

He

He would make his Enemies rejoyce to ſee him.
Chloe. Why? He is all this, and can do all this ſtill.
Mel. Ah, but he has been long baniſh'd for breaking *Mercurys*
Images, and prophaning the myſteries of *Proſerpine.*
Beſides, the People took his Eſtate from him,
And I hate a poor Fellow, from my heart, I ſwear:
I vow methinks I look ſo pretty to day, I could
Kiſs my ſelf, *Chloe.*
Chloe. Oh dear Madam... I could look on you for ever: oh
What a World of Murder you'll commit to day!
Mel. Doſt thou think ſo? Ha? No, no...

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The Lord *Timon*'s come to wait on you, and begs Admittance.
Mel. Deſire his preſence.

Enter Timon.

Tim. There is enchantment in her looks,
A freſh I am wounded every time I ſee her:
All happineſs to beautiful *Meliſſa.*
Mel. I ſhall want none in you, my deareſt Lord.
Tim. Sweeteſt of Creatures, in whom all th' Excellence
Of heav'nly Woman-kind is ſeen unmixt;
Nature has wrought thy mettle up without allay.
Mel. I have no value, but my love of you,
And that I am ſure has no alkay, 'tis of
So ſtrong a temper, neither time nor death,
Nor any change can break it...
Tim. Dear charming ſweet, thy value is ſo great,
No Kingdom upon Earth ſhould buy thee from me:
But I have ſtill an Enemy with you,

That

That guards me from my happineſs; a Vow
Againſt the Law of Nature, againſt Love,
The beſt of Nature, and the higheſt Law.
Mel. It will be but a Week in force.
Tim. 'Tis a whole Age: in all approaching joys,
The nearer they come to us, ſtill the time
Seems longer to us: But my, dear *Meliſſa*,
Why ſhould we bind our ſelves with Vows and Oaths?
Alas, by Nature we are too much confin'd,
Our Liberty's ſo narrow, that we need not
Find Fetters for our ſelves: No we ſhould ſeize
On pleaſure whereſoever we can find it,
Leſt at another time we miſs it there.
Chlo. Madam, break your Vow, it was a raſh one.
Mel. Thou fooliſh Wench, I cannot get my things
In order till that time; doſt think I will
Be Marri'd like ſome vulgar Creature, which
Snatches at the firſt offer, as if ſhe
Were deſperate of having any other.
Tim. Is there no hope that you will break your Vow?
Mel. If any thing, one word of yours wou'd do't:
But how can you be once ſecure, I'll keep
A Vow to you, that would not to my ſelf?
Tim. Some dreadful accident may come, *Meliſſa*,
To interrupt our Joys; let us make ſure
O'th' preſent minute, for the reſt, perhaps,
May not be ours.
Mel. It is not fit it ſhou'd, if I ſhou'd break a Vow;
No, you ſhall never find a change in me;
All the fixt ſtars ſhall ſooner ſtray
With an irregular motion, than I change:
This may aſſure you of my Love; if not,
Upon my Knees I ſwear...
Were I the Queen of all the Univerſe,
And *Timon* were reduc'd to Rags and Miſery,
I would not change my love to him.

Tim.

Tim. And here I vow,
Should all the frame of Nature be diſſolv'd,
Should the firm Centre ſhake, ſhould Earthquakes rage
With ſuch a fury to diſorder all
The peaceful and agreeing Elements,
Till they were hudled into their firſt Chaos,
As long as I could be, I'd be the ſame,
The ſame Adorer of *Meliſſa!*

Mel. This is ſo great a Bleſſing, Heav'n cann't add to it.

Tim. Thou art my Heav'n *Meliſſa*, the laſt mark
Of all my hopes and wiſhes; ſo I prize thee,
That I cou'd die for thee.

Enter a Servant *of* Timons.

Serv. My Lord, your Dinner's ready, and your Lordſhips Gueſts wait your wiſht Preſence: the Lord *Nicias* is already there.

Tim. Let's haſt to wait on him, *Meliſſa.*

Mel. It is my duty to my Father. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Poet, Apemantus, Servants *ſetting things in order for the Feaſt.*

Poet. His Honour will ſoon be here, I have prepar'd the Maskers; They are all ready.

Apem. How now, *Poet?* What piece of foppery
Haſt thou to preſent to *Timon?*

Poet. Thou art a ſenceleſs ſnarling Stoick,
And haſt no taſte of Poetry.

Apem. Thy Poetry's inſipid, none can taſte it:
Thou art a wordy fooliſh Scribler, who
Writ'ſt nothing but high-ſounding frothy ſtuff;
Thou ſpread'ſt, and beat'ſt out thy poor little ſence,

'Tis all leaf-gold, it has no weight in it.
Thou lov'ſt impertinent deſcription,
And when thou haſt a rapture, it is not
The ſacred rapture of a Poet, but
Incoherent, extravagant, and unnatural,
Like Madmens thoughts, and this thou calls Poetical.

Poet. You a judge! ſhall dull Philoſophers judge
Of us the nimble fancies, and quick ſpirits of the Age?

Apem. The Cox-combs of the Age:
Are there ſuch eminent fopperies as in the
Poets of this time? Their moſt unreaſonable heads
Are whimſical, and fantaſtick as Fidlers,
They are the ſcorn and laughter of all witty Men:
The folly of you makes the Art contemptible,
None of you have the judgment of a Gander.

Enter Ælius, Nicias, Phæax, *and the others Senators.*

Poet. You are a baſe ſnarling Critick; write your Self, do an you dare.

Apem. I confeſs 'tis a daring piece of valour, for a Man of ſence to write to an Age that likes your ſpurious ſtuff.

Nici. What time of the day is't *Apemantus?*

Apem. Time to be honeſt.

Ælius. That time ſerves alway.

Apem. Then what excuſe haſt thou,
That would'ſt thus long omit it?

Iſid. You ſtay to be at the Lord *Timons* Feaſt.

Apem. Yes, to ſee Meat fill Knaves, and Wine heat Fools.

Cleon. Well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art an Aſs to bid me farewel.

Cleon. Why ſo?

Apem. Becauſe I have not ſo little reaſon or honeſty to return thee one good wiſh for it.

Phæax.

Phæax. Go hang thy ſelf.

Apem. I'll do nothing at thy bidding, make thy requeſts to thy Friend, if there be ſuch a Wretch on Earth.

Phæax. Be gone, unpeaceable Dog, or I will ſpurn thee from me.

Apem. Though I am none, I'll fly like a Dog the heels of the Aſs.

Nici. He's oppoſite to all humanity...

Ælius. Now we ſhall taſte of *Timons* bounty.

Phæax. He hath a heart brimful of kindneſs and good will...

Iſid. And pours it down on all his Friends, as if *Plutus* the God of Wealth were but his Steward.

Phæax. No Meed but he repays ſev'n-fold above
It ſelf, no gift but breeds the giver ſuch
Return as does exceed his wiſhes.

Thraſil. He bears the nobleſt mind that ever govern'd Man.

Phæax. Long may he live with proſperous Fortunes
But I fear it...

Ælius. I hear a whiſper, as though he fails his Creditors, even of their Intereſt.

Phæax. I fear it is too true...
Well, 'tis pitty: but he's a good Lord!

Enter Timon *with* Meliſſa, Chloe, Nicias, *and a great Train with him.*

Here he comes. My Noble Lord.

Nici. Moſt worthy *Timon*!

Ælius. My moſt honour'd Lord.

Tim. You over-joy me with your preſence! is there
On Earth a ſight ſo ſplendid, as Tables well

Fill'd with good and faithful Friends, like you?
Dear *Meliſſa*! be pleas'd to know my Friends:
Oh *Apemantus*! thou'rt welcome.

Apem. No, thou ſhalt not make me welcome;
I come to tell thee truth, and if thou hear'ſt me not,
I'll lock thy Heav'n from thee hereafter. Think
On the ebb of your Eſtate, and flow of Debts;
How many prodigal bits do Slaves and Flatterers gorge
And now 'tis noble *Timon*, worthy *Timon*, royal *Timon*;
And when the Means is gone that buys this praiſe,
The breath is gone whereof the praiſe is made.

Tim. It is not ſo with my Eſtate.

Apem. None are ſo honeſt to tell thee of thy vanities.
So the Gods bleſs me:
When all your Offices have been oppreſt
With riotous Feeders, when every Vault has wept
With drunken ſpilth of Wine, when every room
Has blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with Minſtrels,
Or roaring ſinging Drunkards; I have retir'd
To my poor homely Cell, and ſet my Eyes
At flow for thee, becauſe I find ſomething in
Thee that might be worthy... but as thou art I
Hate and ſcorn thee.

Tim. Come, preach no more, had I no Eſtate, I am rich in Friends, my Noble Friends here,
The deareſt loving Friends that ever Man was bleſt with.

Nici. Oh might we have an happy opportunity to ſhow how we love and honour you!

Ælius. That you wou'd once but uſe our hearts.

Iſand. We'd lay 'em out all in your ſervice.

Phæax. Yes, all our ſelves; if you'd put us to a Tryal, then we were perfect.

Tim. I doubt it not, I know you'd ſerve me all;

Shall

Shall I diſtruſt my Friends? I have often wiſht
My ſelf poorer that I might uſe you... We are
Born to do good one to another: Friends,
Unleſs we uſe 'em, are like ſweet Inſtruments hung
Up in caſes: But oh, what a precious comfort
'Tis to have ſo many like Brothers, commanding
One anothers Fortunes! Truſt me, my joy brings
water to my Eyes.

Phæax. Joy had the like conception in my Eyes.

Apem. Ho, ho, ho... I laugh to think
That it conceiv'd a Baſtard.

Tim. What doſt thou laugh for?

Apem. To hear theſe ſmell-feaſts lye and fawn ſo,
Not only flattering thee, but thy Mutton and thy
Partridge.
Theſe Flies, who at one cloud of winter-ſhowers
Would drop from off you.

Cleon. Silence the Dog.

Phæax. Let the ſnarling Cur be kickt out.

Apem. Of what vile Earth, of what mean dirt
A Lord is kneaded!

Tim. The Man I think is honeſt, and his humour hurts us not.

Apem. I would my reaſon wou'd do thee good,
Timon.

Mel. This is an odd ſnarling Fellow; I like him.

Apem. If I could without lying, I'd ſay the ſame of thee.

Mel. Why? Prethee what doſt thou think of me?

Tim He'll ſnarl at thee.

Mel. No matter.

Apem. I think thou art a piece of white and red Earth, the Picture of Vanity drawn to th' life;
I am thinking how handſome that Skull will be
when all the Fleſh is off; that face thou art
ſo proud of, is a poor, vain, tranſitory thing,

And ſhortly will be good for nothing.

Mel. Out on him, ſcurvy poor Fellow.

Tim. No more of this, be not ſo ſullen; I'll be kind to thee and better thy Condition.

Apem. No, I'll have nothing; ſhould I be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail at thee, and then thou'dſt ſin the faſter: *Timon*, thou giveſt ſo long, Thou'lt ſhortly give thy ſelf away.

Tim. I'll hear no more:
Let him have a Table by himſelf.

Apem. Let me have ſome Roots and Water,
Such as Nature intended for our Meat and Drink
Before Eating and Drinking grew an Art.

[*The Meat is ſerv'd up with Kettle-Drums, and Trumpets.*

Tim. Sit, Dear *Meliſſa*, this is your Feaſt:
And all you ſee is yours:
And all that you can wiſh for ſhall be ſo.
Come, ſit Lords, no Ceremony,
That was devis'd at firſt to ſet a gloſs
On feigned deeds, and hollow hearted Welcomes,
Recanting Goodneſs, ſorry e'er 'tis ſhown:
True Friendſhip needs 'em not: you're more welcome
To my Fortunes, than my Fortunes are to me.

[*They ſit.*

Will you not have ſome Meat, *Apemantus?*

Apem. I ſcorn thy Meat, 'twould choak me; for I ſhould ne'er flatter ye: Ye Gods, what a number of Men eat *Timon!* and yet he ſees 'em not,
It grieves me to ſee ſo many dip their meat
In one Mans Bloud; and all the madneſs is
He cheers 'em to't, and loves 'em for't:
I wonder Men dare truſt themſelves with Men;
Methinks they ſhould invite them without Knives;
'Twere ſafer far. That Fellow that ſits next him,
Now parts Bread with him, pledges his Breath

In

In a divided Draught, may next day kill him.
Such things have been. If I were a Huge Man
I ſhou'd be afraid to drink at meals,
Leſt they ſhou'd ſpy my Wind-Pipes dang'rous places,
Great Men ſhould drink with Harneſs on their Throats.

Tim. Now my Lords, let *Meliſſas* health go round.

Ælius. Let it flow this way...

[*Kettle-Drums and Trumpets ſound.*

Apem. How this pomp ſhows to a little Oyl and Roots?
Theſe healths will make thee and thy State look ill.

Phæax. Peace, Villain.

Apem. Here's that which is too weak to be a Sinner;
Here's honeſt Water ne'er left man i' th' mire,
This and my Roots will ſtill keep down
My ſawcy and preſumptuous Fleſh,
That it never ſhall get the better of me...

Apemantus *Grace.*

Immortal Gods, I crave no Pelf,
I pray for no Man but my ſelf,
Grant I may never be ſo fond
To truſt Man on his Oath or Bond;
Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dog that ſeems a ſleeping,
Or a Gaoler with my freedom,
Or my Friends if I ſhou'd need 'em.
Amen, Amen, and ſo fall to't,
Great Men ſin, and I eat Root.

Much good may't do thee, good *Apemantus.*

Nici. Our Noble Lord *Timons* health, let it go round,
And Drums and Trumpets ſound. [*Kettle Drums,* &c.

Apem. What madneſs is the pomp, the noiſe the ſplendor,

The frantick Glory of this fooliſh life!
We make our ſelves Fools, to diſport our ſelves,
And vary a thouſand antick ugly ſhapes
Of Folly and of Madneſs, theſe fill up
The Scenes and empty ſpaces of our lives.
Life's nothing but a meer dull repetition,
A vain fantaſtick dream, and there's an end on't.

Tim. Now my good Lords and Friends, I ſpeak to you,
You that are of the Council of four hundred,
In the behalf of a dear Friend of mine.

Nici. One word of yours muſt govern all the Council,
And any thing in *Athens*.

Tim. I ſpeak chiefly
To you my Lord and Father; and to *Phædx*.

Phædx. My good Lord command me to my death and I'll obey.

Tim. I have receiv'd notice from *Alcibiades*,
(Whoſe Enemies you have been, and whoſe Friends
I beg you will be now) that he in private
Will venture into *Athens*:
Not openly becauſe he will not truſt
The Inſolence of the tumultuous Rabble.
If he ſollicites his recalment with you,
There lives not on this Earth a Man that has
Deſerv'd ſo well from the Nobility:
He has preſerv'd *Athens* ev'n in his Exile;
By *Tiſſaphernes* power he has kept us from
The *Lacedæmonian* Rage, and other Foes
That might have laid this City low in aſhes.
How many famous Battles has he won?
But which is more, by his advice and power,
Even in his abſence he has wreſted
The Government from the inſulting Vulgar,
Whoſe Wiſdom's Blindneſs, and whoſe Power is Madneſs;

And

And plac'd it in your noble Hands; methinks
You in return ſhould take off his hard Sentence
Of Baniſhment, and render back all his Eſtate.

Phæax. Is there a thing on Earth you would command us
That we would diſobey?

Nici. I am abſolutely yours in all Commands.

Ælius. How proud am I that I can ſerve Lord *Timon!*

Apem. Think'ſt thou thy ſelf thy Countries Friend now, *Timon*?
His foul Riot and his inordinate Luſt,
His wavering Paſſions, and his headlong Will,
His ſelfiſh Principles, his contempt of others,
His Mockery, his various Sports, his Wantonneſs,
The Rage and Madneſs of his Luxury
Will make the *Athenians* hearts ake, as thy own
Will ſoon make thine.

Iſid. Hang him we'l never mind him.

Iſand. When will he ſpeak well of any Man?

Apem. When I can find a Man that's better than
A Beaſt, I will fall down and worſhip him,

Tim. Thou art an *Athenian*, and I bear with thee.
Is the Maſque ready?

Poet. 'Tis, my noble Lord.

Apem. What odd and childiſh folly Slaves find out
To pleaſe and court all thy diſtemper'd Appetites!
They ſpend their flatteries to devour thoſe Men
Upon whoſe Age they'll void it up agen
With poyſonous ſpite and envy.
Who lives that's not deprav'd, or elſe depraves?
Who die that bear not ſome ſpurns to their Graves
Of their Friends giving? I ſhould fear that thoſe
Who now are going to dance before me,
Should one day ſtamp on me: it has been done,

Tim. Nay, if you rail at all Society,
I'll hear no more... be gone.

Apem. Thou may'ſt be ſure I will not ſtay to ſee
Thy folly any longer, fare thee well; remember
Thou would'ſt not hear me, thou wilt curſe thy ſelf
for't.

Tim. I do not think ſo... fare thee well.

[*Exit.* Apemantus.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, there are ſome Ladies maſqu'd
deſire admittance.

Tim. Have not my doors been always open to
Ev'ry *Athenian*? They do me honour,
Wait on 'em in, were I not bound to do
My duty here, I would.

Chloe. I have not had the opportunity
To deliver this till now, it is a Letter
From *Alcibiades.*

Mel. Dear *Alcibiades*, Oh how ſhall I love him,
When he's reſtor'd to his Eſtate and Country?
He will be richer far than *Timon* is,
And I ſhall chuſe him firſt of any Man;
How lucky 'tis I ſhould put off my Wedding.

Enter Evandra *with Ladies Masked.*

Tim. Ladies, you do my Houſe and me great
honour;
I ſhould be glad you would unmask, that I
Might ſee to whom I ow the Obligation.

1 *Lad.* We ask your Pardon, we are ſtoln out
upon Curioſity, and dare not own it.

Tim. Your pleaſure, Ladies, ſhall be mine.

Evan. Is this the fine gay thing ſo much admir'd;
That's born to rob me of my happineſs,
And of my Life? her Face is not her own,
Nor is her love, nor ſpeech, nor motion ſo:

Her

Her ſmiles, her amorous looks, ſhe puts on all;
There's nothing natural: She always acts
And never ſhews her ſelf; How blind is Love
That cannot ſee this Vanity! [*Maſque begins.*

Enter Shepherds *and* Nymphs.

A Symphony of Pipes imitating the Chirping of Birds.

Nymph. *Hark how the Songſters of the Grove*
Sing Anthems to the God of Love.
Hark how each am'rous winged pair,
With Loves great praiſes fills the Air,
Chorus. *On ev'ry ſide the charming ſound*
Does from the hollow Woods rebound.
Ritornella.
Nymph. *Love in their little veins inſpires*
Their cheerful Notes, their ſoft Deſires:
While Heat makes Buds or Bloſſoms ſpring,
Theſe pretty couples love and ſing.
Chorus with Flutes. *But Winter puts out their deſire,*
And half the year they want Loves fire.
Ritornella.
Full. Chorus. *But ah how much are our delights more dear*
For only Humane Kind love all the year.

Enter the *Mænades* and *Ægipanes*.

1 Bach. *Hence with your trifling Deitie*
A greater we adore,
Bacchus, *who always keeps us free*
From that blind childiſh power.
2 Bach. *Love makes you languiſh and look pale,*
And ſneak, and ſigh, and whine;
But over us no griefs prevail,
While we have luſty Wine.

Chorus

Chorus with Hoy-Boy. *Then hang the dull Wretch who has care in his ſoul,*
Whom Love, or whom Tyrants, or Laws can controul,
If within his right hand he can have a full Bowl.

Nymph. *Go drivel and ſnore with your fat God of Wine*
Your ſwell'd faces with Pimples adorning,
Soak your Brains over night and your Senſes reſign,
And forget all you did the next Morning.
With dull aking Noddles live on in a miſt,
And never diſcover true Joy:
Would Love tempt with Beauty, you could not reſiſt,
The Empire he ſlights he'd deſtroy.

1 Bach. *Better our heads, than hearts ſhould ake,*
His childiſh Empire we deſpiſe;
Good Wine of him a Slave can make,
And force a Lover to be wiſe.
Better, &c.

2 Bach. *Wine ſweetens all the cares of Peace,*
And takes the Terrour off from War:
To Loves afflictions it gives eaſe,
And to its Joy does beſt prepare.
It ſweetens, &c.

Nymph. *'Tis Love that makes great Monarchs fight,*
The end of Wealth and Power is Love;
It makes the youthful Poets write,
And does the Old to Youth improve.

Ritornella of Haut-boys.

Bach. *'Tis Wine that revels in their Veins,*
Makes Cowards valiant, Fools grow wiſe,
Provokes low Pens to lofty ſtrains,
And makes the young Loves Chains deſpiſe.

Ritornella.

Nymphs

Nymphs *and* Shepherds. *Love rules the World.*
Mænades *and* Ægipanes. *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.*
Nymphs *and* Shepherds. *'Tis Love, 'tis Love.*
Mænades *and* Ægipanes. *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.*

Enter Bacchus *and* Cupid.

Bacchus. *Hold, Hold, our Forces are combin'd,*
And we together rule Mankind.
General Chorus. *Then we with our Pipes, and our Voices will join*
To ſound the loud praiſes of Love and good Wine.
Wine gives vigour to Love, Love makes Wine go down;
And by Love and good Drinking, all the World is our own.

Tim. 'Tis well deſign'd, and well perform'd, and I'll reward you well: let us retire into my next Apartment, where I've devis'd new pleaſures for you, and where I will diſtribute ſome ſmall Preſents, to teſtifie my Love and Gratitude.

Phæax. A noble Lord!

Ælius. Bounty it ſelf.

Tim. Thus, my *Meliſſa*, will we always ſpend Our time in Pleaſures; but who e'er enjoys thee, has all this life affords ſum'd up in that.

Evan. Theſe words did once belong to me, but Oh! My ſtubborn heart, wilt thou not break at this?

Tim. Ladies I hope you'll honour me with your preſence, and accept of a Collation.

1 *Lady.* We ask your pardon, and muſt leave you.

Tim. Demetrius, wait on them.

Evan. My Lord, I'd ſpeak with you alone.

Tim. Be pleaſed, Madam, to retire with your Father,

Father, I'll wait on you inſtantly. [To *Meliſſa.*

[*Exeunt all but* Timon *and* Evandra.

Who are you, Madam?

Evan. One who is come to take her laſt leave of you

Tim. Evandra! What confuſion am I in!

Evan. I am ſorry in the midſt of all your joys
I ſhould diſturb you thus: I had a mind
To ſee you once before I dy'd; I ne'er
Shall trouble you again.

Tim. Let me not hear theſe killing words.

Evan. They'll be my laſt, and therefore give 'em room:
I am haſtning to my death, then you'll be happy,
I ne'er ſhall interrupt your joys again,
Unleſs the Memory of me ſhould make
You drop ſome tears upon my duſt. I know
Your noble Nature will remember that
Evandra was, and once was dear to you,
And lov'd you ſo, that ſhe cou'd die to make
You happy.

Tim. Ah dear *Evandra*! that would make
Me wretched far below all miſery;
I'd rather kill my ſelf than hear that news:
I call the Gods to witneſs, there's not one
On Earth I more eſteem.

Evan. Eſteem! alas!
It is too weak a Cordial to preſerve
My fading Life, I ſee your Paſſion's grown
Too headſtrong for you. Oh, my deareſt *Timon*!
I, while I have any breath, muſt call you ſo;
Had you but made one ſtrugle for my ſake,
And ſtriven againſt the raging fury of
Your fatal Love, I ſhould have dy'd contented.
But Oh! falſe to your ſelf, to all my hopes,
And me, you ſuckt the ſubtile poyſon in
So greedily, you would not ſtay to taſte it.

Tim. She moves me ſtrongly; I have found from her

The

The trueſt and the tendereſt Love that e'er
Woman yet bore to Man.

Evan. I find you're gone too far in the diſeaſe
T' admit a Cure: I will perſwade no longer;
Death is my remedy, and I'll embrace it.

Tim. Oh talk no more of Death: I'll love you ſtill:
I can love two at once, truſt me I can.

Evan. No, *Timon*, I will have you whole, or nothing:
I love you ſo, I cannot live to ſee
That dear, that moſt ador'd Perſon in anothers Arms:
My Love's too nice, 'twill not be fed with crumbs,
And broken meat, that falls from your *Meliſſa*.
No, dear falſe Man, you ſoon ſhall be at reſt,
I came but to receive a parting Kiſs:
You'll not deny me that?

Tim. I'll not part with you; we'll be Friends for ever.

Evan. No, no, it cannot be, forgive this trouble,
Since 'tis the laſt, I'll never ſee you more;
And may *Meliſſa* ever love you, as
The Excellence of your Form deſerves; and may
She pleaſe you longer than th' unfortunate
Evandra could.

Tim. Aſide. Gods! Why ſhould I not love this Woman beſt?
She has deſerv'd beyond all meaſure from me;
She's beautiful, and good as Angels are;
But I have had her ſtock of Love already.
Oh moſt accurſed Charm, that thus perverts me!
To Her. Y' have made a Woman of me.

Evan. I'll have but one laſt look of that bewitching Face that ruin'd me. Oh, I could devour it with my Eyes: but I'll remove it from thee. I ne'er ſhall die contented while I look on thee.

Tim. Be patient till I give thee ſatisfaction.

Evan. No, deareſt Enemy, I'll remove the guilt From

From thee, and thus I'll place it on my ſelf.

[*Offers to ſtab her ſelf.*

Tim. Hold dear *Evandra*, if thou lov'ſt my life,
Preſerve thy own; for here I ſwear, that minute
When thou attempt'ſt thy life, I will loſe mine.
Where's *Diphilus*?

Enter Diphilus.

Diph. Here my Lord.

Tim. Wait on *Evandra* home, and take a care
Sh' attempts not any miſchief on her ſelf:
She's agitated by a dang'rous Paſſion.
My dear, let *Diphilus* wait on thee home:
As ſoon as e'er my Company is gone,
I'll ſee thee, and convince thee that I love thee.

Evan. No, no: I cannot hope... farewel for ever.

[*Ex.* Diph. *and* Evan.

Tim. I muſt reſolve on ſomething for her comfort;
For th' Empire of the Earth I wou'd not loſe her;
There is not one of all her Sex exceeds her
In Love, or Beauty...
O miſerable ſtate of humane life!
We ſlight all the injoyments which we have;
And thoſe things only value which we have not.
Where is *Demetrius*?

Dem. My Lord!

Tim. Where is the Casket which I ſpoke for?

Dem. It is here, my Lord; I beg your Lordſhip hear me ſpeak.
I have buſineſs that concerns you nearly...

Tim. Some other time; of late thou doſt perplex me
Each moment with the hateful name of buſineſs,
That mortal Foe to pleaſure; I'll not hear it.

[*Exit* Timon.

Dem. So! all now is at an end!
He does command us to provide great gifts.

And

And all out of an empty Coffer.
His promiſes fly ſo beyond his 'ſtate,
That what he ſpeaks is all in Debt; He owes
For every word; His Land is all engag'd,
His Money gone; would I were gently turn'd
Out of my Office; leſt he ſhou'd borrow all
I have gotten in his ſervice. Well!

Happier is he that has no Friend to feed,
Than ſuch who do even Enemies exceed.

[*Exit* Demet.

ACT III.

Enter TIMON *and* DEMETRIUS.

Timon.

Demetrius! How comes it
That I have been thus incounter'd
With clamorous demands of broken Bonds,
And the unjuſt detention of Money long ſince due?
I knew I was in debt, but did not think
I had gone ſo far; wherefore before this time
Did you not lay my 'ſtate fully before me?

Dem. You would not hear me.
At many times I brought in my Accounts,
Laid 'em before you... you would throw 'em off,
And ſay, you found 'em in my Honeſty.
I have beyond good manners, pray'd you often
To hold your hand more cloſe, and was rebuk'd for't.

Tim. You ſhould have preſt it further.

Dem. What e'er I durſt I did, it was my intereſt;
For if my Lord be poor, what then muſt I be?
Call me before the exacteſt Auditors,
And let my life lie on the proof.
O my good Lord, the World is but a Word,
If it were yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. Have you no Money in the Treaſury?

Dem. Not enough to ſupply the Riot of two meals.

Tim. Let all my Land be ſold.

Dem. 'Tis all engag'd;
And ſome already's forfeited and gone,
That which remains will ſcarce pay preſent dues;
The future come apace.

Tim. To *Lacedæmon* did my Land extend.

Dem. How many times have I retir'd and wept,
To think what it would come to.

Tim. Prithee! no more, I know thou'rt honeſt.

Dem. It grieves me to conſider 'mongſt what Paraſites
And trencher Friends your wealth has been divided.
I cannot but weep at the ſad reflection,
When every word of theirs was greedily
Attended to, as if they'd been pronounc'd
From Oracles. I never could be heard.

Tim. Come, preach no more, thou ſoon ſhalt find that I
Have not miſplac'd my Bounty; why doſt weep?
I am rich in Friends and can uſe all their wealth
Freely as I can bid thee ſpeak.

Dem. I doubt it.

Tim. You ſoon ſhall ſee how you miſtake my Fortune.
Now I ſhall try my Friends. Who waits there?

Enter

Enter three Servants.

1 *Serv.* My Lord!

Tim. Go you to *Pheax* and to *Cleon*,
You to *Iſander* and *Ælius*,
You to *Iſidore* and *Thraſillus*.
Commend me to their loves, and let them know,
I'm proud that my occaſions make me uſe 'em
For a ſupply of Money. Let thy requeſt
Be fifty Talents, from each Man.

1 *Serv.* We will, my Lord.

Tim. Thou *Demetrius*, ſhalt go to the Senate, from whom, even to the States beſt health, I have deſerv'd this hearing. Petition them to ſend me 500. Talents.

Dem. I muſt obey. The next room's full of importunate Slaves and hungry Creditors, go not to 'em.

[*Ex.* Dem.

Tim. What! muſt my doors b' oppos'd againſt my paſſage?
Have I been ever free, and thoſe been open
For all *Athenians* to go in and out
At their own pleaſure? My Porter at my Gate
Ne'er kept Man out, but ſmil'd and did invite
All that paſt by it, in, and muſt he be
My Gaoler, and my Houſe my Priſon! no,
I'll not deſpair: my Friends will never fail me.

[*Exit.*

Scene is the Porch, or Cloiſter of the Stoiks.

Apemantus *ſpeaking to the people and ſeveral Senators.*

Apem. 'Mongſt all the loathſome and baſe diſeaſes of
Corrupted Nature, Pride is moſt contagious.
Behold the pooreſt miſerable Wretch
Which the Sun ſhines on; in the midſt of all
Diſeaſes, rags, want, infamy and ſlavery,
The fool will find out ſomething to be proud of.
Ælius. This is all railing.
Apem. When you deſerve my precepts, you ſhall have 'em,
Mean while, If I'll be honeſt, I muſt rail at you.
Cleon. Let's walk, hang him, hear him not rail.
Pheax. Our Government is too remiſs in ſuffering the Licence of Philoſophers, Orators, and Poets.
Apem. Show me a mighty Lording who's puft up,
And ſwells with the opinion of his greatneſs;
He's an Aſs. For why does he reſpect himſelf ſo,
But to make others do it? wretched Aſs!
By the ſame means he ſeeks reſpect, he loſes it.
Mean thing! does he not play the Fool, and eat,
And drink, and void his excrements and ſtink,
Like other Men, and die and rot ſo too?
What then ſhou'd it be proud of? 'Tis a Lord;
And that's a word ſome other Men cannot
Prefix before their names: what then? A word
That it was born to, and then it could not help it.
Or if 't was made a Lord, perhaps it was

By

By blindneſs or partiality i' th' Government.
If for deſert, he loſes it in Pride;
Who ever's proud of his good deeds, performs
Them for himſelf; himſelf ſhou'd then reward 'em.
Oh but perhaps he's rich. 'Tis a million to one
There was Villany in the getting of that dirt;
And he has the Nobility to have Knaves for his Anceſtors.

Phaax. Hang thee thou ſnarling Raſcal; the Government's to blame in ſuffering thee to rail ſo long.

Apem. The Government's to blame in ſuffering the things I rail at. In ſuffering Judges without Beards, or Law; Secretaries that can't write; Generals that durſt not fight; Ambaſſadors that can't ſpeak ſence; Block-heads to be great Miniſters, and lord it over witty Men; ſuffering great Men to ſell their Country for filthy bribes; old limping Senators to ſell their Souls for vile Extortion: Matrons to turn incontinent; and Magiſtrates to Pimp for their own Daughters. Ruine of Orphans, Treachery, Murther, Rapes, Inceſts, Adulteries, and Unnatural ſins, fill all your dwelling: here's the ſhame of Government, and not my railing. Men of hardn'd foreheads, and ſear'd hearts! 'Tis a weak and infirm Government, that is ſo froward it cannot bear Mens words.

Ælius. Well, babling, Philoſophical Raſcal, we ſhall make you tremble one day. { *Enter* Timons 3 *Servants.*

Apem. Never;
Sordid great Man! it is not in your power:
I fear not Man no more than I can love him.
'Twere better for us that wild Beaſts poſſeſt
The Empire of the Earth, they'd uſe Men better,
Than theſe do one another. They'd ne'er prey
On Man but for neceſſity of Nature:

Man undoes Man in wantonneſs and ſport:
Brutes are much honeſter than he; my Dog
When he fawns on me is no Courtier,
He is in earneſt; but a Man ſhall ſmile,
And wiſh my throat cut.

Cleon. Money of me, ſay'ſt thou?

1 *Serv.* Yes! he ſays he's proud he has occaſion to make uſe of you.

Cleon. It't come to that? [*Aſide.*
Unfortunate Man! I have not half a Talent by me, but here are other Lords can do it. I honour him ſo, that if he will, I'll ſell my Land for him; but prethee excuſe me to him, I am in great haſte at this time.
[*Ex.* Cleon.

1 *Serv.* 'Tis as I thought. How Monſtrous and deform'd a thing is baſe Ingratitude! Here's *Pheax.* My Lord?

Pheax. Oh! one of Lord *Timons* Men? A gift I warrant you. Why this hits right. I Dreamt of a Silver Baſon and Ewer to-night. How does that honourable, compleat, free-hearted Gentleman, thy very bountiful good Lord?

1 *Serv.* Well in his health, my Lord.

Pheax. I am heartily glad: What haſt thou under thy Cloak, honeſt youth?

1 *Serv.* An empty Box, which by my Lords Command,
I come to entreat your Honour to ſupply
With fifty Talents he has inſtant need of.
He bids me ſay he does not doubt your Friendſhip.

Pheax. Hum! not doubt it! alas, good Lord! He's a noble Gentleman! had he not kept ſo good a Houſe, 'twould have been better: I've often din'd with him, and told him of it, and come again to Supper for that purpoſe to have him ſpend leſs, but 'twould not do: I am ſorry for't: but good Lad thou art hopeful and of good parts.

1 *Serv.*

1 *Serv.* Your Lordſhip ſpeaks your pleaſure.

Phæax. A prompt ſpirit, give thee thy due. Thou know'ſt what's reaſon; and canſt uſe thy time well, if the time uſe thee well... 'Tis no time to lend Money: Thou are wiſe, here's Money for thee... good Lad wink at me and ſay thou ſaw'ſt me not.

1 *Serv.* Is't poſſible the World ſhould differ ſo, and we alive that liv'd in't?

Apem. What art thou ſent to invite thoſe Knaves again
To Feaſt with thy Luxurious Lord?

1 *Serv.* No: I came to borrow fifty Talents for him, and this Lord has given me this, to ſay, I did not ſee him.

Apem. Is't come to that already?
Baſe ſlaviſh *Phæax*, thou of the Nobility!
Let molten Coin be thy damnation.

Phæax. Peace, Dog.

Apem. Thou worſe! thou Trencher-fly, thou flatterer,
Thou haſt *Timons* meat ſtill in thy glutonous paunch,
And doſt deny him Money. Why ſhould it thrive,
And turn to nutriment when thou art poiſon?

2 *Serv.* My Noble Lord.

Iſand. Oh how does thy brave Lord, my nobleſt Friend?

2 *Serv.* May it pleaſe your honour, he has ſent...

Iſan. Hah... what has he ſent? I am ſo much oblig'd to him, he's ever ſending. How ſhall I thank him? Hah! what has he ſent?

2 *Serv.* He has ſent me to tell you he has occaſion to uſe your Friendſhip; he has inſtant need of fifty Talents...

Iſand. Is that the buſineſs? Hah! I know his honour is but merry with me, he cannot want as many hundreds.

2 *Serv.* Yes, he wants fifty, but is aſſured of

your Honours Friendſhip.

Iſand. Thou art not ſure in earneſt?

2 *Serv.* Upon my life I am.

Iſand. What an unfortunate Wretch am I?
To diſfurniſh my ſelf upon ſo good a time,
When I might have ſhown how much I love
And honour him: This is the greateſt affliction
E'er fell upon me: the Gods can witneſs for me,
I was juſt ſending to my Lord my ſelf.
I have no power to ſerve him, my heart bleeds for't.
I hope his honour will conceive the beſt.
Beaſt that I am, that the firſt good occaſion
Shou'd not be in my power to uſe; I beg
A thouſand pardons... Tell him ſo...

Apem. Thou art an Excellent Summer Friend!
How often haſt thou dipt i' th' diſh with him?
He has been a Father to thee with his purſe,
Supported thy Eſtate; when e'er thou drink'ſt,
His Silver kiſſes thy baſe Lips, thou rid'ſt
Upon his Horſes, lyeſt on his Beds.

Iſand. Peace, or I'll knock thy brains out.

[*Ex.* Iſan.

2 *Serv.* My Lord *Thraſillus*...

Thra. He's come to borrow, I muſt ſhun him.
I hope your Lord is well.

2 *Serv.* Yes, my Lord, and has ſent me...

Thra. To invite me to Dinner, I am in great haſte...
But I'll wait on him if I can poſſible. [*Ex.* Thra.

Apem. Good Fool, go home.
Doſt think to find a grateful Man in *Athens*?

3 *Serv.* If my Lords occaſions did not preſs very much, I would not urge it.

Ælius. Why would he ſend to me? I am poor. There's *Phæax*, *Cleon*, *Iſidore*, *Thraſillus*, and *Iſander*, and many Men that owe their Fortunes to him.

3 *Serv.* They have been toucht and found baſe Mettle.

Ælius

Ælius. Have they deni'd him; and muſt you come to me? muſt I be his laſt refuge? 'Tis a great ſlight, muſt I be laſt ſought to? He might have conſider'd who I am.

3 *Serv.* I ſee he did not know you.

Ælius. I was the firſt that e'er receiv'd gift from him,
And I will keep it for his honours ſake;
But at preſent I cannot poſſibly ſupply him:
Beſides, my Father made me ſwear upon
His Death, I never ſhould lend any Money.
I've kept the Oath ever ſince. Fare thee well.

[*Ex.* Ælius.

3 *Serv.* They all fly us!

Apem. The Barbarous Herd of mankind ſhun one in affliction, and turn him out as deer to one that's hunted. Go, go home to thy fond Lord, and bid him Curſe himſelf that would not hear me: bid him live on root and water, and know himſelf; for he had better have ſhun'd Mankind than be deſerted by them. [*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Meliſſa *and* Chloe.

Mel. Who could have thought *Timon* ſo loſt i' th' World?
With what amazement will the news of this
So ſudden alteration be receiv'd
By all *Athenians?*

Chloe. Is it for certain true?

Mel. Certain as Death or Fate! my Father has aſſur'd me of it, that he is a Bankrupt, his Credit gone, and all his ravenous Creditors with open Jaws will ſwallow him. 'Tis well I am inform'd, I'll ſtand upon my Guard.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, a Gentleman below desires Admittance.

Mel. See *Chole*, if it be the Lord *Timon*, or any one from him, say I am not well. I will not be seen; Be sure I be not.

Chlo. I warrant you. [*Ex.* Chloe.

Mel. Seen by a Bankrupt! no, base Poverty shall never enter here. Oh, were my *Alcibiades* recall'd he would adore me still, and wou'd be rich too.

Enter Alcibiades *in disguise*, and Chloe.

Chlo. It is a Gentleman in disguise, I know him not.

Alcib. But my *Melissa* does. [*Pulls of his Disguise.*

Mel. My *Alcibiades*! my Hero!
The Gods have hearkn'd to my vows for thee,
And have Crown'd all my wishes. Thou'rt more welcome
To me than the return of the Suns heat
Is to the frozen Region of the North,
That's cover'd half the year with Snow and Darkness.

Alcib. My Joy, my Life, my Blood, my Soul, my Liberty,
And all that's precious on the Earth, I have
Within my Arms: This Treasure far outweighs
The joys of Conquest, or deliverance
From banishment or slavery.

Mel. How proud am I of all thy Victories!
'Twas thou that Conquer'd, but I Triumph'd for thee;
All day I sigh'd and wisht, and pray'd for thee,
And in the Night thou entertain'd'st my Sleeps;
And whensoe'er I dreamt thou wert in danger,
I cry'd out, my *Alcibiades*, and in my dreams I was
Valiant, and methought I fought for thee.

Alcib.

Alcib. Oh my Divine *Meliſſa*! the Cordial of thy love is of ſo ſtrong a ſpirit, 'twill overcome me! one kiſs and take my Soul; another and 'twill ſally out; Oh, I could fix whole Ages on thy tender Lip; and pity all the Fools that keep a ſenſeleſs Pother in the World for pow'r, and Pomp, and Noiſe, and loſe ſubſtantial bliſs.

Mel. There is no bliſs but love; and but for that the World would fall in Pieces! Oh with what a grief have I ſuſtain'd thy abſence! had not my Father prevented my Eſcape, I had come to thee.

Alcib. 'Twas well for *Athens'* ſafety that thou did'ſt not;
I had neglected all my Conqueſts, which
Preſerved this baſe ungrateful Town; for I
In thee ſhou'd have all that I ſought for; Thou
Would'ſt have been life, Liberty, Country, and Eſtate to me.

Mel. I have the end of all my hopes and wiſhes,
If the ungrateful Senate let me keep thee.

Alcib. 'Twas I that made them what they are, in hopes
They ſoon would call me home to thee.
It was the thought of that which fir'd my Soul,
At every ſtroke the Memory of *Meliſſa*
Gave Vigour to my Arm, and made me Conquer.

Mel. Oh, let Ambition never more diſturb
Thy noble mind, let love in peace poſſeſs it.
Let not the noiſe of Drums and Trumpets clangor,
Claſhing of Arms, and neighing Steeds, and groans
Of bleeding Men, entice thee from me.

Alcib. The Senate ſhall not dare remove me from thee.
Should they once offer it, I've an Army will
Toſs their uſurious bags about their Ears,
Rifle their Houſes, deflour their Wives and Daughters,
And daſh their brains out of their doating heads.

But,

But, dear *Meliſſa*, ſince our hearts ſo long
Have been united, let's not ſtay for Friends,
For Ceremony, but come, compleat our joys;
True love's above ſenſeleſs formalities.

Mel. If any thing from you could anger me,
This would; but know, none ſhall invade my vertue
Without my Life: but on my Knees I vow
No other Man, though Crown'd the Emperour
Of all the World, ſhould ever have my love:
And though thy Country baſely ſhould deſert thee,
I would continue firm.

Alcib. And here I ſwear,
That could I Conquer all the Univerſe,
I'd lay the Crowns and Scepters at thy feet
For thee to tread on. By thy ſelf I ſwear,
An Oath more ſacred far to me, than all
Mock Deities which Knaviſh Prieſts invent,
Are to the poor deluded Rabble.

Chloe. Madam! Your Father is come in.

Mel. Let us retire: my Father has not yet forgotten his Enmity; the breaking of the Peace with the Lacedæmonians, and his foil which he thinks you caus'd in *Sicily*, he'll not forgive.

Alcib. Had he injur'd me beyond all ſufferance, I would have forgiven him for begetting thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Timon *and* Servant.

Tim. Is't poſſible? Deſerted thus? What large profeſſions did all theſe make but yeſterday? Did they all refuſe to lend, ſay you?

1 *Serv.* The rumour of your borrowing was ſoon
Diſperſt, and then at ſight of one of us
They would ſtop, ſtart, turn ſhort, paſs by, or ſeem
To overlook us, and avoided us,
As if we had been their mortal Enemies;

And

And who ſuſpected not, when they were mov'd,
Came off with baſe excuſes.

Tim. Ye Gods! what will become of *Timon?* I'll go to 'em my ſelf, they will not have the face to uſe me ſo.

Enter Demetrius.

Oh *Demetrius!* what news bring'ſt thou from the Senate?

Dem. I am return'd no richer than I went.

Tim. Juſt Gods! it cannot be.

Dem. They anſwer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at ebb, want Treaſure, cannot
Do what they would, are ſorry; you are Honourable;
But yet they could have wiſht; they know not what;
Something has been amiſs; a noble nature
May catch a wrench; would all were well; 'tis pity;
And ſo intending other Serious matters,
After diſtaſtful looks, and theſe hard fractions,
With certain half caps and cold careleſs Nods,
They froze me into ſilence.

Tim. The Gods reward their Villainy, old Men
Have their ingratitude natural to 'em;
Their Blood is cak'd and cold, it ſeldom flows;
'Tis want of kindly warmth which makes 'em cruel;
And Nature as it grows again toward Earth
Is faſhion'd for the Journey, dull and heavy.
Heav'n keep my Wits! or is't a Bleſſing to be mad?
Demetrius, follow me; I'll try 'em all my ſelf.

Dem. The Senate is aſſembling again,
You'll find 'em in the Senate-Houſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter many Creditors with Bills and Papers, Re-enter Demetrius.

Dem. How now, what makes this ſwarm of Raſcals here?
Each looking big, and with the viſage of demand.
1 *Cred.* We wait for certain Sums of Money due.
Dem. If Money were as certain as your waiting,
Why then proffer'd you not your Bills and Bonds
When your falſe Maſters eat of my Lords meat?
Then they would ſmile and cringe, and fawn upon him
And ſwallow the intereſt down their greedy throats.

Enter Timon *and Servants.*

Tim. If *Meliſſa* be at home, tell her I'll wait on her ſuddenly.
1 *Cred.* Now, let's put in; my Lord, my Bill.
2 *Cred.* Here's mine.
3 *Cred.* And mine.
4 *Cred.* My Maſters.
Tim. Hold, hold, my Wits. Knock me down; cleave me to the waſte. What would you have, you Harpys?
1 *Cred.* We ask our due.
Tim. Cut my heart in pieces and divide it.
4 *Cred.* My Maſters is thirty Talents.
Tim. Tell it out of my Blood.
2 *Cred.* Five thouſand Crowns is mine.
Tim. Five thouſand drops pays that.
What yours, and yours?
3 *Cred.* My Lord.
1 *Cred.* My Lord.
Tim. Here, take me, pull me in pieces will you?
The Gods conſume, confound, and rot you all.
1 *Cred.* What a Devil, is he mad?

2 *Cred.*

2 *Cred.* Mercy on us, let us be gone.
3 *Cred.* Let's go, he'll murder some of us.
Tim. They have e'en taken my breath from me.
Slaves, Creditors, Dogs! preserve my Wits, you Gods.
Dem. My Lord, be patient; passion mends it not.
[Lampridius *crosses the stage and shuns* Timon,
Tim. See *Lampridius*, whom I redeem'd out of Prison. His Father dead since, and he rich;
Now the Villain shuns me.

Enter Phæax.

Oh my good Friend *Phæax*.
Phæax. Oh my Lord... I am glad to see your Lordship.
I have a sudden occasion calls me hence,
I'll wait on you instantly. [*Ex.* Phæax.

Enter Cleon.

My Lord.
Cleon. Oh my good Lord, I am going to see
If I can serve your Lordship in the Command
I receiv'd from you by your Servant. [*Ex.* Cleon.
Tim. Oh black Ingratitude! that Villain has,
A Jewel at this moment on, which I presented him,
Cost me three thousand Crowns.
Dem. You'll find 'em all like these.
Tim. There are not many sure so bad.
How have I lov'd these Men, and shewn 'em kindness,
As if they had been my Brothers, or my Sons!

Enter

Enter Diphilus *seeing* Timon, *muffles his Face and turns away.*

Look, is not that my Servant *Diphilus*, whom I marry'd to the Old Mans Daughter, and gave him an Eſtate too; and now he hides himſelf, and ſteals from me? How much is a Dog more generous than a Man; oblige him once, he'll keep you Company, ev'n in your utmoſt want and miſery.

Enter Ælius.

Who's that? *Ælius*? My Lord... *Ælius*!
Demetrius, go let him know *Timon* would ſpeak
With him... [Dem. *goes to him, he turns back.*
Do you not know me, *Ælius*?

Ælius. Not know my good Lord *Timon*!

Tim. Think you I have the Plague?

Ælius. No, my Lord.

Tim. Why do you ſhun me then?

Ælius. I ſhun you? I'd ſerve your Lordſhip with my life.

Tim. I'll not believe, he who would refuſe me Money, wou'd Venture his life for me.

Ælius. I am very unfortunate not to have it in my Power to ſupply you; but I am going to the *Forum*, to a Debtor, if I receive any, your Lordſhip ſhall command it. [*Ex.* Ælius.

Tim. Had I ſo lately all the Caps and Knees of *Athens*? And is't come to this? Brains hold a little.

Enter Thraſillus.

Thraſi. Who's there? *Timon*? [*Runs back.*

Tim. There's another Villain.

Enter

Enter Iſander.

How is't, *Iſander*?

Iſand. Oh Heav'n! *Timon*!

Tim. What, did I fright you? Am I become ſo dreadful an Object? is poverty contagious?

Iſand. Your Lordſhip ever ſhall be dear to me. It makes me weep to think I cou'd not ſerve you When you ſent your Servant. I am expected at the Senate. I humbly ask your pardon; I'll ſell all I have But I'll ſupply you ſoon. [*Ex.* Iſander.

Tim. Smooth Tongue, diſſembling, weeping Knave, farewel. And farewel all Mankind! It ſhall be ſo... *Demetrius*! Go to all theſe fellows. Tell 'em I'm ſupply'd, I have no Need of 'em. Set out my condition to be as good As formerly it has been. That this was but a Tryal, And invite 'em all to Dinner.

Dem. My Lord, there's nothing for 'em.

Tim. I have taken order about that.

Dem. What can this mean? [*Ex.* Demetrius.

Tim. I have one reſerve can never fail me, And while *Meliſſa*'s kind I can't be miſerable; She has a vaſt Fortune in her own diſpoſal. The Sun will ſooner leave his courſe Than ſhe deſert me.

Enter firſt Servant.

Is *Meliſſa* at home?

1 *Serv.* She is, my Lord; but will not ſee you.

Tim. What does the Raſcal ſay? Damn'd Villain to belye her ſo? [*Strikes him.*

1 *Serv.* By Heav'n 'tis truth. She ſays ſhe will not ſee you.

Her Woman told me first so. And when I would not
Believe her, she came and told me so her self;
That she had no business with you; desir'd you would
not trouble her; she had affairs of Consequence; &c.

Tim. Now, *Timon*, thou art faln indeed; fallen from all thy hopes of Happiness. Earth, open and swallow the Most miserable wretch that thou did'st ever bear.

Enter Meliſſa.

1 *Serv.* My Lord, *Meliſſa*'s Passing by.

Tim. Oh Dear *Meliſſa*!

Mel. Is he here? What luck is this?

Tim. Will you not look on me? Not see your *Timon*?
And did not you send me word so?

Enter Evandra.

Mel. I was very busy and am so now; I must obey my Father; I am going to him.

Tim. Was it not *Meliſſa* said; If *Timon* were reduc'd to rags and misery, and she were Queen of all the Universe, she would not change her love?

Mel. We can't command our wills;
Our fate must be obey'd. [*Ex.* Mel.

Tim. Some Mountain cover me, and let my name,
My odious name be never heard of more.
O straggling Senses whither are you going?
Farewel, and may we never meet again.
Evandra! how does the sight of her perplex me!
I've been ungrateful to her, why should I
Blame Villains who are so to me?

Evan. Oh *Timon*! I have heard and felt all thy afflictions;

I thought I never ſhou'd have ſeen thee more;
Nor ever would, had'ſt thou continu'd proſperous.
Let falſe *Meliſſa* baſely fly from thee,
Evandra is not made of that courſe ſtuff.

Tim. Oh turn thy Eyes from an ungrateful Man!

Evan. No, ſince I firſt beheld my ador'd *Timon* they have been fixt upon thee preſent, and when abſent I've each moment view'd thee in my mind, And ſhall they now remove?

Tim. Wilt thou not fly a wretched Caitif? Who Has ſuch a load of miſery beyond
The ſtrength of humane nature to ſupport?

Evand. I am no baſe Athenian Paraſite,
To fly from thy Calamities; I'll help to bear 'em.

Tim. Oh my *Evandra*, they're not to be born.
Accurſed *Athens*! Foreſt of two-legg'd Beaſts;
Plague, Civil War, and Famine be thy Lot:
Let propagation ceaſe, that none of thy
Confounding ſpurious wretched Brood may ſpring
To infect and damn ſucceeding Generations.
May every Infant like the Viper gnaw
A paſſage through his Mothers curſed Womb,
And kill the Hag; or if they fail of it,
May then the Mothers like fell rav'nous Bitches
Devour their own baſe Whelps.

Evand. Timon! compoſe thy thoughts, I know thy wants,
And that thy Creditors like wild Beaſts wait
To prey upon thee; and baſe *Athens* has
To its Eternal Infamy deſerted thee.
But thy unwearied bounty to *Evandra*
Has ſo enrich'd her, ſhe in wealth can vie
With any of th' extorting Senators,
And comes to lay it at thy feet.

Tim. Thy moſt amazing generoſity o'erwhelms me;
It covers me all o'er with ſhame and bluſhes.
Thou haſt oblig'd a wretch too much already,

And I have us'd thee ill for't; fly, fly, *Evandra*!
I have rage and madneſs, and I ſhall infect thee.
Earth! take me to thy Center; open quickly!
Oh that the World were all on fire!

Evand. O my dear Lord! this ſight will break my heart
Take comfort to you, let your Creditors
Swallow their maws full; we have yet enough,
Let us retire together and live free
From all the ſmiles and frowns of humane kind;
I ſhall have all I wiſh for, having thee.

Tim. My ſenſes are not ſound, I never can
Deſerve thee: I have us'd thee ſcurvily.

Evand. No, my dear *Timon*, thou haſt not.
Comfort thy ſelf, if thou haſt been unkind,
Forgive thy ſelf, and I forgive thee for it.

Tim. I never will;
Nor will I be obliged to one,
I have treated ſo injuriouſly as her... [*Aſide.*

Evan. Pray, my Lord, go home; ſtrive to compoſe your ſelf. All that I have was and is yours; I wiſh it ne'er had been, that yet I might have ſhewn by ſtronger proofs how much I love my *Timon*.

Tim. Moſt Excellent of all the whole Creation,
Thou art too good that thou ſhould'ſt e'er partake
Of my misfortunes...
And I am reſolv'd not to involve her in 'em. [*Aſide.*
Prithee, *Evandra*, go to thy own Houſe, I am once to give my flatt'ring Rogues an Entertainment, but ſuch a one as ſhall befit 'em; and then I'll ſee thee.

Evand. Heav'n ever bleſs my Dear.

[*Ex.* Timon *and* Evandra

Enter

Enter Phæax, Cleon, Iſander, Iſidore, Thraſillus, Ælius.

Phæax. I think my honourable Lord did but try us.

Cleon. On my life it was no more. His Steward aſſur'd me his condition was near as good as ever.

Iſand. That I doubt... but 'tis well at preſent By his new feaſting.

Ælius. I am ſorry I was not furniſh'd when he ſent to me.

Iſid. I am ſick of that grief, now I ſee how all things go.

Enter Timon *and Attendants.*

Tim Oh! my kind Friends! how is it with you all? How I rejoyce to ſee you! Come, ſerve in Dinner.

Phæax. My noble Lord! never ſo well as when your Lordſhip is ſo.

Ælius. I am ſick with ſhame that I ſhould be ſo unfortunate a Beggar when you ſent to me.

Tim. No more, no more, I did but make Tryal; I have no need of any ſums; my Eſtate is in good health ſtill.

Phæax. Tryal, my good Lord? Would any one refuſe your Lordſhip, were it in his power? Command half my Eſtate! I am ſorry I was ſo in haſt. I could not ſtay to tell you this. I have receiv'd Bills even now; Pray uſe me... I hope he will not take me at my word. [*Aſide.*

Iſand. Take it not unkindly, my good Lord that I could not ſerve you. Now my Lord command me... I am able.

Tim. I beſeech you do not think on't: I know ye love me, all of ye.

Phæax. Equal with our ſelves, my dear Lord.

Thraſi. If you had ſent but two hours before to me...

Cleon. Now I have Money pray command it.

Tim. No more, for Heav'ns ſake; think you I diſtruſt
My kind good Friends! you are the beſt of Friends. My Fortune ne'er ſhall drive me from you, and ſhould mine fail, which I hope it never will, I know I may command all yours.

Phæax. I ſhall think my ſelf happy enough if you would but command my utmoſt *Drachma.*

Ælius. That were honour indeed; to ſerve Lord *Timon*,
I would with Life and Fortune.

Iſand. Alas! who would not be proud of it?

Iſid. Not a Man in *Athens.*

Cleon. There's no foot of my Eſtate your Lordſhip may not call your own.

Thraſil. Nor mine, my noble Lord.

Tim. Thanks to my worthy Friends. Who has ſuch kind, ſuch hearty Friends as I have?

Ælius. All cover'd Diſhes.

Iſand. Royal chear I warrant you.

Phæax. Doubt not of that; if money or
The Seaſon can afford it.

Iſid. The ſame good Lord ſtill.

Tim. Come, my worthy Friends, let's ſit! make it not a City Feaſt, to let the meat cool e'er we agree upon our Places.

THE GRACE.

YOU great Benefactors, make your ſelves praiſed for your own gifts, baſe ungrateful Man will not do it of himſelf. Reſerve ſtill to give, leſt your Deities be deſpis'd; were your Godheads to borrow of Men, Men would

would forſake ye. Make the meat be lov'd more than the Man that gives it. Let no aſſembly of twenty be without a ſcore of Villains. If there be twelve Women let a dozen of 'em be W... as they are. Confound, I beſeech you all, the Senators of Athens, *together with the common people: What is amiſs make fit for deſtruction. For theſe my preſent Friends, as they are to me nothing, ſo in nothing bleſs them, and to nothing are they welcome, but Toads and Snakes; A Feaſt fit for ſuch venomous Knaves.*

Pheax. What does he mean?
Ælius. He's mad I think.
Tim. May you a better Feaſt never behold.
You knot of mouth Friends, Vapours, Lukewarm Knaves;
Moſt ſmiling, ſmooth deteſted Paraſites,
Courteous deſtroyers, affable Wolves, meek Bears,
You Fools of Fortune, Trencher Friends, Time Flies,
Cap and Knee Slaves; an everlaſting Leproſie
Cruſt you quite o'er; what, doſt thou ſteal away!
Soft take thy Phyſick firſt, and thou and thou;
Stay I will lend thee Money... borrow none.
Pheax. What means your Lordſhip? I'll be gone.
Cleon. And I, he'll Murder us.
Ælius. This is raging madneſs; fly, fly.
[*They run off.*
Tim. *What all in motion! henceforth be no feaſt,*
Whereat a Villain's not a welcome gueſt.
Burn Houſe, ſink Athens, *henceforth hated be*
Of Timon, *Man and all humanity.*
[*Ex.* Timon.

ACT IV.

TIMON *Solus.*

Timon.

LEt me look back upon thee! O thou Wall
That girdleſt in thoſe Wolves! Sink in the Earth,
And fence not *Athens* longer; that vile Den
Of ſavage Beaſts; ye Matrons all turn Whores;
Obedience fail in Children; Slaves and Fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And miniſter in their ſtead. To general filths
Convert o' th' inſtant green Virginity.
Do't in their Parents Eyes. Bankrupts hold faſt,
Rather than render back; out with your Knives,
And cut your Truſters Throats. Bound Servants ſteal;
Large handed Robbers your grave Maſters are,
And pill by law. Maid to thy Maſters Bed,
Miſtreſs to the Brothel. Son of twenty one,
Pluck the lin'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire:
And with it beat his brains out. Piety, Fear,
Religion to the Gods; Peace, Juſtice, Truth,
Domeſtick awe, Night reſt, and Neighbourhood,
Inſtruction, Manners, Myſteries and Trades,
Degrees, Obſervances, Cuſtoms and Laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries;
And let confuſion live. Plagues incident to Men,
Your potent and infectious Feavers heap
On *Athens* ripe for vengeance. Cold *Sciatica*
Cripple the Senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their Manners. Luſt and Liberty
Creep in the Minds and Marrows of your Youth;

That

That 'gainſt the ſtream of Virtue they may ſtrive
And drown themſelves in riot. Itches, Blains,
Sow all the *Athenians* Boſoms, and their Crop
Be general Leproſie. Breath infect breath;
That their Society, as their Friendſhip, may
Be merely Poiſon. Nothing, I bear from thee:
Farewel, thou moſt deteſted Town, and ſudden
Ruine ſwallow thee. [*Ex.* Tim.

Scene the Senate-Houſe, all the Senate ſitting...

Alcibiades.

Nici. How dare you, *Alcibiades*, well knowing
Your Sentence not recalled, venture hither?

Alcib. You ſee, my reverend Lords, what confidence
I place in you, that durſt expoſe my Perſon
Before my Sentence be recalled: I am not now
Petitioner for my ſelf; I leave my caſe
To your good and generous Natures, when you ſhall
Think I've deſerv'd your favour for my ſervice.
I am an humble Suitor to your vertue,
For mercy is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants uſe it cruelly.
'Tis for a Gallant Officer of mine;
As brave a Man as e'er drew Sword for *Athens*.
'Tis *Thraſibulus*, who in heat of blood,
Has ſtept into the Law above his depth.

Nici. True, he has kill'd a Man.

Alcib. I've been before the *Areopagus*, and they refuſe all mercy. He is a Man (ſetting his Fault aſide) of comely vertues; nor did he ſoil the fact with Cowardice; but with a noble fury did revenge his injur'd reputation.

Phæax. You ſtrive to make an ugly deed look fair.

Nici. As if you'd bring Man-ſlaughter into form,

And Valour did consist in quarrelling.

Ælius. That is a base and illegitimate Valour:
He's truly Valiant that can wisely suffer.

Isand. All single Combats are detestable,
And Courage that's not warranted by Law,
Is much too dangerous a Vice to go unpunished.

Isid. If Injuries be evil, Death is most ill;
And then what folly is it for the less Ill
To hazard life the chiefest good?

Cleon. There's no such Courage as in bearing wrong.

Alcib. If there be such Valour in bearing, what
Do we abroad? Women are then more Valiant
That stay at home. And the Ass a better Captain
Than is the Lyon. The Malefactor that's
Loaden with Irons, is wiser than the Judge.

Nic. You cannot make gross sins look clean with Eloquence.

Alcib. Why do fond Men expose themselves to Battle,
And not endure all threats, and sleep upon 'em,
And let the Foes quietly cut their throats?
Come, my Lords come, be pitiful and good.

Nic. He that's more merciful than Law, is cruel.

Alcib. The utmost law is downright Tyranny:
To kill I grant is the extreamest guilt,
But in defence of Honour.

Phæax. Honour! is any Honour to be fought for
But the Honour of our Country?

Alcib. Who will not fight for's own, will never fight
For that. Let him that has no anger judge him:
How many in their anger would commit
This Captains fault... had they but Courage for it?

Cleon. You speak in vain.

Alcib. If you will not excuse his Crime, consider who he is, and what he has done; his service at *Lacedæmon* and *Byzantium*, are bribes sufficient for his Life.

Nici.

Nici. He did his duty, and was rewarded with his pay, and if he had not done it, he ſhould be puniſht.

Alcib. How, my Lords! is that all the return for Souldiers toils, faſting and watching; the many cruel hardſhips which they ſuffer; the multitude of Hazards, Blood, and loſs of Limbs?

Iſand. Come, you urge it too far, he dies.

Alcib. He has ſlain in fight hundreds of Enemies.
How full of Valour did he bear himſelf
In the laſt conflict! what death and wounds he gave!

Iſid. H' have given too many.

Ælius. He is a known Rioter; he has a ſin
That often drowns him; in that Beaſtly fury
He has committed outrages.

Phæax. Such as we ſhall not name, ſince others were
Concern'd in 'em, you know.

Nici. In ſhort,
His Days are foul, and Nights are dangerous;
And he muſt die.

Alcib. Hard Fate! he might have dy'd nobly in Fight,
And done you ſervice. If not for his deſerts;
Conſider all my actions, Lords, and joyn 'em
With his... your reverend Ages love ſecurity,
And therefore ſhou'd cheriſh thoſe that give it you.

Phæax. You are too bold... he dies. No more...

Alcib. Too bold, Lord! do you know who I am?

Cleon. What ſays he?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Iſand. Conſider well the place, and who we are?

Alcib. I cannot think but you have forgotten me.
Muſt I ſue for ſuch common grace,
And be deny'd? My wounds ake at you!

Nici. Y' are inſolent! we have not forgotten yet your riot and deſtructive Vices, Whoredoms, prophaneneſs, giddy-headed Paſſions.

Phæax.

Phæax. Your breaking *Mercurys* Statues, and mocking the Myſteries of ſacred *Proſerpine.*

Alcib. Inſolent! now you provoke me. I am vext to ſee your malice vented in a place where honeſt Men would only think on publick Intereſt. 'Tis baſe, and in another place you would not ſpeak thus.

Nici. How ſay you!

Alcib. I thought the Images of *Mercury* had only been the Favourites of the Rabble, and the Rites of *Proſerpine*: Theſe things are mockery to Men of ſence. What folly 'tis to Worſhip Statues, when you'd kick the Rogues that made 'em!

Phæax. How dare you talk thus? You have been a Rebel?

Alcib. Could any but the baſeſt of Mankind
Urge that to me by whom he keeps that head
That utters this againſt me? My Rebellion!
It was 'gainſt the common People; and you all
Are Rebels againſt them.

Nici. Ceaſe your Inſolence! we ſided not with *Spartans.*

Alcib. What means had I to humble th' *Athenian* Rabble but that?

Phæax. It was well done to get your Friend King *Agis* his Wife with Child in his abſence.

Alcib. He was a Blockhead, and I mended his Breed for him...
But what is that to th' matter now in hand?
You have provok'd me, Lords, and I muſt tell you,
It is by me you ſit in ſafety here.

Phæax. By you, bold Man?

Alcib. Yes by me! fearful Man!
You have incens'd me now beyond all patience, and I muſt tell you what ye owe me, Lords. 'Twas I that kept great *Tiſſaphernes* from the *Spartans* aid, by which *Athens* by this had been one heap of Rubbliſh; I ſtopt a hundred and fifty Gallies from *Phœnicia*, which

which would have fallen upon you: 'Twas I made this *Tiſſaphernes*, *Athens* Friend, upon condition that they would awe the common people, and take the Government into the beſt Mens hands: would you were ſo! I ſent *Piſander* then to form his Ariſtocracy, and promis'd the *Perſian* General Forces to aſſiſt you; and when you had this pow'r, you caſt me off that got it you.

Nici. My Lords, let him be ſilenc'd;
Shall he thus beard the Senate?

Alcib. I will be heard, and then your pleaſure, Lords
Did not your Army in the Iſle of *Samos*,
Offended at your Government, chuſe me General?
And would have march't to your deſtruction,
Which I diverted? In that time your Foes
Would ſoon have won the Country of *Jonia*,
Of th' *Helleſpont*, and all the other Iſles,
While you had been employ'd at home
With Civil Wars. I kept ſome back by force,
By fair words others, in which *Thraſibulus*,
This Man of *Stiria*, whom you thus condemn,
Having the loudeſt voice of all the *Athenians*,
Employ'd by me, cry'd out to all the Army;
And thus we kept 'em from you Lords, and now
Athens a ſecond time was ſav'd by me.

Phæax, 'Tis a ſhame that we ſhould ſuffer this!

Alcib. 'Tis a ſhame theſe things are unrewarded. Another time I kept five hundred Sail of the *Phœnicians* from the Aid of the *Lacædemonians*; won from 'em a Sea Battle, before the City of *Abidus*; In ſpight of *Pharnabazus*'s mighty Power. Think on my Victory at *Cizicum*, where I Slew *Mendorus* in the Field, and took the City: I brought then the *Bithynians* to your Yoke, won *Silibræa* on the *Helleſpont*, and then *Byzantium*: Thus not only I diverted the Torrent of the Armies Fury from you, but turn'd it

on

on the Enemies, and all the while you safely told your Money, and let it out upon extorted Interest: must I be after all this poorly deny'd his Life, who has so often ventur'd it for you?

Pheax. He dies, and you deserve it, but our Sentence
Is for your Insolence, we Banish you;
If you be two hours more within these Walls,
Your Head is forfeited. Do you all consent?

All Sen. All, all!

Alcib. All, all! I am glad I know you all!
Banish me! Banish your Dotage! Your Extortion!
Banish your foul Corruptions and self Ends!
Oh the base Spirit of a Common-wealth!
One Tyrant is much better than four hundred;
The worst of Kings would be asham'd of this:
I am only rich in my large hurts from you.
Is this the Balsom the ill natur'd Senate
Pours into Captains Wounds? Ha! Banishment!
A good Man would not stay with you; I Embrace
My Sentence: 'tis a Cause that's worthy of me.
[*Ex.* Alcib.

Nic. Was ever... heard such daring Insolence?
Sall we break up the Senate?

All. Sen. Ay, ay!

Timon, *in the Woods digging.*

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the Fens, the Bogs and muddy Marshes, and from corrupted standing Lakes, rotten humidity enough to infect the Air with dire consuming Pestilence, and let the poisonous exhalations fall down on th' *Athenians.* They're all Flatterers, and so is all Mankind. For every degree of Fortune's smooth'd and sooth'd by that below it; the learn'd Pate ducks to the Golden Fool; There's nothing level in our conditions, but base

baſe Villany; therefore be abhorr'd each Man, and all Society. Earth yield me Roots; thou common Whore of Mankind, that put'ſt ſuch odds amongſt the rout of Nations; I'll make thee do thy right office. Ha, what's here? Gold! yellow, glittering precious Gold! enough to purchaſe my Eſtate again: Let me ſee further what a vaſt maſs of Treaſure's here! There ly, I will uſe none, 'twill bring me Flatterers. I'll ſend a Pattern on't to the *Athenians*; and let 'em know what a vaſt Maſs I've found, which I'll keep from 'em. I think I ſee a Paſſenger not far off, I'll ſend it by him to the Senate. [*Ex.* Timon.

Enter Evandra.

Evan. How long ſhall I ſeek my unhappy Lord?
But I will find him or will loſe my Life.
Oh baſe and ſhameful Villany of Man,
Amongſt ſo many thouſands he has oblig'd,
Not one would follow him in his Afflictions!
Ha! here is a Spade! ſure this belongs to ſome one
Who's not far off, I will enquire of him.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Who's there?
What beaſt art thou that com'ſt to trouble me?
Evan. Pray do not hurt me. I am come to ſeek
The poor diſtreſſed *Timon*, did you ſee him?
Tim. If thou be'ſt born of wicked humane Race,
Why com'ſt thou hither to diſturb his Mind?
He has forſworn all Company?
Evan. Is this my Lord, Oh dreadful Transformation!
My deareſt Lord, do you not know me?
Tim. Thou walk'ſt upon two Legs, and haſt a Face
Erect towards Heav'n; and all ſuch Animals

I have abjur'd; becauſe they are not honeſt.
Thoſe Creatures that are ſo, walk on all four:
Prithee be gone.
Evand. He's much diſtracted ſure?
Have you forgotten then your poor *Evandra*?
Tim. No! I remember there was ſuch a one,
Whom I us'd ill! Why doſt thou follow miſery?
And add to it? Prithee be gone.
Evan. Theſe cruel Words will break my heart I come;
Not to increaſe thy Miſery but mend it.
Ah my dear *Timon*! Why this Slave-like habit?
And why this Spade?
Tim. 'Tis to dig Roots, and earn my Dinner with.
Evan. I have converted part of my Eſtate
To Money and to Jewels, and have brought 'em
To lay 'em at thy feet, and the Remainder
Thou ſoon ſhalt have.
Tim. I will not touch 'em; no, I ſhall be flatter'd.
Evan. Comfort thy ſelf and quit this ſavage life;
We have enough in ſpite of all the baſeneſs
Of the *Athenians*; let not thoſe Slaves
Triumph o'er thy Afflictions; we'll live free.
Tim. If thou diſſwad'ſt me from this Life, thou hat'ſt me;
For all the Principalities on Earth,
I would not change this Spade! Prithee be gone,
Thou tempt'ſt me but in vain.
Evan. Be not ſo cruel.
Nothing but Death ſhall ever take me from thee.
Tim. I'll never change my Life:
What would'ſt thou do with me?
Evan. I'd live the ſame: Is there a time or place,
A Temper or Condition I would leave
My *Timon* in?
Tim. You muſt not ſtay with me?
Evand. Oh too unkind!

I offer'd thee all my Proſperity...
And thou moſt niggardly denieſt me part
Of thy Afflictions.

Tim. Ah ſoft *Evandra!* is not the bleak Air
Too boiſterous a Chamberlain for thee?
Or doſt thou think theſe reverend Trees that have
Out-liv'd the Raven, will be Pages to thee?
And skip where thou appointeſt 'em? Will the Brook
Candied with Morning Ice, be Caudle to thee?

Evand. Thou wilt be all to me.

Tim. I am ſavage as a Satyr, and my Temper
Is much unſound, my Brain will be diſtracted.

Evan. Thou wilt be *Timon* ſtill, that's all I ask.

Tim. It was a Comfort to me when I thought
That thou wert proſperous; Thou art too good
To ſuffer with me the rough boiſt'rous weather,
To mortifie thy ſelf with Roots and Water,
'Twill kill thee. Prithee be gone.

Evan. To Death if you command.

Tim. I have forſworn all humane Converſation.

Evan. And ſo have I but thine.

Tim. 'Twill then be miſery indeed to ſee
Thee bear it.

Evan. On my Knees I beg it.
If thou refuſeſt me, I'll kill my ſelf.
I ſwear by all the Gods.

Tim. Riſe, my *Evandra!*
I now pronounce to all the World, there is
One Woman honeſt; if they ask me more
I will not grant it. Come, my dear *Evandra*,
I'll ſhew thee Wealth that I have found with digging,
To purchaſe all my Land again, which I
Will hide from all Mankind.

Evan. Put all my Gold and Jewels to't.

Tim. Well ſaid *Evandra!* Look, here is enough
To make Black White, Foul Fair, Wrong Right;
Baſe Noble, Old Young, Cowards Valiant.

Ye Gods, here is enough to lug your Prieſts
And Servants from your Altars. This thing can
Make the hoar'd Leproſie ador'd; place Thieves
And give 'em Title, Knee and Approbation;
This makes the toothleſs, warp'd and wither'd Widows
Marry again. This can embalm and ſweeten
Such as the Spittle-Houſe and ulcerous Creatures
Would caſt the Gorge at: this can defile
The pureſt Bed, and make Divorce 'twixt Son
And Father, Friends and Kindred, all Society;
Can bring up new Religions, and kill Kings.

Evan. Let the Earth that breeds it, hide it;
There itwill ſleep, and do no hired Miſchief.

Tim. Now Earth for a Root.

Evan. 'Tis her unfathom'd Womb teems and feeds all;
And of ſuch vile corrupting Mettal, as
Man, her proud arrogant... Child is made of,
Does engender black Toads, and Adders blue,
The guilded Neut and Eye-leſs venom'd Worm, with all
The loathſome Births the quickning Sun does ſhine on

Tim. Yield him, who all thy humane Sons does hate,
From out thy plenteous boſom ſome poor Roots;
Sear up thy fertile Womb to all things elſe;
Dry up thy Marrow, thy Veins, thy Tilth and Paſture,
Whereof ungrateful Man with liquoriſh draughts
And unctuous morſels greaſes his pure mind,
That from it all conſideration ſlips.
But hold a while... I am faint and weary.
My hands not us'd to toil, are gall'd.

Evan. Repoſe your ſelf, my deareſt love, thus... your head
Upon my lap, and when thou haſt refreſht
Thy ſelf, I'll gather Fruits and Berries for thee.

Enter

Enter Apemantus.

Tim. More Plague! more Man! retire into my Cave. [*Ex.* Evan.

Apem. I was directed hither, Men report
That thou affect'ſt my Manners, and doſt uſe 'em.

Tim. 'Tis then becauſe thou doſt not keep a Dog
Whom I would rather imitate.

Apem. This is in thee a Nature but affected,
A poor unmanly Melancholy, ſprung
From change of Fortune. Why this Spade? This place?
This ſlave-like Habit, and theſe Looks of Care?
Thy ſordid Flatt'rers yet wear Silk, lie ſoft,
Hug their diſeas'd Perfumes, and have forgotten
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not theſe Woods,
By putting on the Cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatt'rer now and ſeek to thrive
By that which has undone thee. Hinge thy Knee,
And let each great Mans Breath blow of thy Cap.
Praiſe his moſt monſtrous Deformities,
And call his fouleſt Vices excellent.
Thou wert us'd thus.

Tim. Doſt thou love to hear thy ſelf prate?

Apem. No; but thou ſhou'd'ſt hear me ſpeak.

Tim. I hate thy Speech, and ſpit at thee.

Apem. Do not aſſume my likeneſs to diſgrace it.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd uſe the Copy
As the Original ſhou'd be us'd.

Apem. How ſhou'd it be us'd?

Tim. It ſhould be hang'd.

Apem. Before thou wert a Mad-Man, now a Fool; art thou proud ſtill? Call any of thoſe Creatures whoſe naked Natures live in all the ſpight of angry Heav'n, whoſe bare un-houſed Trunks to the conflicting Elements expos'd, anſwer meer Nature,

bid 'em flatter thee, and thou ſhalt find...
Tim. An Aſs of thee...
Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did...
Tim. I hate thee worſe...
Apem. Why ſo?
Tim. Thou flattereſt miſery.
Apem. I flatter not, but ſay thou art a Wretch...
Tim. Why doſt thou ſeek me out?
Apem. Perhaps to vex thee.
Tim. Always a Villains Office, or a Fools.
Apem. If thou doſt put on this ſour life and habit
To caſtigate thy Pride, 'twere well; but thou
Doſt it inforc'dly; wert thou not a Beggar,
Thoud'ſt be a Courtier again.
Tim. Slave thou ly'ſt, 'tis next thee the laſt thing
Which I would be on Earth.
Apem. How much does willing Poverty excel
Uncertain Pomp! for this is filling ſtill,
Never compleat; that always at high wiſh;
But thou haſt a contentleſs wretched Being;
Thou ſhoud'ſt deſire to die being miſerable.
Tim. Not by his advice that is more miſerable.
Apem. I am contented with my poverty.
Tim. Thou ly'ſt. Thou would'ſt not ſnarl ſo if thou wert
But 'tis a Burthen that is light to thee,
Becauſe thou haſt been always us'd to carry it.
Thou art a thing whom Fortunes tender arms
With favour never claſpt, but bred a Dog.
Hadſt thou like me from thy firſt ſwath proceeded
To all the ſweet degrees, that this brief World
Afforded me; thou would'ſt have plung'd thy ſelf
In general Riot, melted down thy Youth
In different Beds of Luſts, and never learn't
The Icy Precepts of Morality,
But had'ſt purſu'd the alluring Game before thee.
Apem. Thou ly'ſt... I would have liv'd juſt as I do.
Tim.

Tim. Poor Slave! thou doſt not know thy ſelf!
Thou well canſt bear what thou haſt been bred to; but
For me who had the World as my Confectionary,
The Tongues, the Eyes, the Ears, the Hearts of all Men,
At duty more than I could frame Imployments for;
That numberleſs upon me ſtuck as leaves
Upon the Oak, they've with one Winters bruſh
Faln from their boughs and left me open, bare
To every ſtorm that blows: for me to bear this
Who never knew but better, is a great burthen.
Thy Nature did commence in ſuff'rance; Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why ſhould'ſt thou hate Men?
They never flatter'd thee: If thou wilt curſe,
Curſe then thy Father, who in ſpight, put ſtuff
To ſome ſhe-Beggar, and compounded thee,
A poor Hereditary Rogue.

Apem. Poor Aſs!
The middle of humanity thou ne'er
Didſt know, but the extremity of both ends.
When thou wert in thy Gilt and thy Perfumes,
Men mock'd thee for thy too much Curioſity;
Thou in thy Rags know'ſt none.

Tim. Be gone, thou tedious prating Fool.
That the whole Life of *Athens* were in this
One Root, thus would I eat it.

Apem. I'll mend thy Feaſt.

Tim. Mend my Condition, take thy ſelf away.

Apem. What would'ſt thou have to *Athens?*

Tim. Thee thither in a Whirlwind.

Apem. When I have nothing elſe to do I'll ſee thee again.

Tim. If there were nothing living but thy ſelf,
Thou ſhou'd'ſt not even then be welcome to me.
I had rather be a Beggars Dog than *Apemantus.*

Apem. Thou art a miſerable Fool.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to ſpit upon.

Apem. Thou art too bad to Curſe: no miſery
That I could wiſh thee but thou haſt already.

Tim. Be gone, thou Iſſue of a Mangy Dog,
I ſwoun to ſee thee.

Apem. Would thou would'ſt burſt.

Tim. Away, thou tedious Rogue, or I will cleave thy Skull.

Apem. Farewel, Beaſt.

Tim. Be gone, Toad.

Apem. The *Athenians* report thou haſt found a Maſs of Treaſure; they'll find thee out: The plague of Company light on thee.

Tim. Slave! Dog! Viper! out of my ſight.
[*Ex.* Apem.
Choler will kill me if I ſee Mankind!
Come forth, *Evandra*; Thou art kind and good.

Enter Evandra.

Canſt thou eat Roots and drink at that freſh Spring?
Our Feaſting's come to this.

Evan. Whate'er I eat
Or drink with thee is feaſt enough to me;
Would'ſt thou compoſe thy thoughts and be content,
I ſhould be happy.

Tim. Let's quench our thirſt at yonder murmuring Brook,
And then repoſe a while. *Exeunt.*

Enter Poet, Painter *and* Muſician.

Poet. As I took note o' the place, it cannot be far off, where he abides.

Muſ. Does the rumour hold for certain, thet he's ſo full of Gold?

Poet.

Poet. 'Tis true, h' has found an infinite ſtore of Gold.
He has ſent a Pattern of it to the Senate;
You will ſee him a Palm again in *Athens*,
And flouriſh with the higheſt of 'em all.
Therefore 'tis fit in this ſuppos'd diſtreſs,
We tender all our ſervices to him...

Paint. If the report be true we ſhall ſucceed.

Muſ. If we ſhou'd not...

Re-enter Timon *and* Evandra.

Poet. We'll venture our joint labours. Yon is he, I know by the deſcription.

Muſ. Let's hide our ſelves, and ſee how he will take it. [*A Symphony.*

Evan. Here's Muſick in the Woods, whence comes it?

Tim. From flattering Rogues who have heard that I have Gold; but that their diſappointment will be greater, in taking pains for nought, I'd ſend 'em back...

Poet. Hail worthy *Timon*...

Muſ. Our noble Maſter...

Pain. My moſt Excellent Lord.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to ſee three honeſt Men?

Poet. Having ſo often taſted of your bounty
And hearing you were retir'd, your Friends faln off,
For whoſe ungrateful natures we are griev'd,
We come to do you ſervice.

Muſ. We are not of ſo baſe a mould; ſhould we Deſert our noble Patron!

Tim. Moſt honeſt Men! oh, how ſhall I requite you?
Can you eat roots and drink cold water?

Poet. Whate'er we can, we will to do you ſervice.

Tim. Good Men! come you are honeſt, you have heard
That I have Gold enough! ſpeak truth, y' are honeſt.

Poet. So it is ſaid, but therefore came not we.

Muſ. Not we, my Lord.

Paint. We thought not of it.

Tim. You are Good Men, but have one Monſtrous fault.

Poet. I beſeech your honour, what is it?

Tim. Each of you truſts a damn'd notorious Knave.

Paint. Who is that, my Lord?

Tim. Why, one another, and each truſts himſelf.
Ye baſe Knaves, Tripartite! be gone! make haſte!
Or I will uſe you ſo like Knaves. [*He ſtones 'em.*

Poet. Fly, fly.... [*All run out.*

Tim. How ſick am I of this falſe World?
I'll now prepare my Grave, to lie where the light foam of the outragious Sea may waſh my Corps.

Evan. My deareſt *Timon*, do not talk of Death;
My Life and thine together muſt determine.

Tim. There is no reſt without it; Prithee leave
My wretched Fortune, and live long and happy,
Without thy *Timon*. There is Wealth enough.

Evan. I have no Wealth but thee, let us lie down
To reſt; I am very faint and heavy... [*They lie down.*

Enter Meliſſa *and* Chloe.

Mel. Let the Chariot ſtay there.
It is moſt certain he has found a Maſs of money,
And he has ſent word to the Senate he's richer than ever.

Chlo. Sure were he rich, he would appear again.

Mel. If he be, I doubt not but with my Love I'll charm him back to *Athens*; 'twas my deſerting him that made him thus Melancholy.

Chlo.

Chlo. If he be not, you'll promiſe Love in vain.
Mel. If he be not, my Promiſe ſhall be vain;
For I'll be ſure to break it: Thus you ſaw
When *Alcibiades* was baniſh'd laſt,
I would not ſee him; I am always true
To Intereſt and my Self. There Lord *Timon* lies!
Tim. What Wretch art thou come to diſturb me?
Mel. I am one that loves thee ſo, I cannot loſe thee,
I am gotten from my Father and my Friends,
To call thee back to *Athens*, and her arms
Who cannot live without thee.
Evan. It is *Meliſſa*! Prithee liſten not
To her deſtructive *Syrens* Voice.
Tim. Fear not.
Mel. Doſt thou not know thy dear *Meliſſa*,
To whom thou mad'ſt ſuch Vows?
Tim. O yes! I know that piece of Vanity,
That frail, that proud, inconſtant fooliſh Thing.
I do remember once upon a time,
She ſwore eternal love to me; ſoon after
She would not ſee me, ſhun'd me, ſlighted me.
Mel. Ah now I ſee thou never lov'dſt me, *Timon*,
That was a Tryal which I made of thee,
To find if thou didſt love me; if thou hadſt
Thou wouldſt have born it: I lov'd thee then much more
Than all the World... but thou art falſe I ſee,
And any little Change can drive thee from me,
And thou wilt leave me miſerable.
Evan. Mind not that Crocodiles Tears,
She would betray thee.
Mel. Is there no Truth among Mankind?
Had I ſo much Ingratitude, I had left
Thy fallen Fortune, and ne'er ſeen thee more.
Ah *Timon*! could'ſt thou have been kind, I could
Rather have begg'd with thee, than have enjoy'd
With any other all the Pomp of *Greece*;

But thou art loſt, and haſt forgotten all thy Oaths.

Evan. Why ſhou'd you ſtrive to invade anothers Right?
He's mine, for ever mine: Theſe arms
Shall keep him from thee.

Mel. Thine! poor mean Fool! has Marriage made him ſo?
No,... Thou art his Concubine, diſhoneſt Thing;
I would enjoy him honeſtly.

Tim. Peace, Screech Owl: There is much more Honeſty
In this one Woman than in all thy Sex
Blended together; our Hearts are one; and ſhe
Is mine for ever: wert thou the Queen of all
The Univerſe, I would not change her for thee.

Evan. Oh my dear Lord! this is a better Cordial
Than all the World can give.

Tim. Falſe! Proud! Affected! vain fantaſtick thing, be gone; I would not ſee thee unleſs I were a Baſilisk: thou boaſt'ſt that thou art honeſt of thy Body, as if the Body made one honeſt: thou haſt a vile corrupted filthy Mind...

Mel. I am no Whore, as ſhe is.

Tim. Thou ly'ſt, ſhe's none: But thou art one in thy Soul: be gone, or thou'lt provoke me to do a thing unmanly, and beat thee hence.

Mel. Farewel, Beaſt... [*Ex.* Mel. *and* Chloe.

Evan. Let me kiſs thy hand, my deareſt Lord,
If it were poſſible more dear than ever.

Tim. *Let's now go ſeek ſome reſt within thy Cave,*
If any we can have without the Grave. [Exeunt.

ACT

ACT V.

Enter TIMON *and* EVANDRA.

Timon.

NOw, after all the Follies of this Life,
Timon has made his everlaſting Manſion
Upon the beached Verge of the Salt Flood;
Where every day the ſwelling Surge ſhall waſh him.
There he ſhall reſt from all the Villanies,
Betraying Smiles, or the oppreſſing Frowns
Of proud and impotent Man.

Evan. Speak not of Death, I cannot loſe thee yet; Throw off this dire conſuming Melancholy. Oh could'ſt thou love as I do, thou'dſt not have another wiſh but me. There is no ſtate on Earth which I can envy while I have thee within theſe Arms... take Comfort to thee, think not yet of Death... leave not *Evandra* yet.

Tim. Think'ſt thou in Death we ſhall not think, and know, and love, better than we can here? O yes, *Evandra!* There our Happineſs will be without a Wiſh... I feel my long Sickneſs of Health and Living now begin to mend, and nothing will bring me all things: thou *Evandra*, art the thing alone on Earth, would make me wiſh to play my part upon the troubleſome Stage, where Folly, Madneſs, Falſehood, and Cruelty, are the only actions repreſented.

Evan. That I have lov'd my *Timon* faithfully
Without one erring thought, the Gods can witneſs;
And as my Life was true, my Death ſhall be.
If I one minute after thee ſurvive;

The

The Scorn and Infamy of all my Sex
Light on me, and may I live to be *Meliſſas* Slave.
Tim. Oh my ador'd *Evandra!*
Thy Kindneſs covers me with Shame and Grief,
I have deſerv'd ſo little from thee;
Were't not for thee I'd wiſh the World on Fire.

Enter Nicias, Phæax, Iſidore, Iſander, Cleon, Thraſillus, *and* Ælius.

More Plagues yet!
Nic. How does the Worthy *Timon*?
It grieves our Hearts to ſee thy low Condition,
And we are come to mend it.
Phæax. We and the *Athenians* cannot live without thee.
Caſt from thee this ſad Grief, moſt Noble *Timon*?
The Senators of *Athens* greet thee with
Their Love, and do with one conſenting Voice
Intreat thee back to *Athens.*
Tim. I thank 'em, and would ſend 'em back the Plague,
Could I but catch it for 'em.
Ælius. The Gods forbid, they love thee moſt ſincerely.
Tim. I will return 'em the ſame love they bear me.
Nic. Forget, moſt Noble *Timon*: they are ſorry
They ſhould deny thee thy Requeſt: they do
Confeſs their Fault; and the whole Publick Body,
Which ſeldom does recant, confeſſes it.
Cleon. And has ſent us...
Tim. A very ſcurvey ſample of that Body.
Phæax. O my good Lord! we have ever lov'd you beſt of all Mankind.
Thraſi. And Equal with our ſelves.
Iſid. Our Hearts and Souls were ever fixt upon thee
Iſand. We would ſtake our Lives for you.

Phæax.

Phæax. We are all griev'd to think you ſhould
So miſ-interpret our beſt Loves.
Cleon. Which ſhall continue ever firm to you.
Tim. Good Men, you much ſurpriſe me, even to
Tears;
Lend me a Fools Heart and a Womans, Eyes,
And I'll beweep theſe Comforts, worthy Lords.
Nic. We beg your Honour will interpret fairly.
Phæax. The Senate has reſerv'd ſome ſpecial
Dignities
Now vacant, to confer on you. They pray
You will return, and be their Captain,
Allow'd with abſolute Command.
Nic. Wild *Alcibiades* approaches *Athens*
With all his Force; and like a ſavage Bear
Roots up his Countries Peace; we humbly beg
Thy juſt Aſſiſtance.
Phæax. We all know thou art worthy,
And haſt oblig'd thy Country heretofore
Beyond return.
Ælius. Therefore, good noble Lord...
Tim. I tell you, Lords,
If *Alcibiades* kill my Country-Men,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not: But if he ſack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly Aged Men by th' Beards,
Giving up pureſt Virgins to the Stain
Of beaſtly mad-brain'd War; Then let him know,
In Pity of the Aged and the Young,
I cannot chuſe but tell him that I care not:
And let him tak't at worſt; for their Swords care not
While you have Throats to anſwer. For my ſelf
There's not a Knife in all the unruly Camp,
But I do love and value more than the
Moſt reverend Throat in *Athens*, tell 'em ſo!
Be *Alcibiades* your Plague, ungrateful Villains.
Phæax. O my good Lord, you think too hardly of us

Ælius.

Ælius. Hang him! there's no hopes of him.

Nici. He'll ne'er return; he truly is *Miſanthropos.*

Pheax. You have Gold, my Lord, will you not ſerve your Country with ſome of it?

Tim. Oh my dear Country! I do recant,
Commend me kindly to the Senate, tell 'em
If they will come all in one Body to me,
And follow my Advice, they ſhall be welcome.

Nici. I am ſure they will, my Noble Lord.

Tim. I will inſtruct 'em how to eaſe their Griefs;
Their fears of Hoſtile Strokes, their Aches, Loſſes,
Their covetous Pangs, with other incident Throes,
That Natures fragil Veſſel muſt ſuſtain
In Lifes uncertain Voyage.

Pheax. How, my good Lord? This kind Care is Noble.

Tim. Why even thus...
I will point out the moſt convenient Trees
In all this Wood, to hang themſelves upon.
And ſo farewel, ye Covetous, Fawning Slaves;
Be gone let me not ſee the Face of Man more,
I had rather ſee a Tiger faſting...

Nici. He's loſt to all our Purpoſes.

Pheax. Let's ſend a Party out of *Athens* to him
To force him to confeſs his Treaſure;
And put him to the Torture if he will not.

Nici. It will do well, let's away. [*Drums.*

Ælius. What Drums are thoſe?

Pheax. They muſt belong to *Alcibiades*!
To Horſe and fly, leaſt we chance to be taken.

[*Exeunt.*

Tim. Go fly, *Evandra*, to my Cave, or thou
May'ſt ſuffer by the Rage of luſtful Villains.

Enter

Enter Alcibiades *with* Phryne *and* Thais, *two Whores.*

Alcib. Command a Halt, and ſend a Meſſenger
To ſummon *Athens* from me!
What art thou there? Speak.
Tim. A two-legg'd Beaſt as thou art, Cankers gnaw thee
For ſhewing me the Face of Man again.
Alcib. Is Man ſo hateful to thee! What art thou?
Tim. I am *Miſanthropos*! I hate Mankind:
And for thy part, I wiſh thou wer't a Dog,
That I might love thee ſomething.
But now I think on't, thou art going
Againſt yon Curſed Town: go on!
It is a worthy cauſe.
Alcib. Oh *Timon!* now I know thee; I am ſorry
For thy misfortunes; and hope a little time
Will give me occaſion to redreſs 'em.
Tim. I will not alter my condition
For all you e'er ſhall Conquer; no, go on,
Paint with Mans blood the Earth; die it well.
Religious Canons, civil Laws are cruel,
What then muſt War be?
Alcib. How came the noble *Timon* by this change?
Tim. As the Moon does by wanting light to give,
And then renew I could not like the Moon,
There were no Suns to borrow of.
Alcib. What Friendſhip ſhall I do thee?
Tim. Why, promiſe me Friendſhip and perform none;
If thou wilt not promiſe, thou art no Man:
And if thou doſt perform, thou art none neither.
Alcib. I am griev'd to ſee thy miſery.
Tim. Thou ſaw'ſt it when I was rich.
Alcib. Then was a happy time.

Tim.

Tim. As thine is now, abus'd by a brace of Harlots. What, doſt thou fight with Women by thy ſide?

Alcib. No, but after all the toils and hazards of the day with Men, I refreſh my ſelf at night with Women.

Tim. Theſe falſe Whores of thine have more Deſtruction in 'em, than thy Sword.

Phry. Thou art a Villain to ſay ſo...

Thais. Is this he, that was the *Athenians* Minion? A ſnarling Raſcal.

Tim. Be Whores ſtill; they love you not that uſe you!
Employ all your ſalt hours to ruine Youth,
Soften their manners into a Lethargy
Of Senſe and Action.

Phry. Hang thee, Monſter; we are not Whores; We are Miſtreſſes to *Alcibiades.*

Tim. The right name is Whore, do not miſcal it, Ye have been ſo to many.

Thais. Out, on you Dog.

Alcib. Pray pardon him
His wits are loſt in his Calamities;
I have but little Gold, but here's ſome for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. Wilt thou go 'gainſt *Athens* with me?

Tim. If ye were Beaſts, I'd go with ye: But I'll not herd with Men. Yet I love thee better than all Men, becauſe thou wert born to ruine thy baſe Country.

Alcib. I've ſent to Summon *Athens*; if ſhe obeys not
I'll lay her on a heap.

Tim. It were a glorious Act; go on, go on! Here's Gold for thee; ſtay I'll go fetch thee more.

Alcib. What Myſtery is this? where ſhou'd he have this.

Tim. Here's more Gold and Jewels! go on,

Be

Be a devouring Plague; let not
Thy Sword skip one, ſpare thou no Sex or Age;
Pity not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He's an Uſurer: ſtrike the counterfeit Matron,
It is her habit only that is honeſt,
Her ſelf's a Bawd: Let not the Virgins Cheek
Make ſoft thy Sword, nor Milk-Paps giving Suck:
Spare not the tender Babe whoſe dimpled Smiles,
From Fools exhauſt their Mercy; think 'twill be
A Rogue or Whore e'er long if thou ſhould'ſt ſpare it.
Put Armour on thy Eyes and Ears, whoſe Proof,
Nor Yells of Mothers, Maids, nor crying Babes,
Nor ſight of Prieſts in holy Veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce one jot.

Phry. Haſt thou more Gold, good *Timon?* Give us ſome.

Thais. What pity 'tis he ſhould be thus melancholy! He is a fine Perſon now.

Tim. Oh flattering Whores! but that I am ſure you will
Do ſtore of Miſchief, I'd not give you any:
Here! be ſure you be Whores ſtill;
And who with pious breath ſeeks to convert ye,
Be ſtrong in Whore, allure and burn him up.
Thatch your thin Skulls with Burthens from the Dead,
Some that were hang'd, no matter,
Wear them, betray with them, Whore ſtill;
Paint till a Horſe may mire upon your Faces...
A Pox on Wrinckles, I ſay.

Thais. Well, more Gold, ſay what thou wilt.

Tim. Sow your Conſumptions in the Bones of Men;
Dry up their Marrows, pain their Shins and Shoulders;
Crack the Lawyers Voice, that he
May never bawl, and plead falſe Title more.
Entice the luſtful and diſſembling Prieſts,
That ſcold againſt the quality of Fleſh,
And not believe themſelves. I am not well.

Here's more, ye proud, lascivious, rampant Whores,
Do you damn others, and let this damn you;
And Ditches be your Death-Beds and your Graves.

Phry. More Counsel, and more Money, bounteous *Timon.*

Tim. More Whore! more Mischief first,
I've given you Earnest.

Alcib. We but disturb him! farewel:
If I thrive well, I will visit thee again.

Tim. If I thrive well, I ne'er shall see thee more:
I feel Deaths happy stroak upon me now,
He has laid his icy hands upon me at length;
He will not let me go again. Farewel.
Confound *Athens*, and then thy self. [*Ex.* Timon.

Alcib. Now march, Sound Trumpets and beat Drums,
And let the Terrour of the noise invade
The ungrateful, Cowardly, usurious Senate.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Nicias, Ælius, Cleon, Thrasillus, Isidore, Isander, *upon the works of* Athens.

Nici. What shall we do to appease his Rage?
He has an Army able to devour us.

Phæax. We must e'en humbly bow our necks,
That he may tread on 'em.

Ælius. He is a Man of easie nature, soon won by soothings.

Nici. I tremble lest he should revenge our sentence.

Isid. If we should resist, he'll level *Athens.*

Isand. And then wo to our selves,
Our Wives and Daughters.

Nici. What will become of you and me *Phæax.*
We have been Enemies to him long. I tremble for it.

Phæax. Let us appear most forward in delivering up the Town to him.

Nici.

Nici. If we reſiſt he'll uſe a Conquerours Power,
And nothing then will ſcape the fury of
The Headſtrong Soldiers, we muſt all ſubmit.
See, he approaches. Theſe Drums and Trumpets
Strike Terrour into me! Heav'n, help all.
[*Enter* Herald.

Enter Alcibiades, *and his Army.*

Alcib. What anſwer make they to my Summons?
Herald. They are on the works to treat with you.
Alcib. There's a white Flag! let us approach 'em.
Hoa! you on the works! give me and my Army entrance,
Or I'll let looſe the fury of my Soldiers,
And make you all a prey to ſpoil and rapine;
And ſuch a flame I'll light about your Ears,
Shall make *Greece* tremble.
Nic. My noble Lord! we mean nothing leſs.
Phæax. Only we beg your Honour will forgive us.
Nici. We'ave been ungrateful, and are much aſham'd on't,
Your Lordſhip ſhall tread upon our Necks if you think good;
We cannot but condemn our ſelves;
But we appeal to your known Mercy and
Your Generoſity.
Phæax. March, Noble Lord, into our City
With all the Banners ſpread; we are thy Slaves.
Ælius. Your Footſtools.
Iſid. What ever you will make us.
Thraſil. Enter our City, Noble *Alcibindes*:
But leave your Rage behind you.
Iſan. Set but your Foot againſt our Gates, and they
Shall open... ſo you will enter like a Friend.
Alcib. Open the Gates without Capitulations:
For if I ſet my Battering Rams to work,

You must expect no Mercy.

Nici. We will, my good Lord...

[*They all come down*, Nic. *presents* Alcibiades *the Keys upon his Knees.*

Our Lives and Fortunes now are in thy hands;
But we fly to thy Mercy for Protection.

Alcib. You merit as much Mercy as you show'd
To *Thrasibulus*; such monstrous Ingratitude
Will make your Villainous Names grow Odious
To all the Race of Men, but to your selves
To whom Vertue is so.

Phæax. 'Twas the whole Senats Voice.

Alcib. A Senate, a Den of Thieves! I little thought
When I wrested the Power from the Rabble,
To give it you, you would be worse than they;
But most of you deserve the Ostracism:
Some of you are such Rogues you'd shame the Gibbet

Nic. Good my Lord, tread on our Necks, but pardon us

Phæax. We'll be your slaves if you'll forgive us.

Alcib. Can you forgive *Thrasibulus* when he's dead?
Must we be us'd thus after our frequent Hazards,
Our toils, hard weary Marching! Watching! Fasting!
Such dreadful Hardships, lying out such Nights,
A Beast could not abide without a Covert,
And all for Pursy-Lazy-Knaves, that snort
In Peace at home, and wallow in their Bags?
Must we the Bulwarks of our Country be
Thus us'd?

Phæax. Cease to reproach us, my good Lord.

Ælius. We are full of Shame and Guilt.

Cleon. Pardon us, good *Alcibiades.*

Thrasi. We heartily repent.

Isid. We'll kiss thy Feet, good Lord.

Isand. Do with us what thou wilt.

Alcib. You six of the foremost here must meet me
In the Αγυϛ, where I'll order the πρίταν͂ις
To assemble all the People...

And

And on your Knees Preſent your ſelves
With Halters 'bout your Necks!
Phæax. Oh my good Lord!
Alcib. Diſpute it not, for by the Gods if you
Fail in this Point, I'll hang ye all,
Rifle your Houſes, and extirpate all
Your Race... March on.
Give order that not a Man ſhall break his Ranks,
Or ſhall offend the regular Courſe of Juſtice,
On Penalty of Death... March on... [*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Timon *and* Evandra *coming out of the Cave.*

Evand. Oh my dear Lord! why do you ſtoop and bend like Flowers o'ercharg'd with Dew, whoſe yielding Stalks cannot ſupport 'em? I have a Cordial which will much revive thy Spirits.
Tim. No, ſweet *Evandra*,
I have taken the beſt Cordial, Death, which now
Kindly begins to work about my Vitals;
I feel him, he comforts me at Heart.
Evan. Oh my dear *Timon*! muſt we then part?
That I ſhould live to ſee this fatal Day!
Had Death but ſeiz'd me firſt, I had been happy.
Tim My poor *Evandra*! lead me to my Grave!
Leſt Death o'ertake me... he purſues me hard:
He's cloſe upon me. 'Tis the laſt Office thou
Canſt do for *Timon.*
Evan. Hard, ſtubborn Heart,
Wilt thou not break yet? Death, why art thou coy
To me that courts thee?
Tim, Lay me gently down
In my laſt Tenement. Death's the trueſt Friend;
That will not flatter, but deals plainly with us.
So now my weary Pilgrimage on Earth
Is almoſt finiſht! Now, my beſt *Evandra*,
I charge thee, by our Loves, our mutual Loves,

Live, and live happy after me: and if
A Thought of *Timon* comes into thy Mind,
And brings a Tear from thee, let ſome diverſion
Baniſh it... quickly, ſtrive to forget me.

Evan. Oh *Timon*! Think'ſt thou I am ſuch a Coward
I will not keept my word? Death ſhall not part us.

Tim. If thou'lt not promiſe me to live, I cannot
Reſign my Life in Peace, I will be with thee,
After my Death; my Soul ſhall follow thee,
And hover ſtill about thee, and guard thee from all harm.

Evan. Life is the greateſt harm, when thou art dead.

Tim. Can'ſt thou forgive thy *Timon* who involv'd
Thee in his ſad Calamities?

Evan. It is a Bleſſing to ſhare any thing with thee!
Oh thou look'ſt pale! thy Countenance changes!
Oh whither art thou going?

Tim. To my laſt home. I charge thee live, *Evandra*;
Thou lov'ſt me not, if thou will not obey me;
Thou only Dear, Kind, Conſtant Thing on Earth,
Farewel. [*Dies.*

Evand. He's gone! he's gone! would all the World were ſo. I muſt make haſte, or I ſhall not o'ertake him in his Flight. *Timon*, I come, ſtay for me,
Farewel, baſe World. [*Stabs her ſelf. Dies.*

Enter Alcibiades, Phrynia, *and* Thais, *his Officers and Souldiers, and his Train, the Senators. The People by degrees aſſembling.*

Enter Meliſſa.

Mel. My *Alcibiades*, welcome! doubly welcome!
The Joys of Love and Conqueſt ever bleſs thee.
Wonder and Terrour of Mankind, and Joy
Of Woman-kind: now thy *Meliſſa*'s happy:
She has liv'd to ſee the utmoſt day ſhe wiſht for;

Her

Her *Alcibiades* return with Conqueſt
O'er this ungrateful City; and but that
I every day heard thou wert marching hither,
I had been with thee long e'er this.

Alcib. What Gay, Vain Prating Thing is this?

Mel. How, my Lord do you queſtion who *Meliſſa* is?
And give her ſuch foul Titles?

Alcib. I know *Meliſſa*, and therefore give her ſuch Titles:
For when the Senate baniſht me;
She would not ſee me, tho' upon her Knees
Before ſhe had ſworn Eternal Love to me;
I ſee thy Snares too plain, to be caught now.

Mel. I ne'er refus'd to ſee you, Heav'n can witneſs!
Who ever told you ſo, betray'd me baſely:
Not ſee you! ſure there's not a Sight on Earth
I'd chuſe before you: You make me aſtoniſh'd!

Alcib. All this you ſwore to *Timon*; and next day
Deſpis'd him... I have been inform'd
Of all your Falſehood, and I hate thee for't;
I have Whores, good honeſt faithful Whores!
Good Antidotes againſt thy Poiſon... Love;
Thy baſe falſe Love; and tell me, is not one
Kind, faithful, loving Whore, much better than
A thouſand baſe, Ill-natur'd honeſt Women?

Mel. I never thought I ſhould have liv'd to hear
This from my *Alcibiades*.

Alcib. Do not weep,
Since I once lik'd thee, I'll do ſomething for thee:
I have a Corporal that has ſerv'd me well,
I will prefer you to him.

Mel. How have I merited this Scorn... Farewel,
I'll never ſee you more. [*Exit.*

Alcib. I hope you will not.

Enter Soldiers with drawn Swords, haling in Apemantus
How now! what means this Violence?

1 *Sold.* My Lord, this ſnarling Villainous Philoſopher
With open mouth rail'd at the Army;
He ſaid the General was a Villain: ſhall we cut his Throat?

Alcib. No! touch him not! unhand him!
Why, *Apemantus*, didſt thou call me Villain?

Apem. I always ſpeak my Thoughts: not all
The Swords o' th' Army bent againſt my Throat
Can fright me from the Truth...

Alcib. Why doſt thou think I am one?

Apem. 'Tis true, that this baſe Town deſerves thy Scourge,
And all the Terrour and the Puniſhment,
Thou can'ſt inflict upon it: the Deed is good,
But yet thou doſt it ill; private Revenge,
Baſe Paſſion, headſtrong Luſt, incite thee to it;
Had they not banniſh'd thee, thou would'ſt have ſuffer'd
Wrong ſtill to proſper, and th' inſulting Tyrants
To thrive, ſwell and grow fat with their Oppreſſion,
And would'ſt have join'd in them.

Alcib. Thou rail'ſt too much for a Philoſopher.

Apem. Nay frown not, Lord, I fear thee not, nor love thee,
All thy good Parts thou drown'ſt in Vice and Riot,
In Paſſion and Vain-glory: how proud art thou
Of all thy Conqueſts... when a poor Rabble
Of Idle Rogues who elſe had been in Jayls,
Perform'd 'em for thee; How falſe is Soldiers Honour!
With Drums and Trumpets, and in the Face of day
With daring Impudence Men go to Murther Mankind..
But in the greateſt Actions of their Lives
The getting Men, they ſneak and hide themſelves
I' th' dark. I ſcorn your Folly and your Madneſs.

Alcib. Thou art a ſnarling Cur.

1 *Sold.* Shall I run him through?

Alcib. Hold.

Apem.

Apem. I fear thee not.

Alcib. My ever honoured *Socrates* favour'd thee,
And for his ſake I ſpare thee.

Apem. How much did *Socrates* loſe his Pains in thee!
Hadſt thou obſerv'd his Principles thou'dſt been honeſt

Enter Nicias, Thraſillus, Phæax, Iſidore, Iſander, Ælius, *and* Cleon, *with Halters about their Necks.*

Nici. We come, my Noble Lord, at thy Command,
And thus we humbly kneel before thy Mercy.

Phæax. Spare our Lives, and we'll employ 'em
In thy Service, worthy *Alcibiades.*

Alcib. Do you acknowledge you are ungrateful Knaves?

All. We do.

Alcib. And that you have uſed me baſely?

All. We have, but we are very ſorry.

Alcib. I ſhould do well to hang you for the Death
Of my brave Officer; but thouſand ſuch baſe Lives
As yours would not weigh with his. Go, ye have
Your Liberty. And now the People are aſſembled,
I will declare my Intentions towards them.

[*He aſcends the Pulpit.*

My Fellow Citizens! I will not now upbraid
You for the unjuſt Sentence paſt upon me;
In the Return of which I have ſubdu'd
Your Enemies and all revolted Places,
Made you Victorious both at Land and Sea,
And with continual Toil, and numberleſs Dangers
Stretcht out the Bounds of your Dominions far
Above your Hopes or Expectations.
I will not recount the many Enterpriſes,
No *Grecian* can be ignorant of. 'Tis enough
You know how I have ſerv'd you. Now it remains
I farther ſhou'd declare my ſelf. I come
Firſt to free you, good Citizens of *Athens*,

From

From the moſt Inſupportable Yokes
Of your four hundred Tyrants; and then next
To claim my own Eſtate, which has unjuſtly
By them been kept from me that rais'd them.
I do confeſs, I, in Revenge of your Decree
Againſt me, ſet up them, but never thought
They would have been ſuch curſed Tyrants to you;
Till now, they have gone on and fill'd the time
With moſt licentious Acts; making their Wills,
Their baſe corrupted Wills, the Scope of Juſtice,
While you in vain groan'd under all your Suff'rings.
Thus when a few ſhall Lord it o'er the reſt,
They govern for themſelves and not the People:
They rob and pill from them, from thence t' increaſe
Their private Stores; but when the Government is in the Body of the People, they will do themſelves no harm; Therefore henceforth I do pronounce the Government ſhall devolve upon the People, and may Heav'n proſper 'em.

[*People ſhout and cry*, Alcibiades! Alcibiades! *Long live* Alcib., *Liberty*, *Liberty*, *&c.* [Alcib. *deſcends.*

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Noble Lord, I went as you commanded,
And found Lord *Timon* dead, and his *Evandra*
Stab'd, and juſt by him lying in his Tomb,
On which was this Inſcription.

Alcib. I'll read it.

Here lies a wretched Corpſe, of wretched Soul bereft,
Timon *my Name, a Plague Conſume you Caitiffs left.*

Poor *Timon*! I once knew thee the moſt flouriſhing Man
Of all th' *Athenians*, and thou ſtill had'ſt been ſo,
Had not theſe ſmiling, flattering Knaves devour'd thee,

And

And Murder'd thee with baſe Ingratitude.
His Death pull'd on the poor *Evandras* too;
That Miracle of Conſtancy in Love.
Now all repair to their reſpective Homes,
Their ſeveral Trades, their Buſineſs and Diverſions;
And whilſt I guard you from your active Foes,
And fight your Battles, be you ſecure at home.
May Athens *flouriſh with a laſting Peace;*
And may its Wealth and Power ever increaſe.

All the People ſhout and cry, Alcibiades! Alcibiades!
Liberty Liberty, &c.

EPILOGUE.

IF there were hopes that ancient ſolid Wit
Might pleaſe within our new fantaſtick Pit;
This Play might then ſupport the Criticks ſhock,
This Scien *grafted upon* Shakeſpears *Stock;*
For join'd with his our Poets part might thrive,
Kept by the Vertue of his Sap alive.
Though now no more ſubſtantial Engliſh Plays,
Than good old Hoſpitality you praiſe;
The Time ſhall come when true old Sence ſhall riſe
In Judgment over all your Vanities.
Slight Kickſhaw-Wit o' th' Stage, French Meats at Feaſts
Now daily tantalize the hungry Gueſts;
While the old Engliſh Chine us'd to remain,
And many hungry Onſets would ſuſtain.
At theſe thin Feaſts each Morſel's ſwallow'd down,
And ev'ry thing but the Gueſts Stomach's gone.
At theſe new faſhion'd Feaſts you've but a Taſt,
With Meat or Wit you ſcarce can break a Faſt.
This Jantee *Slightneſs to the* French *we owe,*
And that makes all ſlight Wits admire 'em ſo.

They're

They're of one Level, and with little Pains
The Frothy Poet good reception gains;
But to hear Engliſh Wit there's uſe of Brains.
Though Sparks to imitate the French think fit
In Want of Learning, affectation, Wit,
And which is moſt, in Cloaths, we'll ne'er ſubmit.
Their Ships or Plays o'er ours ſhall ne'er advance,
For our Third Rates ſhall match the Firſt of France.
With Engliſh Judges this may bear the Teſt,
Who will for Shakeſpears *Part forgive the reſt.*
The Sparks judge but as they hear others ſay,
They cannot think enough to mind a Play.
They to catch Ladies (which they dreſs at) come,
Or 'cauſe they cannot read or think at home;
Each here doux yeux *and am'rous Looks imparts,*
Levels Crevats *and* Perriwigs *at Hearts;*
Yet they themſelves more than the Ladies mind,
And but for Vanity wou'd have 'em kind.
No Paſſion...
But for their own Dear Perſons them can move,
Th' admire themſelves too much to be in Love.
Nor Wit nor Beauty their hard Hearts can ſtrike,
Who only their own Senſe or Perſons like.
But to the Men of Wit our Poet flies,
To ſave him from Wits mortal Enemies.
Since for his Friends he has the beſt of thoſe,
Guarded by them he fears not little Foes.
And with each Miſtreſs we muſt Favour find,
They, for Evandras *ſake, will ſure be kind;*
At leaſt all thoſe to Conſtant Love inclin'd.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE TEMPEST: OR THE *ENCHANTED ISLAND.* A COMEDY.

Firſt written by
Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.
& ſince altered by
Sr. WILLIAM DAVENANT
AND
Mr. JOHN DRYDEN.



LONDON,
Printed for the Company.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

THE writing of Prefaces to Plays was probably invented by ſome very ambitious Poet, who never thought he had done enough: perhaps by ſome Ape of the French Eloquence, who uſe to make a buſineſs of a Letter of Gallantry, an Examen of a Farce, and in ſhort, a great pomp and oſtentation of words on every trifle. This is certainly the talent of that Nation, and ought not to be invaded by any other. They do that out of gaiety, which would be an impoſition upon us.

We may ſatisfie our ſelves with ſurmounting them in the ſenſe, and ſafely leave them thoſe trappings of writing, and flouriſhes of the pen, with which they adorn the borders of their Plays; and which are indeed no more than good Land-skips to a very indifferent Picture. I muſt proceed no farther in this Argument, leſt I run my ſelf beyond my excuſe for writing this. Give me leave therefore to tell you, Reader, that I do it not to ſet a value on any thing I have written in this Play, but out of gratitude to the Memory of Sir *William Davenant*, who did me the honour to join me with him in the alteration of it.

It was originally *Shakeſpear*'s, a Poet for whom he had particularly a high veneration, and whom he firſt taught me to admire. The Play it ſelf had formerly been acted with ſucceſs in the *Black-Fryers:* and our excellent *Fletcher* had ſo great a value for it, that he thought fit to make uſe of the ſame deſign, not much varied, a ſecond time. Thoſe who have ſeen his *Sea-Voyage*, may eaſily diſcern that it was a copy of *Shakeſpear*'s *Tempeſt:* the Storm, the deſart Iſland, and the Woman who had never ſeen a Man, are all ſufficient teſtimonies of it. But *Fletcher* was not the only Poet who made uſe of *Shakeſpear*'s Plot: Sir

John Suckling, a profeſs'd admirer of our Author; has follow'd his footſteps in his *Goblins*; his *Regmella* being an open imitation of *Shakeſpear*'s *Miranda*; and his Spirits, though counterfeit, yet are copied from *Ariel*. But Sir *William Davenant*, as he was a Man of quick and piercing imagination, ſoon found that ſomewhat might be added to the deſign of *Shakeſpear*, of which neither *Fletcher* nor *Suckling* had ever thought: and therefore to put the laſt hand to it, he deſign'd the Counterpart to *Shakeſpear*'s Plot, namely, that of a Man who had never ſeen a Woman; that by this means thoſe two Characters of Innocence and Love might the more illuſtrate and commend each other. This excellent contrivance he was pleas'd to communicate to me, and to deſire my aſſiſtance in it. I confeſs that from the very firſt moment it ſo pleas'd me, that I never writ any thing with more delight. I muſt likewiſe do him that juſtice to acknowledge, that my writing received daily his amendments, and that is the reaſon why it is not ſo faulty, as the reſt which I have done without the help or correction of ſo judicious a Friend. The Comical parts of the Saylors were alſo of his invention, and for the moſt part his writing, as you will eaſily diſcover by the ſtyle. In the time I writ with him, I had the opportunity to obſerve ſomewhat more nearly of him, than I had formerly done, when I had only a bare acquaintance with him: I found him then of ſo quick a fancy, that nothing was propos'd to him, on which he could not ſuddenly produce a thought extremely pleaſant and ſurprizing: and thoſe firſt thoughts of his, contrary to the old Latine Proverb, were not always the leaſt happy. And as his fancy was quick, ſo likewiſe were the products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other; and his imaginations were ſuch as could not eaſily enter

ter into any other Man. His corrections were ſober and judicious: and he corrected his own writings much more ſeverely than thoſe of another Man; beſtowing twice the time and labour in poliſhing, which he us'd in invention. It had perhaps been eaſie enough for me to have arrogated more to my ſelf than was my due in the writing of this Play, and to have paſs'd by his Name with ſilence in the publication of it, with the ſame ingratitude which others have us'd to him, whoſe writings he hath not only corrected, as he has done this, but has had a greater inſpection over them, and ſometimes added whole Scenes together, which may as eaſily be diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt, as true Gold from counterfeit by the weight. But beſides the unworthineſs of the action which deterred me from it (there being nothing ſo baſe as to rob the dead of his Reputation) I am ſatisfi'd I could never have receiv'd ſo much honour in being thought the Author of any Poem, how excellent ſoever, as I ſhall from the joining my imperfections with the merit and name of *Shakeſpear* and Sir *William Davenant*.

Decemb. 1669.

JOHN DRIDEN.

PROLOGUE.

As when a Tree's cut down the ſecret root
Lives under ground, and thence new branches ſhoot;
So, from old Shakeſpear's *honour'd duſt, this day*
Springs up and buds a new reviving Play.
Shakeſpear, *who (taught by none) did firſt impart*
To Fletcher *Wit, to labouring* Johnſon *Art.*
He Monarch-like gave thoſe his Subjects law,
And is that Nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher *reach'd that which on his heights did grow,*
Whilſt Johnſon *crept and gather'd all below.*
This did his Love, and this his Mirth digeſt:
One imitates him moſt, the other beſt.
If they have ſince out-writ all other Men,
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakeſpear's *pen.*
The Storm which vaniſh'd on the neighb'ring ſhore,
Was taught by Shakeſpear's *Tempeſt firſt to roar.*
That Innocence and Beauty which did ſmile
In Fletcher, *grew on this* Enchanted Iſle.
But Shakeſpear's *Magick could not copy'd be,*
Within that circle none durſt walk but he.
I muſt confeſs 't was bold, nor would you now,
That liberty to vulgar Wits allow,
Which works by Magick ſupernatural things:
But Shakeſpear's *pow'r is ſacred as a King's.*
Thoſe Legends from old Prieſt-hood were receiv'd,
And he then writ, as People then believ'd.
But, if for Shakeſpear *we your grace implore,*
We for our Theatre ſhall want if more:
Who by our dearth of Youths are forc'd t'employ
One of our Women to preſent a Boy.
And that's a tranſformation you will ſay
Exceeding all the Magick in the Play.
Let none expect in the laſt Act to find,
Her Sex tranſform'd from Man to Woman-kind.

What

What e'er she was before the Play began,
All you shall see of her is perfect Man.
Or if your fancy will be farther led,
To find her Woman, it must be in bed.

EPILOGUE.

GAllants, by all good signs it does appear,
That Sixty-Seven's a very damning year,
For Knaves abroad, and for ill Poets here.

Among the Muses there's a gen'ral rot.
The rhyming Monsieur and the Spanish Plot:
Defie or court, all's one, they go to pot.

The Ghosts of Poets walk within this place,
And haunt us Actors wheresoe'er we pass,
In Visions bloodier than King Richard's *was.*

For this poor Wretch he has not much to say,
But quietly brings in his part o' th' Play,
And begs the favour to be damn'd to-day.

He sends me only like a Sh'riffs Man here
To let you know the Malefactor's near;
And that he means to die, en Cavalier.

For if you shou'd be gracious to his pen,
Th' Example will prove ill to other Men,
And you'll be troubled with 'em all agen.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, Duke of *Savoy*, and Uſurper of the Dukedom of *Mantua*.

FERDINAND, his Son.

PROSPERO, right Duke of *Millan*.

ANTONIO, his Brother, Uſurper of the Dukedom.

GONZALO, a Nobleman of *Savoy*.

HIPPOLITO, one that never ſaw Woman, right Heir of the Dukedom of *Mantua*.

STEPHANO, Maſter of the Ship.

MUSTACHO, his Mate.

TRINÇALO, Boatſwain.

VENTOSO, a Mariner.

Several Mariners.

A Cabbin-Boy.

MIRANDA, and DORINDA. } (Daughters to *Proſpero*) that never ſaw Man.

ARIEL, an airy Spirit, attendant on *Proſpero*.

Several Spirits Guards to *Proſpero*.

CALIBAN and SYCORAX his Siſter. } Two Monſters of the Iſle.

THE TEMPEST, OR, THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

ACT. I.

SCENE I.

The Scene *represents a thick cloudy sky, a very rocky coast & a tempestuous Sea. This Tempest raised by Magick has many dreadful objects in it, as several spirits in horrid shapes flying down amongst the Sailors, then rising & crossing in the air. And when the ship is sinking the whole stage is darkened & a shower of fire falls upon them. This is accompanied with Lightning & several claps of Thunder, to the end of the Storm.*

Enter Mustacho *and* Ventoso.

VENTOSO

WHat a Sea comes in?

Must. A hoaming Sea! we shall have foul weather

Enter Trincalo.

Trinc. The ſcud comes againſt the wind; 'twill blow (hard!

Enter Stephono.

Steph. Boſen!

Trinc. Here, Maſter what cheer?

Steph. I'll weather! Let's off to Sea.

Muſt. Let's have ſea-room enough, and then let it blow the Devils head off.

Steph. Boy! Boy!

Enter Cabin-Boy.

Boy. Yaw, yaw, here Maſter.

Steph. Give the Pilot a dram of the Bottle.

Exeunt Stephano *and Boy.*

Enter Mariners and paſs over the Stage.

Trinc. Heigh, my hearts, chearly, chearly, my hearts, yare, yare.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Alon. Good Boſen have a care; where's the Maſter? Play the Men.

Trinc Pray keep below.

Ant. Where's the Maſter, Boſen?

Trinc. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; keep your Cabins, you help the ſtorm.

Gonz. Nay, good friend be patient.

Trinc. Ay, when the Sea is; Hence; what care theſe roarers for the name of Duke? To Cabin; ſilence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good Friend, remember whom thou haſt aboard.

Trinc. None that I love more than my ſelf. You are a Counſellour; if you can adviſe theſe Elements to ſilence; uſe your wiſdom: if you cannot, make your ſelf ready in the Cabin for the ill hour. Cheerly hood hearts! Out of our way, Sirs. [*Exeunt* Trincalo *and Mariners.*

Gonz.

Gonz. I have great comfort from this Fellow; methinks his complexion is perfect Gallows; ſtand faſt, good Fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his Deſtiny our cable, for our own does little advantage us: if he be not born to be hang'd we ſhall be drown'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Trincalo *and* Stephano.

Trinc. Up aloft Lads. Come, reef both top-ſails.

Steph. Let's weigh, let's weigh, and off to Sea.

[*Exit* Stephano.

Enter two Mariners and paſs over the Stage.

Trinc. Hands down! Man your Main-Capſtorm.

Enter Muſtacho *and* Ventoſo *at the other door.*

Muſt. Up aloft! And Man your Steer-Capſtorm.

Vent. My Lads, my hearts of Gold, get in your Capſtorm bar. Hoa up, hoa up, *&c.* (*Exeunt* Muſtacho *and* Ventoſo.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Hold on well! Hold on well! Nip well there; Quarter-Maſter, get's more nippers. [*Exit.* Stephano.

Enter two Mariners and paſs over again.

Trinc. Turn out, turn out, all hands to Capſtorm: You dogs, is this a time to ſleep? (Trincalo *whiſtles.* Heave together lads. [*Exeunt* Muſtacho *and* Ventoſo.

Muſt. within. Our Vial's broke.

Vent. within. 'Tis but our Vial blok has given way. Come heave Lads! We are fix'd again.
Heave together Bullys

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Cut off the Hamocks! Cut off the Hamocks; come my Lads: Come Bullies, chear up! Heave luſtily. The Anchor's a peek.

Trinc. Is the Anchor a peek?

Steph. Is a weigh! Is a weigh!

Trinc. Up aloft my Lads upon the Fore-Caſtle! Cut the Anchor, cut him.

All within. Haul catt, Haul catt, *&c.* Haul Catt, haul:

haul

haul, Catt, haul. Below.

Steph. Aft, aft! And looſe the Miſen!

Trinc. Get the miſen-tack aboard. Haul aft miſen-ſheet!

Enter Muſtacho.

Muſt. Looſe the main top ſail!

Steph. Furle him again, there's too much wind.

Trinc. Looſe foretail! Haul aft both ſheets! Trim her right afore the wind. Aft! aft! Lads, and hale up the Miſen here.

Muſt. A Mackrel-gale, Maſter.

Steph. within. Port hard, port! The wind grows ſcant, bring the Tack aboard. Port is. Star-board, ſtar-board; a little ſteady; now ſteady, keep her thus, no nearer you cannot come.

Enter Ventoſo.

Vent. Some hands down: the Guns are looſe. (*Ex* Muſt

Trinc. Try the pump, try the pump! [*Exit* Ventoſo.

Enter Muſtacho *at the other door.*

Muſt. O Maſter! Six foot water in hold.

Steph Clap the helm hard aboard! Flat, flat, flat in the fore ſheat there.

Trinc. Over-haul your fore boling.

Steph. Brace in the lar board. (*Exit.*

Trinc. A curſe upon this howling, [*A great cry within.* They are louder than the weather.

(*Enter* Antonio *and* Gonzalo.

Yet'again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Ha' you a mind to ſink?

Gonz. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blaſphemous, uncharitable Dog.

Trinc. Work you then, & be damn'd.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang, you whorſon inſolent noiſe-maker, we are leſs afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Trinc Brace off the fore-yard. [*Exit*

Gonz. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no ſtronger than a nut-ſhell, and as leaky as an unſtanch'd wench.

Enter

Enter Alonzo *and* Ferdinand.

Ferd. For my ſelf I care not, but your loſs brings a thouſand deaths to me

Alonze. O name not me, I am grown old, my Son; I now am tedious to the world, and that, by uſe, is ſo to me: but, *Ferdinand*, I grieve my ſubjects loſs in thee: Alas! I ſuffer juſtly for my crimes; but why thou ſhouldſt—O Heaven! Hark, farewel my Son a long-farewel! (*A cry within.*

Ferd. Some lucky plank, when we are loſt by Ship-wrack, waft hither, and ſubmit it ſelf beneath you. Your Bleſſing, and I die contented. (*Embrace, and Ex.*

Enter Trincalo, Muſtacho, *and* Ventoſo.

Trinc. What muſt our mouths be cold then?

Vent. All's loſt. To Prayers, to Prayers

Gonz. The Duke and Prince are gone within to Prayers Let's aſſiſt them.

Muſt. Nay, we may e'en pray too; our caſe is now alike.

Ant. We are meerly cheated of our lives by drunkards. This wide chopt Raſcal: would thou might'ſt lye drowning the long waſhing of ten tides.

(*Ex* Trincalo, Muſtacho, *and* Ventoſo.

Gonz. He'll be hang'd yet, though every drop of Water ſwears againſt it. Now would I give ten thouſand furlongs of Sea for one acre of barren ground; long-heath, broom-furs, or any thing. The wills above be done, but I would fain dye a dry death [*A confuſed noiſe within.*

Ant. Mercy upon us! we ſplit, we ſplit.

Gonz. Let's all ſink with the Duke, and the young Prince. *Exeunt.*

Enter Stephano, Trincalo.

Trinc The Ship is ſinking. (*A new cry within.*

Steph. Run her aſhore!

Trinc. Luffe! luffe! or we are all loſt! there's a Rock upon the ſtar-board bow.

Steph. She ſtrikes, ſhe ſtrikes! All ſhift for themſelves.

(*Exeunt.*

SCE-

SCENE II.

In the midst of the shower of fire the Scene changes. The cloudy sky, rocks, and sea vanish; and when the lights return, discover that beautiful part of the Island which was the Habitation of Prospero; *'Tis compos'd of three Walks of Cypresstrees, each side-walk leads to a Cave, in one of which* Prospero *keeps his Daughters, in the other* Hippolito: *The middle-Walk is of a great depth, and leads to an open part of the Island.*

Enter Prospero *and* Miranda.

Prosp. Miranda! where's your Sister?

Mir. I left her looking from the pointed rock,
At the walks end, on the huge beat of waters.

Prosp It is a dreadful object.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest Father, you
Have put them in this roar, allay 'em quickly.
Had I been any God of power, I would
Have sunk the Sea into the Earth, before
It should the Vessel so have swallowed.

Prosp. Collect your self, and tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mir. O woe the day!

Prosp. There is no harm:
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
My Daughter, and thy pretty Sister:
You both are ignorant of what you are,
Not knowing whence I am, nor that I'm more
Than *Prospero*, Master of a narrow Cell,
And thy unhappy Father.

Mir. I ne'er indeavour'd to know more than you were pleas'd to tell me.

Prosp. I should inform thee farther: wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort; the direful spectacle of the Wrack, which

which touch'd the very virtue of compaſſion in thee, I have with ſuch a pity ſafely order'd, that not one Creature in the Ship is loſt.

Mir. You often, Sir, began to tell me what I am; but then you ſtopt.

Proſp. The hour's now come; obey, and be attentive: Canſt thou remember a time before we came into this Cell? I do not think thou canſt; for then thou wert not full three years old.

Mir. Certainly I can, Sir.

Proſp. Tell me the image then of any thing which thou doſt keep in thy remembrance ſtill.

Mir. Sir, had I not four or five Women once that tended me?

Proſp. Thou hadſt, and more, *Miranda*: what ſee'ſt thou elſe in the dark back-ward, and abyſs of time?
If thou remembreſt ought e're thou cam'ſt here,
Then, how thou cam'ſt thou may'ſt remember too.

Mir. Sir, that I do not.

Proſp. Fifteen years ſince, *Miranda*, thy Father was the Duke of *Millan*, and a Prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my Father?

Proſp. Thy Mother was all virtue, and ſhe ſaid, thou waſt my Daughter, and thy Siſter too.

Mir. O Heavens! what foul play had we, that we hither came? or was't a bleſſing that we did?

Proſp. Both, both, my Girl.

Mir. How my heart bleeds to think what you have ſuffer'd But, Sir, I pray proceed,

Proſp. My Brother, and thy Uncle, call'd *Antonio*,
To whom I truſted then the manage of
My State, while I was wrap'd with ſecret ſtudies:
That falſe Uncle (do'ſt thou attend me Child?)

Mir. Sir, moſt heedfully.

Proſp. Having attain'd the craft of granting ſuits,
And of denying them; whom to advance,
Or lop for over toping, ſoon was grown
The ivy which did hide my Princely trunk,

And

And ſuckt the verdure out on t: thou attend'ſt not

Mir. O good Sir, I do.

Proſp. I thus neglecting worldly ends, and bent
To cloſeneſs, and the bettering of my mind,
Wak'd in my falſe Brother an evil nature:
He did belive
He was indeed the Duke, becauſe he then
Did execute the outward face of Soveraignty.
Do'ſt thou ſtill mark me?

Mir. Your ſtory would cure deafneſs.

Proſp. To have no ſcreen between the part he plaid,
And whom he plaid it for; he needs would be
Abſolute *Millan*, and confedatates
(So dry he was for ſway) with *Savoy*'s Duke,
To give him Tribute, and to do him homage.

Mir. Falſe Man!

Proſp. This Duke of *Savoy* being an Enemy,
To me inveteterate, ſtrait grants my Brother's ſuit,
And on a night, mated to his deſign, *Antonio* opened the Gates of *Millan*, and i'th' dead of darkneſs, hurri'd me thence with thy young Siſter, and thy crying ſelf.

Mir. But wherefore did they not that hour deſtroy us?

Proſp. They durſt not, Girl, in *Millan*, for the love my People bore me. In ſhort, they hurri'd us away to *Savoy*, and thence aboard a Bark at *Niſſa*'s Port: bore us ſome leagues to Sea, where they prepar'd a rotten carkaſs of a Boat, not rigg'd, no tackle, ſail, nor maſt; the very Rats inſtinctively had quit it: they hoiſted us, to cry to Seas which roar'd to us; to ſigh to Winds, whoſe pity ſighing back again, did ſeem to do us loving wrong.

Mir. Alack! what trouble was I then to you?

Proſp. Thou and thy Siſter were two Cherubins, which did preſerve me: you both did ſmile, infus'd with fortitude from Heaven.

Mir. How came we aſhore?

Proſp. By Providence divine,
Some food we had, and ſome freſh water, which a Noblemen of *Savoy*, called *Gonzalo*, appointed Maſter of

that

that black design, gave us; with rich garments, and all necessaries, which since have steaded much: and of his gentleness (knowing I lov'd my Books) he furnisht me from mine own Library, with volumes which I prize above my Dukedom.

Mir. Would I might see that Man.

Pros. Here in this Island we arriv'd, and here have I your Tutor been. But by my skill I find that my Mid-Heaven doth depend on a most happy Star, whose influence if I now court not, but omit, my Fortunes will ever after droop. Here cease more question, thou art inclin'd to sleep: 'tis a good dullness, and give it way; I know thou canst not chuse. [*She falls asleep*

Come away my Spirit; I am ready now, approach my *Ariel*, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. All hail great Master, grave Sir, hail, I come
To answer thy best pleasure, be't to fly,
To swim, to shoot into the fire, to ride
n the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel and all his qualities.

Pros. Hast thou, Spirit,
Perform'd to point the Tempest that I bade thee?

Ariel. To every article.
I boarded the Duke's Ship, now on the Beak,
Now in the Waste, the Deck, in every Cabin,
I flam'd amazement; and sometimes I seem'd
To burn in many places on the Top-mast,
The Yards and Bore-sprit; I did flame distinctly;
Nay once I rain'd a shower of fire upon them.

Pros. My brave Spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Did not infect his reason?

Ariel. Not a Soul
But felt a feaver of the mind, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation; all, but the Mariners,

Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the Veſſel;
The Duke's Son, *Ferdinand*,
With hair upſtairing (more like reeds than hair)
Was the firſt Man that leap'd; cry'd, Hell is empty,
And all the Devils are here.

Proſp. Why that's my Spirit;
But was not this nigh ſhore?

Ariel. Cloſe by, my Maſter.

Proſp. But, *Ariel*, are they ſafe?

Ariel. Not a hair periſht.
In troops I have diſper'd them round this Iſle.
The Duke's Son I have landed by himſelf,
Whom I have left warming the air with ſighs,
In an odd angle of the Iſle, and ſitting,
His arms folded in this ſad knot.

Proſp. Say how thou haſt diſpos'd the Mariners
Of the Duke's Ship, and all the reſt of the Fleet.

Ariel. Safely in Harbour.
Is the Duke's Ship, in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dſt me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the ſtill vext *Bermoothes*, there ſhe's hid,
The Mariners all under hatches ſtow'd,
Whom, with a charm, join'd to their ſuffer'd labour,
I've left aſleep; and for the reſt o' th' Fleet
(Which I diſperſt) they all have met again,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* float,
Bound ſadly home for *Italy*;
Suppoſing that they ſaw the Duke's Ship wrackt,
And his great perſon periſh.

Proſp. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' th' day?

Ariel. Paſt the mid-ſeaſon. [now

Proſp. At leaſt two glaſſes: the time 'tween ſix and
Muſt by us both be ſpent moſt precioufly.

Ariel. Is there more toyl? ſince thou doſt give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Proſp.

Prosp. How now, *Moodie*?
What is't thou canst demand?
Ariel. My liberty.
Prosp. Before the time be out? no more.
Ariel. I prithee!
Remember I have done thee faithful service,
Told thee no lyes, have made thee no mistakings,
Serv'd without grudge, or grumblings: Thou didst pro-
To bate me a full year. (mise;
Prosp. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ariel. No.
Prosp. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep:
To run against the sharp wind of the north,
To do my business in the veins of th' Earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ariel. I do not, Sir.
Prosp. Thou ly'st, malignant thing! hast thou forgot
The foul Witch *Sycorax*, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop; hast thou forgot her?
Ariel. No, Sir!
Prosp. Thou hast; where was she born? speak, tel me
Ariel. Sir, in *Argier*.
Prosp. Oh, was she so! I must
Once every month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For mischiefs manifold, and Sorceries too terrible
To enter humane hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'st was banisht: but for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: is not this true?
Areil. Ay, Sir. [child,
Prosp. This blew-ey'd Hag was hither brought with-
And here was left by th' Saylors; thou, my Slave,
As thou report'st thy self, wast then her Servant;
And 'cause thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee;

By help of her more potent Miniſters,
Into a cloven Pine, within whoſe riſt
Impriſon'd, thou didſt painfully remain
A dozen years; within which ſpace ſhe dy'd,
And left thee there: where thou didſt vent thy groans;
As faſt as Mill-weels ſtrike. Then was this Iſle,
(Save for two Brats, which ſhe did litter here,
The brutiſh *Caliban*, and his twin Siſter,
Two freckel'd-hag-born Whelps) not honour'd with
A humane ſhape.

Areil. Yes! *Caliban* her Son, and *Sycorax* his Siſter.

Proſp. Dull thing, ſay ſo; he, that *Caliban*;
And ſhe that *Sycorax*, whom I now keep in ſervice.
Thou beſt knows
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make Wolves howl, and penetrate the breaſts
Of ever angry Bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could ne'er again undo: It was my Art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, made the Pine
To gape and let thee out.

Ariel. I thank thee, Maſter.

Proſp. If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an Oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails.
Till thou haſt howl'd away twelve Winters more.

Ariel. Pardon, Maſter,
I will be correſpondent to command,
And be a gentle Spirit.

Proſp Do ſo, and after two days I'll diſcharge thee.

Ariel. That's my noble Maſter:
What ſhall I do? ſay! what, what ſhall I do;

Proſp. Be ſubject to no ſight but mine;
Inviſible to every eye-ball elſe: hence with diligence.
My Daughter wakes: Anon thou ſhalt more.
Tou haſt ſlept well my Child. [*Exit Ariel.*

Mir. The ſadneſs of your ſtory put heavineſs in me.

Proſp. Shake it off? come on, I'll now call
Caliban, my ſlave, who never yields us a kind anſwer,

Mir.

Mir. 'Tis a creature, Sir, I do not love to look on.

Prosp. But as 'tis, we cannot miss him; he does make our fire fetch in our wood, and serve in offices that profit us: What hoa! Slave! *Caliban*! thou Earth thou, speak.

Calib. within There's wood enough within.

Prosp. Come forth, I say, there's other business for thee. Come thou Tortoise, when? (*Enter* Ariel.

Fine Apparition, my quaint *Ariel*,
Hark in thy ear.

Ariel. My Lord it shall be done. (*Exit.*

Prosp. Thou poisonous Slave, got by the Devil himself upon thy wicked Dam, come forth.

Enter Caliban.

Calib. As wicked dew, as e'er my Mother brush'd with Raven's feather from unwholsome fens, drop on you both: A Southwest blow on you, and blister you all o'er.

Prosp. For this be sure, to-night thou shalt have Cramps, side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath up; Urchins shall prick thee till thou bleed'st: thou shalt be pinch'd as thick as Honey-combs, each pinch more stinging, than the Bees which made 'em.

Calib. I must eat my dinner: this Island's mine by *Sycorax* my Mother, which thou took'st from me. When thou cam'st first, thou strok'st me and mad'st much of me, would'st give me water with berries in't, and teach me how to name the bigger Light, and how the less, that burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee, and shew'd thee all the qualities o'th Isle, the fresh-springs, brine-*Pits*, barren places, and fertil: Curs'd be I, that I did so: All the Charms of *Sycorax*, Toads, Beetles, Batts light on thee, for I am all the Subjects that thou hast. I first was mine own Lord: and here thou stay'st me in this hard Rock, whiles thou dost keep me from the rest o'th' Island.

Prosp. Thou most lying Slave, whom stripes may

move, not kindneſs; I have us'd thee (filth that thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee in mine own Cell; till thou didſt ſeek to violate the honour of my Children.

Calib. Oh ho, Oh ho, would t' had been done: thou did'ſt prevent me, I had peopl'd elſe this Iſle with *Calibans*.

Proſp. Abhor'd Slave!
Who ne'er would any print of goodneſs take, being capable of all ill: I pity'd thee, took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour one thing or other; when thou didſt not, Savage, know thy own meaning, but would'ſt gabble, like a thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes with words which made them known: But thy wild race (though thou did'ſt learn) had that in't, which good natures could not abide to be with: therefore waſt thou deſervedly pent up into this Rock.

Calib. You taught me langague, and my profit by it is, that I know to curſe: the red Botch rid you for learning me your langague.

Proſp. Hag-ſeed hence: fetch us in fewel, and be quick to anſwer other buſineſs: ſhrugſt thou, Malice? if thou neglecteſt or doſt unwillingly what I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps, fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar, that Beaſts ſhall tremble at thy din.

Calib. No prethee.
I muſt obey: His Art is of ſuch power,
It would controul my Dam's God, *Setebos*,
And make a Vaſſal of him.

Proſp. So Slave, hence.

[*Exeunt* Proſpero *and* Caliban *ſeverally.*

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Oh Siſter! what have I beheld!

Mir. What is it moves you ſo?

Dor. From yonder rock,
As I my eyes caſt down upon the Seas;

The whistling winds blew rudely on my face,
And the Waves roar'd; at first I thought the War
Had been between themselves; but straight I spy'd
A huge great Creature.

Mir. O, you mean the Ship.

Dor. Is't not a Creature then? it seem'd alive.

Mir. But what of it?

Dor. This floating Ram did bear his horns above;
All ty'd with ribbands, ruffling in the wind;
Sometimes he nodded down his head a while,
And then the waves did heave him to the Moon,
He clamb'ring to the top of all the billows,
And then again he curtsy'd down so low,
I could not see him: till at last, all side long
With a great crack his belly burst in pieces.

Mir. There all had perisht
Had not my Father's Magick Art reliev'd them.
But, Sister, I have stranger news to tell you;
In this great Creature there were other Creatures,
And shortly we may chance to see that thing,
Which you have heard my Father call a Man.

Dor. But what is that? for yet he never told me.

Mir. I know no more than you: but I have heard
My Father say we Women were made for him.

Dor. What, that he should eat us, Sister?

Mir. No sure, you see my Father is a Man, and yet he does us good. I would he were not old.

Dor. Methinks indeed it would be finer, if we two had two young Fathers.

Mir. No Sister, no, if they were young, my Father said that we must call them Brothers.

Dor. But pray how does it come that we two are not Brothers then, and have not beards like him?

Mir. Now I confess you pose me.

Dor. How did he come to be our Father too?

Mir. I think he found us when we both were little, and grew within the ground.

Dor. Why could he not find more of us? Pray Sister let

let you and I look up and down one day, to find ſome little ones for us to play with.

Mir. Agreed; but now we muſt go in. This is the hour wherein my Father's Charm will work,
Which ſeizes all who are in open Air:
Th'effect of his great Art I long to ſee,
Which will perform as much as Magick can.

Dor. And I' methinks, more long to ſee a Man.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. II.

SCENE I.

The Scene changes to a wilder part of the Iſland; 'tis compoſed of divers ſorts of trees & barren-places, & a proſpect of the Sea at a diſtance.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo, *Attendants.*

GONZALO.

BEſeech your Grace be merry; you have cauſe, ſo have we all, of joy for our ſtrange ſcape: then wiſely, good Sir, weigh our ſorow with our comfort.

Alonz. Prithee peace! you cram theſe words into my ears againſt my ſtomach. How can I rejoice, when my dear Son perhaps this very moment, is made a meal to ſome ſtrange Fiſh?

Ant. Sir, he may live,

I saw him beat the billows under him, and ride upon their backs, he trod the water, whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted the most swoln surge that met him, his bold head 'bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd himself with his strong arms to shore: I do not doubt he came alive to land.

Alonz. No, no, he's gone, and you and I, *Antonio*, were those who caus'd his death.

Ant. How could we help it?

Alonz. Then, then, we should have helpt it, when thou betrayed'st thy Brother *Prospero*, and *Mantua*'s Infant Sovereign to my power: And when I, too ambitious, took by force another's right; then lost we *Ferdinand*, then forfeited our Navy to this Tempest.

Ant. Indeed we first broke truce with Heav'n;
You to the waves an Infant Prince expos'd,
And on the waves have lost an only Son;
I did usurp my Brother's fertile lands,
And now am cast upon this desart Isle.

Gonz. These, Sir, 'tis true were crimes of a black dye,
But both of you have made amends to Heav'n,
By your late Voyage into *Portugal*,
Where in defense of Christianity,
Your valour has repuls'd the *Moors* of *Spain*.

Alonz. O name it not, *Gonzalo*.
No act but penitence can expiate guilt.
Must we teach Heaven what price to set on murthers?
What rate on lawless power, and wild ambition?
Or dare we traffick with the Powers above,
And sell by weight a good deed for a bad? (*Musick within*

Gonz. Musick! and in the air! sure we are shipwrackt
On the Dominions of some merry Devil.

Ant. This Isle's inchanted ground, for I have heard
Swift voices flying by my ear, and groans
Of sad lamenting Ghosts.

Alonz. I pull'd a Tree, and blood pursu'd my hand;
O Heaven! deliver me from this dire place,
And all the after actions of my life

Shall mark my Penitence and my bounty. Heark!
The ſounds aproach us. (*A Dialogue within ſung in parts.*

1. D. *Where does proud Ambition dwell?*
2. *In the loweſt rooms of Hell.*
1. *Of the damn'd who leads the Hoſt?*
2. *He who did oppreſs the moſt.*
1. *Who ſuch Troops of damned brings?*
2. *Moſt are led by fighting Kings:*
Kings who did Crowns unjuſtly get,
Here on burning Thrones are ſet.

Chor. *Kings who did Crowns*, &c.

Ant. Do you hear, Sir, how thy lay our crimes before (us?
Gonz. Do evil Spirits imitate the good,
In ſhewing Men their Sins?
Alonz. But in a different way,
Thoſe warn from doing, theſe upbraid 'em done.

1. *Who are the Pillars of Ambition's Court?*
2. *Grim Deaths and Scarlet Murthers it ſupport.*
1. *What lyes beneath her feet?*
2. *Her footſteps tread,*
On Orphans tender breaſts, and Brothers dead.
1. *Can Heaven permit ſuch crimes ſhould be*
Rewarded with felicity?
2. *Oh no! Uneaſily their Crowns they wear,*
And their own guilt amidſt their Guards they fear.
Cares when they wake their minds unquiet keep,
And we in Viſions lord it o'er their ſleep.

Cho *Oh no! Uneaſily their Crowns*, &c.

Alonz. See where they come in horrid ſhapes!

Enter the two that ſung, in ſhape of Devils, placing themſelves at two corners of the Stage.

Ant. Sure Hell is open to devour us quick.
1. D. *Say Brother, ſhall we bear theſe Mortals hence?*
2. *Firſt let us ſhew the ſhapes of their offence.*
1. *We'll muſter then their crimes on either ſide:*
Appear! Appear! Their firſt begotten, Pride. [Enter Pride.

Pride.

Pride. *Lo! I am here, who led their hearts aſtray,*
And to Ambition did their minds betray.

(Enter Fraud.

Fraud. *And guileful Fraud does next appear,*
Their wandring ſteps who led,
When they from Virtue fled,
And in my crooked paths their courſe did ſteer.

(Enter Rapine.

Rap. *From Fraud to Force they ſoon arrive,*
Where Rapine did their actions drive.

[Enter Murther.

Mur. *There long they cannot ſtay,*
Down the deep precipice they run,
And to ſecure what they have done,
To murder bend their way.

[After which they fall into a round encompaſſing the Duke, *&c.*

SINGING.

Around, around, we pace
About this curſed place,
Whilſt thus we compaſs in
Theſe Mortals and their ſin. *Dance*

[*All the Spirits vaniſh*

Ant. Heaven has heard me! They are vaniſh'd.
Alonz. But they have left me all unman'd.
I feel my ſinews ſlacken'd with the fright,
And a cold ſweat trills down o'er all my limbs,
As if I were diſſolving into water.
O *Proſpero!*
My crimes 'gainſt thee ſit heavy on my heart.
Ant. And mine, 'gainſt him and young *Hippolito.*
Gonz. Heaven have mercy on the penitent!
Alonz. Lead from this curſed ground;
The Seas, in all their rage, are not ſo dreadful.
This is the Region of Deſpair and Death.

Gonz.

Gonz. Shall we not ſeek ſome food?

Alonz. Beware all fruit but what the Brids have peck'd;
The ſhadows of the Trees are poiſonous too;
A ſecret venom ſlides from every branch.
My Conſcience doth diſtract me, O my Son!
Why do I ſpeak of eating or repoſe;
Before I know fortune? (*Exeunt.*

Enter Ferdinand; *and* Ariel *inviſible, playing and ſinging.*

Ariel's *Song.*

Come unto theſe yellow ſands
And then take hands.
Curtſy'd when you have and kiſs'd,
The wild waves whiſt.
Foot it featly here and there, and ſweet ſprights bear the Burthen. (Burthen diſperſedly.
Hark. Hark! Bow-waugh; the Watch-dogs bark,
Bow waugh.
Hark! Hark! I hear the ſtrain of ſtrutting Chanticleer
Cry Cock a doodle do.

Ferd. Where ſhould this Muſick be? i th' Air, or th' Earth?
It ſounds no more, and ſure it waits upon
Some God o' th' Iſland, ſitting on a bank,
Weeping againſt the Duke my Father's wrack,
This Muſick hover'd o'er me on the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my paſſion
With charming Airs; thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather; but 'tis gone;
No, it begins again.

Ariel. *Song.*

Full fathoms five thy Father lyes;
Of his bones is Coral made;

Thoſe

Those are Pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that does fade,
But does suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange:
Sea Nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark now I hear 'em, Ding dong bell.
(Burthen, *Ding dong.*
[ther,

Ferd. The mournful ditty mentions my drown'd Fa-
This is no mortal business, nor a sound
Which the Earth owns: I hear it now before me,
However I will on and follow it. (*Ex.* Ferd. *and* Ariel.

SCENE II.

Another wild part of the Island.

Enter Stephano, Mustacho, Ventoso.

VENTOSO.

The Runlet of Brandy was a loving Runlet, and floated after us out of pure pity.

Must This kind bottle, like an old acquaintance, swam after it. And this scollop shell is all our plate now.

Vent. 'Tis well we have found something since we landed. prethee fill a soop, and let it go round. Where hast thou laid the Runlet?

Must. I' th' hollow of an old tree.

Vent Fill apace, we cannot live long in this barren Island, & we may take a soop before death, as well as others drink at our Funerals.

Must This is Prize-Brandy, we steal Custom, and it costs nothing. Let's have two rounds more.

Vent. Master, what have you sav'd?

Steph. Just nothing but my self.

Vent.

Vent. This works comfortably on a cold ſtomach.

Steph. Fill's another round.

Vent. Look! *Muſtacho* weeps. Hang loſſes as long as we have Brandy left. Prithee leave weeping.

Steph. He ſheds his Brandy out of his eyes: he ſhall drink no more.

Muſt. This will be a doleful day with old *Beſs.* She gave me a gilt nutmeg at parting. That's loſt too. But as you ſay, hang loſſes. Prithee fill agen.

Vent. Beſhrew thy heart for putting me in mind of thy Wife; I had not thought of mine elſe. Nature will ſhew it ſelf, I muſt melt. I prithee fill agen, my Wife's a good old Jade, and has but one eye left: but ſhe'll weep out that too, when ſhe hears that I am dead.

Sreph. Would you were both hang'd for putting me in thought of mine. But well, if I return not in ſeven years to my own Conntry, ſhe may marry again: and'tis from this Iſland thither at leaſt ſeven years ſwimming.

Muſt. O at leaſt, having no help of Boat nor Bladders.

Steph. Whoe'er ſhe marries, poor Soul, ſhe'll weep a nights when ſhe thinks of *Stephano.*

Vent. But Maſter, ſorrow is dry; here's for you again.

Steph. A Mariner had e'en as good be a Fiſh as a Man, but for the comfort we get aſhore: O for any old dry Wench now I am wet.

Muſt. Poor heart! That would ſoon make you dry again: but all is barren in this Iſle: here we may lye at hull till the Wind blow nore and by ſouth, e'er we can cry a Sail, a Sail, at ſight of a white apron. And therefore here's another ſoop to comfort us

Vent. This Iſle's our own, that's our comfort; for the Duke, the Prince, and all their train are periſhed

Muſt. Our Ship is ſunk, and we can never get home again: we muſt e'en turn Savages, and the next that catches his Fellow may eat him.

Vent. No, no, let us have a Government! for if we

live well and orderly, Heav'n will drive the Shipwracks ashore to make us all rich; therefore let us carry good consciences, and not eat one another.

Steph. Whoever eats any of my Subjects, I'll break out his teeth with my Scepter: for I was Master at Sea, and will be Duke on Land. You *Mustacho* have been my Mate, and shall be my Vice-Roy.

Vent. When you are Duke you may chuse your Vice Roy; but I am a free Subject in a new Plantation, and will have no Duke without my voice. And so fill me the other soop.

Steph whispering.] *Ventoso*, dost thou hear, I will advance thee, prithee give me thy Voice.

Vent. I'll have no whisperings to corrupt the Election; and to show that I have no private ends, I declare aloud, that I will be Vice-Roy; or I'll keep my voice for my self.

Must. Stephano, hear me, I will speak for the People because they are few, or rather none in the Isle to speak for themselves. Know then, that to prevent the farther shedding of Christian blood, we are all content *Ventoso* shall be Vice-Roy, upon condition I may be Viceroy over him. Speak good People, are you all agreed? What, no man answer? Well, you may take their silence for consent.

Vent. You speak for the People, *Mustacho*? I'll speak for 'em, and declare generally with one voice, one and all, that there shall be no Vice-Roy but the Duke, unless I be he.

Must. You declare for the People, who never saw your face! Cold iron shall decide it. [*Both draw.*

Steph. Hold, loving Subjects: we will have no Civil-War during our Reign: I do hereby appoint you both to be my Vice-Roys over the whole Island.

Both. Agreed! Agreed!

Enter Trincalo, *with a great bottle, half drunk.*

Vent.

Vent. How! *Trincalo* our brave Boſen!

Muſt. He reels: can he be drunk with Sea water?

Trinc. Sings. I ſhall no more to Sea, to Sea;
Here I ſhall dye aſhore.

This is a very ſcurvy tune to ſing at a Man's Funeral; But here's my comfort. (*Drinks.*

SINGS.

The Maſter, the Swabber, the Gunner, and I,
The Surgeon, and his Mate,
Lov'd Mall, Mag, *and* Marrian, *and* Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate.
For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Wou'd cry to a Saylor, go hang:
She lov'd not the ſavour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a Taylor might ſcratch her where e'er ſhe did itch.

This is a ſcurvy tune too, but there's my comfort again (*Drinks.*

Steph. We have got another Subject now; welcome, welcome into our Dominions!

Trinc. What Subject, or what Dominions? Here's old Sack boys: the King of good Fellows can be no Subject I will be Old *Simon* the King.

Muſt. Hah, old Boy! How didſt thou ſcape?

Trinc. Upon a But of Sack, Boys, which the Saylors threw overboard! But are you alive, hoa! for I will tipple with no Ghoſts till I'm dead. Thy hand *Muſtacho*, and thine *Ventoſo*; the ſtorm has done its worſt: *Stephano* alive too! Give thy Boſen thy hand, Maſter.

Vent. You muſt kiſs it then, for I muſt tell you, we have choſen him Duke in a full Aſſembly.

Trinc. A Duke! Where? What's he Duke of?

Muſt. Of this Iſland, Man. Oh *Trincalo* we are all made, the Iſland's empty; all's our own, Boy; and we will ſpeak to his Grace for thee, that thou may'ſt be as great as we are.

Trinc

Trinc. You great! What the Devil are you?

Vent. We two are Vice-Roys over all the Island; and when we are weary of governing thou shalt succeed us.

Trinc. Do you hear, *Ventoso*, I will succeed you in both your places before you enter into 'em.

Steph. *Trincalo*, sleep and be sober; and make no more uproars in my Country.

Trinc. Why, what are you, Sir, what are you?

Steph. What I am, I am by free Election; and you *Trincalo* are not your self; but we pardon your first fault, because it is the first day of our Reign.

Trinc. Umph, were matters carried so swimmingly against me while I was swimming, and saving my self for the good of the People of this Island?

Must. Art thou mad, *Trincalo*, wilt thou disturb a setled Government?

Trinc. I say this Island shall be under *Trincalo*, or it shall be a Common-wealth; and so my Bottle is my Buckler, and so I draw my Sword. (*Draws*

Vent. Ah *Trincalo*, I thought thou hadst had more grace, than to rebell against thy old Master, and thy two lawfull Vice Roys.

Must. Wilt not thou take advice of two that stand for old Counsellors here, where thou art a meer stranger to the Laws of the Country?

Trinc. I'll have no Laws.

Vent. Then Civil-War begins (*Vent. Must.* draw.

Steph. Hold, hold, I'll have no blood-shed: my Subjects are but few; let him make a Rebellion by himself; and a Rebel, I Duke *Stephano* declare him: Vice-Roys, come away.

Trinc. And Duke *Trincalo* declares, that he will make open War wherever he meets thee or thy Vice-Roys.

(*Ex.* Steph. Must. Vent

Enter Caliban *with wood upon his back.*

Trinc. Hah! Who have we here?

Calib. All the infections that the Sun ſucks up from fogs, fens, flats, on *Proſpero* fall; and make him by inch-meal a diſeaſe: his Spirits hear me, and yet I needs muſt curſe; but they'll not pinch, fright me with Urchin ſhows, pitch me i' th' mire, nor lead me in the dark out of my way, unleſs he bid 'em: but for every trifle he ſets them on me; ſometimes like Baboons they mow and chatter at me, and often bite me; like Hedge-hogs then they mount their prickles at me, tumbling before me in my barefoot way. Sometimes I am all wound about with Adders, who with their cloven tongues hiſs me to madneſs. Hah! Yonder ſtands one of his Spirits ſent to torment me.

Trinc. What have we here, a Man, or a Fiſh? This is ſome Monſter of the Iſle. Were I in *England*, as once I was, and had him painted; not a Holy-day Fool there but would give me ſixpence for the ſight of him: well, if I could make him tame, he were a preſent for an Emperour. Come hither pretty Monſter, I'll do thee no harm; Come hither!

Calib. Torment me not; I'll bring the wood home faſter.

Trinc. He talks none of the wiſeſt: but I'll give him a dram o' th' Bottle; that will clear his underſtanding. Come on your ways Maſter Monſter, open your mouth. How now, you perverſe Moon-calf! What, I think you cannot tell who is your Friend! Open your chops, I ſay. (*Pours Wine down his throat.*

Calib. This is a brave God, and bears Cœleſtial liquor; I'll kneel to him.

Trinc. He is very hopeful Monſter. Monſter what ſay'ſt thou, art thou content to turn civil and ſober, as I am? For then thou ſhalt be my Subject.

Calib. I'll ſwear upon that bottle to be true; for the liquor is not earthly: didſt thou not drop from Heaven?

Trinc. Only out of the Moon; I was the Man in her when time was. By this light, a very ſhallow Monſter.

Calib. I'll ſhew thee every fertile inch i' th' Iſle, and kiſs

kiſs thy foot: I prithee be my God, and let me drink.

[*Drinks again.*

Trinc. Well drawn, Monſter, in good faith.

Calib. I'le ſhew thee the beſt Springs, I'le pluck thee Berries, I'le fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough. A curſe upon the Tyrant whom I ſerve, I'll bear him no more ſticks, but follow thee.

Trinc. The poor Monſter is loving in his drink:

Calib. I prithee let me bring thee where Crabs grow, and I, with my long nails, will dig thee Pig-nuts, ſhew thee a Jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how to ſnare the Marmazet; I'll bring thee to cluſter'd Filberds; wilt thou go with me?

Trinc. This Monſter comes of a good natur'd Race; Is there no more of thy kin in this Iſland?

Calib. Divine, here is but one beſides my ſelf; my lovely Siſter, beautiful and bright as the full Moon.

Trinc. Where is ſhe?

Calib. I left her clambring up a hollow Oak, and plucking thence the droping Honey-combs. Say my King, ſhall I call her to thee?

Trinc. She ſhall ſwear upon the bottle too. If ſhe proves handſome ſhe is mine: Here Monſter, drink again for thy good news; thou ſhalt ſpeak a good word for me.

[*Gives him the Bottle.*

Calib. Farewel, Old Maſter, farewel, farewel.

SINGS.

No more damms I'll make for Fiſh,
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor ſcrape trencher, nor waſh diſh.
Ban, ban, cakaliban
Has a new Maſter, get a new Man.
Heigh-day, freedom! freedom!

Trinc Heres' two Subjects got already, the Monſter and his Siſter Well, Duke *Stephano*, I ſay, and ſay

again, wars will enſue, and ſo I drink. [*Drinks*] From this worſhipful Monſter, and Miſtriſs Monſter his Sifter, I'll lay claim to this Iſland by Alliance. Monſter, I ſay thy Sifter ſhall be my Spouſe: Come away Brother Monſter, I'll lead thee to my Butt and drink her health.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Cypreſs Trees and Caves.

Enter Proſpero *alone.*

PROSPERO.

'Tis not yet fit to let my Daughters know
I kept the infant Duke of *Mantua*.
So near them in this Iſle, whoſe Father dying
Bequeath'd him to my care, till my falſe Brother
Wen he deſign'd t' uſurp my Dukedom from me
Expos'd him to that Fate he meant for me.
By calculation of his birth I ſaw
Death threat'ning him, if, till ſome time were paſt,
He ſhould behold the face of any Woman:
And now the danger's nigh— *Hippolito!*

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. Sir, I attend your pleaſure.

Proſp. How I have lov'd thee from thy infancy,
Heav'n knows, and thou thy ſelf canſt bear me witneſs,
Therefore accuſe not me for thy reſtraint.

Hip. Since I knew life you've kept me in a Rock,
And you this day have hurry'd me from thence,
Only to change my priſon, not to free me.
I murmur not, but I may wonder at it.

Proſp. O gentle Youth, Fate waits for thee abroad

A

A black Star threatens thee, and Death unſeen
Stands ready to devour thee.

Hip. Sir you taught me,
Not to fear him in any of his ſhapes:
Let me meet Death rather than be a Pris'ner.

Proſp. 'Tis pity he ſhould ſeize thy tender youth.

Hip. Sir, I have heard you ſay, no Creature liv'd
Within this Iſle, but thoſe which Man was Lord of.
Why then ſhould I fear? (thee,

Proſp. But here are Creatures which I nam'd not to
Who ſhare Man's Sovereignty by Natures Laws,
And oft depoſe him from it.

Hip. What are thoſe Creatures, Sir?

Proſp. Thoſe dangerous Enemies of Men, call'd Wo-

Hip. Women! I never heard of them before. [men.
But have I Enemies within this Iſle?
And do you keep me from them? Do you think
That I want courage to encounter them?

Proſp. No courage can reſiſt 'em.

Hip. How then have you, Sir,
Liv'd ſo long unharm'd among them?

Proſp. O they deſpiſe old Age, and ſpare it for that reaſon: T'is below their conqueſt.
Their fury falls alone upon the young.

Hip. Why then the fury of the young ſhall fall
On them again. Pray turn me looſe upon 'em:
But, good Sir, what are Women like?

Proſp. Imagine ſomething between young Men and Angels:
Fatally beauteous, and have killing eyes,
Their voices charm beyond the Nightingales;
They're all enchantment; thoſe who once behold 'em
Are made their Slaves for ever.

Hip. Then I will wink and fight with 'em.

Proſp. 'Tis but in vain, for when your eyes are ſhut,
They through the lids will ſhine, and pierce your Soul:
Abſent, they will be preſent to you.
They'll haunt you in your very ſleep.

Hip. Then I'll revenge it on them when I wake.

Prosp. You are without all possibility of revenge;
They are so beautiful that you can ne'er attempt,
Nor wish to hurt them.

Hip. Are they so beautiful?

Prosp. Calm Sleep is not so soft, nor Winter Suns,
Nor Summer shades so pleasant.

Hip. Can they be fairer than the plumes of Swans?
Or more delightful than the Peacocks feathers?
Or than the gloss upon the necks of Doves?
Or have more various beauty than the Rain-bow?
These I have seen, and without danger wondered at.

Prosp. All these are far below 'em: Nature made
Nothing but Woman dangerous and fair:
Therefore if ever you should chance to see 'em,
Avoid 'em straight, I charge you.

Hip. Well, since you say they are so dangerous,
I'll so far shun 'em as I may with safety
Of the unblemish'd honour which you taught me.
But let 'em not provoke me, for I'm sure
I shall not then forbear them.

Prosp. Go in and read the book I gave you last.
To-morrow I may bring you beter News.

Hip. I shall obey you Sir. (*Exit* Hippolito.

Prosp. So, so; I hope this lesson has secur'd him;
For I have been constrain'd to change his lodging
From yonder Rock where first I bred him up,
And here have brought him home to my own Cell,
Because the Shipwrak happen'd near his mansion.
I hope he will not stir beyond his limits,
For hitherto he has been all obedience.
The Planets seem to smile on my designs;
And yet there is one sullen cloud behind,
I would it were dispers't. How now, my Daughters!
[*Enter* Miranda *and* Dorinda.
I thought I had instructed them enough:
Children, retire! Why do you walk this way?

Mir. It is within our bounds, Sir.

Prosp But both take heed, that path is very dangerous.

Re-

Remember what I told you.

Dor. Is the Man that way, Sir?

Prosp. All that you can imagine ill is there:
The curled Lyon, and the rugged Bear
Are not so dreadful as that Man.

Mir. Oh me, why stay we here then?

Dor. I'll keep far enough from his den, I warrant him.

Mir. But you have told me, Sir, you are a Man;
And yet you are not dreadful.

Prosp. Ay Child! But I am a tame Man: Old Men are tame by nature; but all the danger lies in wild young Men.

Dor. Do they run wild about the woods?

Prosp No, they are wild within doors, in chambers, and in closets.

Dor. But Father, I would stroak 'em, make 'em gentle Then sure they would not hurt me.

Prosp. You must not trust them, Child: No Woman can come near 'em but she feels a pain full nine Months: Well, I must in, for new affairs require my presence. Be you, *Miranda*, your Sister's Guardian. [*Exit* Prospero

Dor. Come, Sister, shall we walk the other way? The man will catch us else; we have but two legs, and he perhaps has four.

Mir. Well, Sister though he have, yet look about you and we we shall spy him e're he comes too near us.

Dor. Come back, that way is towards his den.

Mir Let me alone: I'll venture first, for sure he can devour but one of us at once.

Dor. How dare you venture?

Mir. We'll find him sitting like a Hare in's form,
And he shall not see us.

Dor Ay, but you know my Father charg'd us both.

Mir But who shall tell him on't? We'll keep each others counsel.

Dor. I dare not for the world.

Mir. But how shall we hereafter shun him, if we do not know him first?

Dor. Nay, I confeſs, I would fain ſee him too;
I find it in my nature;
Becauſe my Father has forbidden me.

Mir. Ay, there's it, Siſter, if he had ſaid nothing I had been quiet. Go ſoftly, and if you ſee him firſt, be quick and becken me away.

Dor. Well, if he does catch me, I'll humble my ſelf to him, and ask him pardon, as I do my Father, when I have done a fault. And if I can but ſcape with life, I had rather be in pain nine Months, as my Father threatn'd than looſe my longing. (*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes, and diſcovers Hippolito *in a Cave walking: His Face from the Audience*

Hip. *Proſpero* has often ſaid that Nature makes
Nothing in vain: Why then are Women made?
Are they to ſuck the poyſon of the Earth,
As gaudy colour'd Serpents are? I'll ask
That queſtion, when next I ſee him here.

Enter Miranda *and* Dorinda *peeping.*

Dor. O Siſter, there it is; it walks about like one of us.

Mir. Ay juſt ſo; and he has legs as we have too.

Hip. It ſtrangely puzzles me: Yet 'tis moſt likely
Women are ſomewhat between Men and Spirits.

Dor, Heark! It talks; ſure this is not it my Father meant, for this is juſt like one of us: Methinks I am not half ſo much afraid on't as I was: See, now it turns this way.

Mir. Heav'n, what a goodly thing it is!

Dor. I'll go nearer it.

Mir. O no, 'tis dangerous, Siſter! I'll go to it:
I would not for the world that you ſhould venture.
My Father charg'd me to ſecure you from it.

Dor. I warrant you this is a tame Man, dear Siſter,
He'll not hurt me, I ſee it by his looks.

Mir. Indeed he will! But go back, and he ſhall eat me firſt. Fie are you not aſhamed to be ſo much inquiſitive?

Dor.

Dor. You chide me for't, and yet wou'd go your ſelf.

Mir. Come back, or I will tell my Father.
Obſerve how he begins to ſtare already:
I'le meet the danger firſt, & then call you.

Dor. Nay Siſter you ſha'nt vanquiſh me in kindneſs.
I'le venture you no more than you will me.

Proſp. within. Miranda! child, where are you?

Mir. Do you not hear my Father call? Go in.

Dor. 'Twas you he nam'd, not me: I will but ſay
My Prayers, and follow you immediately.

Mir. Well, Siſter, you'll repent it. [*Exit* Miranda.

Dor. Though I die for't, I muſt have th' other peep.

Hip (*Seeing her*) What thing is that? Sure 'tis ſome In-
The Sun, dreſs'd in its Father's gayeſt beams, [ſant of
And comes to play with Birds: My ſight is dazl'd,
And yet I find I'm loath to ſhut my eyes.
I muſt go nearer it---But ſtay a while,
May it not be that beauteous Murderer, Woman,
Which I was charg'd to ſhun? Speak, what art thou?
Thou ſhining Viſion!

Dor. Alaſs! I know not: But I'm told I am
A Woman. Do not hurt me, pray, fair thing.

Hip. I'd ſooner tear my eyes out, than conſent
To do you any harm; though I was told
A Woman was my Enemy.

Dor. I never knew what 'twas to be an Enemy,
Nor can I e'er prove ſo to that which looks
Like you: For though I have been charg'd by him
Whom yet I never diſobey'd, to ſhun
Your preſence, yet I'd rather die than loſe it:
Therefore, I hope, you will not have the heart
To hurt me: though I fear you are a Man,
That dangerous thing of which I have been warn'd:
Pray tell me what you are?

Hip. I muſt confeſs, I was inform'd I am a Man, but if I fright you, I ſhall wiſh I were ſome other Creature. I was bid to fear you too. [other.

Dor. Ay me! Heav'n grant we be not poyſon to each

Alaſs! can we not meet but we muſt die?

Hip. I hope not ſo! For when two poyſonous creatures,
Both of the ſame kind meet, yet neither dies.
I've ſeen two Serpents harmleſs to each other,
Though they have twin'd into a mutual knot.
If we have any venom in us, ſure,
We cannot be more poyſonous, when we meet,
Than Serpents are. You have a hand like mine
May I not gently touch it? (*Takes her hand.*

Dor. I've touch'd my Father's and my ſiſters hands
And felt no pain; but now, alas! there's ſomething,
When I touch yours, which makes me ſigh: juſt ſo
I've ſeen two Turtles mourning when they met:
Yet mine's a pleaſing grief; and ſo methought
Was theirs; for ſtill they mourn'd, & ſtill they ſeem'd
To murmur too; And yet they often met.

Hip. Oh Heavens! I have the ſame ſenſe too: your hand
Methinks goes through me; I feel't at my heart,
And find it pleaſes, though it pains me.

Proſp. within] *Dorinda!*

Dor. My Father calls again; ah, I muſt leave you.

Hip. Alas I'm ſubject to the ſame command.

Dor. This is my firſt offence againſt my Father,
Which he, by ſevering us, too cruelly does puniſh.

Hip. And this is my firſt treſpaſs too: but he
Hath more offended truth than we have him:
He ſaid our meeting would deſtructive be,
But I no death but in our parting ſee.

[*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*

ACT

ACT. III.

SCENE I.

The Cypreſs Walks & Caves.

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

PROSPERO.

EXcuſe it not, *Miranda*, for to you
(The elder, and, I thought, the more diſcreet)
I gave the conduct of your Siſter's actions.
Mir. Sir, when you call'd me thence, I did not fail
To mind her of her duty to depart.
Proſp. How can I think you did remember hers,
When you forgot your own? did you not ſee
The Man whom I commanded you to ſhun?
Mir. I muſt confeſs I ſaw him at a diſtance.
Proſp. Did not his eyes infect and poiſon you?
What alteration found you in your ſelf?
Mir. I only wondred at a ſight ſo new.
Proſp. But have you no deſire once more to ſee him?
Come, tell me truly what you think of him?
Mir. As of the gayeſt thing I ever ſaw,
So fine, that it appear'd more fit to be
Belov'd than fear'd, and ſeem'd ſo near my kind,
That I did think I might have call'd it Siſter.
Proſp. You do not love it?
Mir. How is 't likely that
I ſhould, except the thing had firſt lov'd me?

Proſp.

Prosp. Cherish those thoughts: you have a gen'rous
And since I see your mind not apt to take [Soul;
The light impressions of a sudden love.
I will unfold a secret to your knowledge.
That Creature which you saw, is of a kind
Which Nature made a prop and guide to yours.

Mir. Why did you then propose him as an object
Of terrour to my mind? you never us'd
To teach me any thing but God-like Truths,
And what you said I did believe as sacred.

Prosp. I fear'd the pleasing form of this young Man
Might unawares possess your tender breast,
Which for a nobler Guest I had design'd;
For shortly, my *Miranda*, you shall see
Another of his kind, the full blown Flower,
Of which this Youth was but the op'ning bud.
Go in, and send your Sister to me.

Mir. Heav'n still preserve you, Sir. (*Ex.* Miranda.

Prosp. And make thee fortunate.
Dorinda now must be examin'd too
Concerning this late interview. I'm sure
Unartful truth lies open in her mind,
As crystal streams their sandy bottom show.
I must take care her love grow not too fast,
For innocence is Love's most fertile soil,
Wherein he soon shoots up and widely spreads;
Nor is that danger which attends *Hippolito* yet overpast.

Enter Dorinda.

Prosp. O, come hither, you have seen a Man to-day, against my strict command.

Dor. Who I? indeed I saw him but a little, Sir.

Prosp. Come, come be clear, your Sister told me all

Dor. Did she; truly she would have seen him more than I, but that I would not let her.

Prosp. Why so?

Dor. Because, methought, he would have hurt me less

Than

Than he would her. But if I knew you'd not
Be angry with him, I could tell you, Sir,
That he was much to blame.

Prosp. Hah! was he to blame?
Tell me, with that sincerity I taught you,
How you became so bold to see the Man?

Dor. I hope you will forgive me, Sir, because I did not see him much till he saw me. Sir, he would needs come in my way, and star'd, and star'd upon my face; and so I thought I would be reveng'd of him, and therefore I gaz'd on him as long; but if I e'er come near a Man again—

Prosp. I told you he was dangerous; but you would not be warn'd.

Dor. Pray be not angry, Sir, if I tell you, you are mistaken in him; for he did me no great hurt.

Prosp. But he may do you more harm hereafter.

Dor. No, Sir, I'm as well as e'er I was in all my life, but that I cannot eat nor drink for thought of him. That dangerous Man runs ever in my mind.

Prosp. The way to cure you, is no more to see him.

Dor. Nay pray, Sir, say not so, I promis'd him
To see him once again; and you know, Sir,
You charg'd me I shou'd never break my promise.

Prosp. Wou'd you see him who did you so much mis-(chief?

Dor. I warrant you I did him as much harm
As he did me, For when I left him, Sir,
He sigh'd so as it griev'd my heart to hear him.

Prosp. Those sighs were poysonous, they infected you: You say they griev'd you to the heart.

Dor. 'Tis true; but yet his looks and words were gentle.

Prosp These are the day-dreams of a Maid in love,
But still I fear the worst.

Dor. O fear not him, Sir,
I know he will not hurt you for my sake;
I'll undertake to tye him to a hair,
And lead him hither as my Pris'ner to you.

Prosp. Take heed *Dorinda*, you may be deceiv'd;

This Creature is of ſuch a ſavage race,
That no mild uſage can reclaim his wildneſs;
But, like a Lyon's whelp bred up by hand,
When leaſt you look for't, Nature will preſent
The image of his Fathers bloody paws,
Wherewith he purvey'd for his couching Queen;
And he will leap into his native fury.

Dor. He cannot change from what I left him, Sir.

Proſp. You ſpeak of him with too much paſſion; tell me
(And on your duty tell me true, *Dorinda*)
What paſt betwixt you and that horrid Creature?

Dor. How, horrid, Sir! if any elſe but you
Should call it ſo, indeed I ſhould be angry.

Proſp. Go too! you are a fooliſh Girl; but anſwer
To what I ask, what thought you when you ſaw it?

Dor. At firſt it ſtar'd upon me and ſeem'd wild,
And then I trembled; yet it look'd ſo lovely,
That when I would have fled away, my feet
Seem'd faſten'd to the ground; then it drew near,
And with amazement askt to touch my hand;
Which, as a ranſom for my life, I gave:
But when he had it, with a furious gripe,
He put it to his mouth ſo eagerly,
I was afraid he would have ſwallow'd it.

Proſp. Well, what was his behaviour afterwards?

Dor. He on a ſudden grew ſo tame and gentle,
That he became more kind to me than you are;
Then, Sir, I grew I know not how, and touching
His hand again, my heart did beat ſo ſtrong
As I lackt breath to anſwer what he ask'd.

Proſp. You 've been too fond, and I ſhould chide you for it.

Dor. Then ſend me to that Creature to be puniſht.

Proſp. Poor Child! thy Paſſion like a lazy Ague
Has ſeiz'd thy blood; inſtead of ſtriving, thou
Humour'ſt and feed'ſt thy languiſhing diſeaſe;
Thou fight'ſt the Battels of thy Enemy;
And 'tis one part of what I threatn'd thee,

Not

Not to perceive thy danger.

Dor. Danger, Sir?
If he would hurt me, yet he knows not how.
He hath no claws, nor beak, nor horns to hurt me;
But looks about him like a callow-Bird
Juſt ſtraggl'd from the neſt: pray truſt me, Sir,
To go to him again.

Proſp. Since you will venture,
I charge you bear your ſelf reſerv'dly to him,
Let him not dare to touch your naked hand,
But keep at diſtance from him.

Dor. This is hard

Proſp. It is the way to make him love you more;
He will deſpiſe you if you grow too kind.

Dor. I'll ſtruggle with my heart to follow this:
But if I loſe him by it, will you promiſe
To bring him back again?

Proſp. Fear not, *Dorinda*;
But uſe him ill and he'll be yours for ever.

Dor. I hope you have not cozen'd me again.

[*Exit* Dorinda

Proſp. Now my deſigns are gathering to a head.
My Spirits are obedient to my Charms.
What, *Ariel!* my Servant *Ariel*,
Where art thou?

Enter Ariel

Ariel. What wou'd my potent Maſter? here I am.

Proſp. Thou and thy meaner fellows your laſt ſervice
Did worthily perform; and I muſt uſe you
In ſuch another work: how goes the day?

Ariel. On the fourth hour, my Lord; and on the ſixth
You ſaid our work ſhould ceaſe.

Proſp. And ſo it ſhall?
And thou ſhalt have the open Air at freedom.

Ariel. Thanks my great Lord.

Proſp. But tell me firſt, my Spirit,

How

How fares the Duke, my Brother, and their Followers?
Ariel. Confin'd together, as you gave me order,
In the Lime-grove which weather-ſends your Cell.
Within that circuit up and down they wander,
But cannot ſtir one ſtep beyond their compaſs.
Proſp. How do they bear their ſorrows?
Ariel, The two Dukes
Appear like Men diſtracted; their Attendants
Brim-ful of ſorrow mourning over them;
But chiefly, he you term'd the good *Gonzalo:*
His tears run down his beard, like Winter-drops
From eaves of reeds: your Viſion did ſo work 'em,
That if you now beheld 'em, your affections
Would become tender.
Proſp. Doſt thou think ſo, Spirit?
Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.
Proſp. And mine ſhall:
Haſt thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and ſhall not I (a Man
Like them, one who as ſharply reliſh Paſſions
As they) be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though they have pierc'd me to the quick with injuries,
Yet with my nobler Reaſon 'gainſt my fury,
I will take part; the rarer action is
In Virtue than in vengeance. Go, my *Ariel,*
Refreſh with needful food their famiſh'd bodies,
With ſhows and cheerful muſick comfort 'em.
Ariel. Preſently, Maſter.
Proſp. With a twinkle, *Ariel.*
Ariel. Before you can ſay come and go,
And breath twice, and cry ſo, ſo,
Each Spirit tripping on his toe,
Shall bring 'em Meat with mop and moe.
Do you love me, Maſter, Ay or no?
Proſp. Dearly, my dainty *Ariel.* but ſtay, Spirit;
What is become of my Slave *Caliban,*
And *Sicorax* his Siſter?
Ariel. Potent Sir!

They

They have cast off your Service, and revolted
To the wrack'd Mariners, who have already
Parcell'd your Island into Governments.
Prosp. No matter, I have now no need of 'em;
But, Spirit, now I stay thee on the wing;
Haste to perform what I have given in charge:
But see they keep within the bounds I set 'em.
Ariel. I'll keep 'em in with walls of Adamant;
Invisible as air to mortal eyes,
But yet unpassable.
Prosp. Make haste then. (*Exeunt severaly:*

SCENE II.

A Lime Grove.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Gonz. I'm weary, and can go no farther, Sir;
My old bones ake, here's a maze trod indeed,
Through forth rights and meanders, by your patience
I needs must rest.
Alonz. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am my self seiz'd with a wearinesse
To the dulling of my Spirits; sit and rest. (*They sit.*
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my Flatterers; he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find, and the Sea mocks
Our frustrate search on Land: Well! let him go.
Ant. Do not for one repulse forego the purpose
Which you resolv'd t'effect.
Alonz. I m faint with hunger,
And must despair of food; Heav'n hath incens'd
The Seas and shores against us for our crimes. [*Musick*
What! harmony again, my good Friends, hark!
Ant. I fear some other horrid Apparition.
Give us kind keepers, Heaven I beseech thee!

Gonz. 'Tis chearful Muſick, this; unlike the firſt;
And ſeems as if 'twere meant t' unbend our cares,
And calm your troubled thoughts.

Ariel *inviſible* SINGS.

Dry thoſe eyes which are o'erflowing,
All your ſtorms are over blowing:
While you in this Iſle are bideing,
You ſhall feaſt without providing:
Every dainty you can think of,
Ev'ry Wine which you would drink of,
Shall be yours; all want ſhall ſhun you,
Ceres' *bleſſing ſo is on you.*

Alonz. This voice ſpeaks comfort to us.

Ant. Wou'd 'twere come; there is no Muſick in a ſong to me, my ſtomach being empty.

Gonz. O for a Heavenly Viſion of boyl'd, bak'd, and roaſted!

Enter eight fat Spirits, with Cornu-copias *in their hands.*

Alonz. Are theſe plump ſhapes ſent to deride our hunger?

Gonz. No, no: it is a Maſque of fatten'd Devils,
The Burgo-Maſters of the lower Region.
O for a collop of that large haunch'd Devil
Who went out laſt!

[*Dance and vaniſh.*

Ant. going to the door. My Lord, the Duke, ſee yonder,
A Table, as I live, ſet out and furniſht
With all varieties of meats and fruits.

Alonz. 'Tis ſo indeed, but who dares taſte this Feaſt,
Which Fiends provide, perhaps to poyſon us?

Gonz. Why that dare I; if the black Gentleman,
Be ſo ill-natur'd, he may do his pleaſure.

Ant. 'Tis certain we muſt either eat or famiſh,
I will encounter it, and feed.

Alonz. If both reſolve, I will adventure too.

Gonz.

Gonz. Then good my Lord, make haſte,
And ſay no Grace before it, I beſeech you,
Becauſe the meat will vaniſh ſtrait, if, as
I fear, an evil Spirit be our Cook. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Wild Iſland.

Enter Trincalo *and* Caliban.

Trinc. Brother Monſter, welcome to my private Palace But where's thy Siſter, is ſhe ſo brave a laſs?

Calib. In all this Iſle there are but two more, the Daughters of the Tyrant *Proſpero*; and ſhe is bigger than 'em both. O here ſhe comes; now thou may'ſt judge thy ſelf, my Lord.

Enter Sycorax.

Trinc. She's monſtrous fair indeed. Is this to be my Spouſe? Well, ſhe's Heir of all this Iſle (for I will geld Monſter.) The *Trincalos*, like other wiſe Men, have anciently us'd to marry for Eſtate more than for beauty.

Sycorax. I prithee let me have the gay thing about thy neck, and that which dangles at thy Wriſt.

(Sycorax *points to his Boſen's Whiſtle, and his Bottle.*

Trinc. My dear blobber-lips, this, obſerve my Chuck, is a badge of my Sea-office; my fair Fuſs, thou doſt not know it.

Syc. No, my dread Lord.

Trinc. It ſhall be a whiſtle for our firſt Babe; and when the next Shipwrack puts me again to ſwimming, I'll dive to get a Coral to it.

Syc. I'll be thy pretty Child, and wear it firſt.

Trinc. I prithee ſweet Baby do not play the wanton, and cry for my goods ere I'm dead. When thou art my

Widow, thou ſhalt have the Devil and all.

Syc. May I not have the other fine thing?

Trinc. This is a ſucking-bottle for young *Trincalo*.

Calib. This is a God a-mighty liquor; I did but drink twice of it, and it, and it hath made me glad ever ſince.

Syc. He is the braveſt God I ever ſaw.

Calib You muſt be kind to him, and he will love you. I prithee ſpeak to her, my Lord, & come nearer her.

Trinc. By this light, I dare not till I have drank: I muſt fortifie my ſtomach firſt.

Syc. I ſhall have all his fine things when I'm a Widow (*Pointing to his bottle, and Boſen's Whiſtle.*

Calib. Ay, but you muſt be kind and kiſs him then.

Trinc. My Brother Monſter is a rare Pimp.

Syc. I'll hug thee in my arms, my Brother's God.

Trinc. Think o' thy Soul, *Trincalo*, thou art a dead Man if this kindneſs continue.

Calib. And he ſhall get thee a young *Sycorax*: wilt thou not, my Lord?

Trinc Indeed I know not how, they do no ſuch thing in my Country.

Syc. I'll ſhew thee how; thou ſhalt get me twenty *Sycoraxes*; and I'll get thee twenty *Calibans*.

Trinc. Nay, if they are got, ſhe muſt do't all her ſelf, that's certain.

Syc. And we will tumble in cool plaſhes, and the ſoft fens, where we will make us pillows of flags and bulruſhes.

Calib. My Lord, ſhe would be loving to thee, and thou wilt not let her.

Trinc. Ev'ry thing in its ſeaſon, Brother Monſter; but you muſt counſel her; fair Maids muſt not be too forward.

Syc. My Brother's God, I love thee; prithee let me come to thee.

Trinc. Subject Monſter, I charge thee keep the peace between us.

Calib. Shall ſhe not taſte of that immortal liquor?

Trinc.

Trinc. Umph! That's another queſtion: for if ſhe be thus flipant in her water, what will ſhe be in her Wine?

Enter Ariel (*inviſible*) *and changes the bottle which ſtands upon the ground.*

Ariel. There's water for your Wine. (*Exit* Ariel.

Trinc. Well! Since it muſt be ſo. (*Gives her the Bottle*) (*She drinks.*

How do you like it now, my Queen that muſt be?

Syc. Is this your Heavenly Liquor? I'll bring you to a River of the ſame.

Trinc. Wilt thou ſo, Madam Monſter? What a mighty Prince ſhall I be then? I would not change my Dukedom to be great Turk *Trincalo*.

Syc. This is the drink of Frogs.

Trinc. Nay, if the Frogs of this Iſland drink ſuch, they are the merryeſt Frogs in Chriſtendom.

Calib. She does not know the virtue of this liquor: I prethee let me drink for her.

Trinc. Well ſaid, Subject Monſter. (Caliban *drinks.*

Calib. My Lord, this is meer water.

Trinc. 'Tis thou haſt chang'd the Wine then, and drunk it up, like a debauch'd fiſh as thou art. Let me ſee't. I'll taſte it my ſelf. Element, meer Element! As I live. It was a cold gulp, ſuch as this, which kill'd my famous Predeceſſor old *Simon* the King.

Calib. How does thy honour? Prithee be not angry, and I will like thy ſhoe.

Trinc. I could find in my heart to turn thee out of my Dominions, for a liquoriſh Monſter.

Calib. O my Lord, I have found it out, this muſt be done by one of *Proſpero*'s Spirits.

Trinc. There's nothing but malice in thoſe Devils, I never lov'd 'em from my childhood The Devil take 'em, I would it had been Holy-water for their ſakes.

Syc. Will not thy mightineſs revenge our wrong, on this great Sorcerer? I know thou wilt, for thou art valiant.

Trinc. In my Sack, Madam Monſter, as any fleſh alive.

Syc. Then I will cleave to thee.

Trinc. Lovingly ſaid, in troth: now cannot I hold out againſt her. This Wife-like Vertue of hers, has overcome me.

Syc. Shall I have thee in my arms?

Trinc. Thou ſhalt have Duke *Trincalo* in thy arms: but prithee be not too boiſtrous with me at firſt; do not diſcourage a young beginner. [*They embrace.*

Enter Steph. Muſt. Vent.

Stand to your Arms, my Spouſe, and Subject Monſter; the Enemy is come to ſurpriſe us in our Quarters. You ſhall know Rebels that I am marry'd to a Witch, and we have a thouſand Spirits of our party.

Steph. Hold! I ask a Truce; I and my Vice-Roys (finding no food, and but a ſmall remainder of Brandy) are come to treat a Peace betwixt us, which may be for the good of both Armies; therefore *Trincalo* disband.

Trinc. Plain *Trincalo*! methinks I might have been a Duke in your mouth: I'll not accept of your Embaſſy without my Title.

Steph. A Title ſhall break no ſquares betwixt us: Vice Roys, give him his ſtile of Duke, and treat with him, whilſt I walk by in ſtate.

(Ventoſo *and* Muſtacho *bow*, *whilſt* Trincalo *puts on his cap.*

Muſt. Our Lord and Maſter, Duke *Stephano*, has ſent us, in the firſt place to demand of you, upon what ground you make War againſt him, having no right to govern here, as being elected only by your own Voice?

Trinc. To this I anſwer, that having in the face of the World eſpous'd the lawful Inheritrix of this Iſland, Queen *Bleuze* the firſt, and having homage done me, by this hectoring Spark her Brother; from theſe two I claim a lawful Title to this Iſland.

Muſt. Who, that Monſter? he a Hector?

Calib. Lo! how he mocks me; wilt thou let him, my Lord?

Vent. Lord! Quoth he: the Monſter's a very natural.

Syc. Lo! lo! again; bite him to death I prithee.

Trinc. Vice-Roys! keep good tongues in your heads I adviſe you, and proceed to your buſineſs, for I have other affairs to diſpatch of more importance betwixt Queen Slobber-chops and my ſelf.

Muſt. Firſt and foremoſt, as to your claim that you have anſwer'd.

Vent. But ſecond and foremoſt, we demand of you, that if we make a Peace, the Butt alſo may be comprehended in the Treaty.

Muſt. Is the Butt faſe, Duke *Trincalo*?

Trinc. The Butt is partly faſe: but to comprehend it in the Treaty, or indeed to make any Treaty, I cannot, with my honour, without your ſubmiſſion. Theſe two, and the Spirits under me, ſtand likewiſe upon their honours.

Calib. Keep the liquor for us, my Lord, and let them drink brine; for I will not ſhow 'em the quick freſhes of the Iſland.

Steph. I underſtand, being preſent, from my Ambaſſadors, what your reſolution is, and ask an hours time of deliberation, and ſo I take our leave. But firſt I deſire to be entertain'd at your Butt, as becomes a Prince, and his Ambaſſadors.

Trinc. That I refuſe, till acts of hoſtility be ceas'd. Theſe Rogues are rather Spies than Ambaſſadors: I muſt take heed of my Butt. They come to pry into the the ſecrets of my Dukedom.

Vent. Trincalo you are a barbarous Prince, and ſo farewel.

[*Exeunt* Steph Muſt. Vent.

Trinc. Subject Monſter! ſtand you Sentry before my Cellar; my Queen and I will enter and feaſt our ſelves within.

Syc May I not marry that other King and his two Subjects, to help you a-nights?

Trinc. What a careful Spouſe have I? Well! If ſhe does cornute me, the care is taken.
When underneath my power my Foes have truckl'd,
To be a Prince, who would not be a Cuckold? (*Exeunt.*

Enter Ferdinand, *and* Ariel (*inviſible.*)

Ferd. How far will this inviſible Muſicain
Conduct my ſteps? He hovers ſtill about me;
Whether for good or ill I cannot tell;
Nor care I much; for I have been ſo long
A Slave to Chance, that I'm as weary of
Her flatteries as her frowns: but here I am—

Ariel. Here I am.

Ferd. Hah! Art thou ſo? The Spirit's turn'd an Eccho;
This might ſeem pleaſant, could the burthen of
My griefs accord with any thing but ſighs.
And my laſt words, like thoſe of dying Men
Need no reply. Fain would I go to ſhades,
Where few would wiſh to follow me.

Ariel. Follow me.

Ferd. This evil Spirit grows importunate.
But I'll not take his counſel.

Ariel. Take his counſel.

Ferd It may be the Devil's counſel. I'll ne'er take it,

Ariel. Take it.

Ferd. I will diſcourſe no more with thee,
Nor follow one ſtep farther.

Ariel. One ſtep farther.

Ferd. This muſt have more importance than an Eccho.
Some Spirit tempts me to a precipice.
I'll try if it will anſwer when I ſing
My ſorrows to the murmurs of this brook.

He SINGS.

Go thy way.
Ariel. *Go thy way.*

Ferd

Ferd. *Why should'ſt thou ſtay?*
Ariel. *Why should'ſt thou ſtay?*
Ferd. *Where the Winds whiſtle, and where the*
ſtreams creep,
Under yon Willow-tree, fain would I ſleep.
Then let me alone,
For 'tis time to be gone.
Ariel. *For 'tis time to be gone.*
Ferd. *What cares or pleaſures can be in this Iſle?*
Within this deſart place
There lives no humane race;
Fate cannot frown here, nor kind Fortune ſmile.
Ariel. *Kind Fortune ſmiles, and ſhe*
Has yet in ſtore for thee
Some ſtrange felicity.
Follow me, follow me,
And thou ſhalt ſee.

Ferd. I'll take thy word for once; lead on Muſician.
[*Exeunt and return.*

SCENE IV.

Scene changes to the Cypreſs trees & Cave; and diſcovers Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Proſp. Advance the fringed curtains of thine eyes. and ſay what thou ſeeſt yonder.

Mir. Is it a Spirit? Lord! How it looks about! Sir, I confeſs it carries a brave form; But 'tis a Spirit

Proſp. No Girl, it eats and ſleeps, and has ſuch ſenſes as we have. This young Gallant, whom thou ſee'ſt, was in the wrack: were he not ſomewhat ſtain'd with grief (Beauty's worſt cancker) thou might'ſt call him a godly perſon: he has loſt his company, and ſtrays about to find 'em. [*Enter* Ferdinand.

Mir. I might call him a thing divine, for nothing natural I ever ſaw ſo noble.

Prosp. It goes on as my Soul prompts it. Spirit. fine Spirit, I'll free thee within two days for this.

Fer'd. She's sure the Mistress, on whom these Airs attend. Fair Excellence, if, as your form declares, you are divine, be pleas'd to instruct me how you will be worshiped; so bright a Beauty cannot sure belong to humane kind.

Mir. I am, like you, a Mortal, if such you are.

Fer'd. My language too! O Heavens! I am the best of them who speak this speech, when I'm in my own Country.

Prosp. How, the best? What wert thou if the Duke of *Savoy* heard thee?

Fer'd. As I am now, who wonders to hear thee speak of *Savoy*: He does hear me, and that he does I weep; my self am a *Savoy*, whose fatal eyes (e'er since at ebb) beheld the Duke my Father wrackt.

Mir. Alack! for pity. [*Ariel.*

Prosp. At the first sight they have chang'd eyes: dear I'll set thee free for this---Young Sir, a word.
With hazard of your self you do me wrong.

Mir. Why speaks my Father now so urgently?
This is the third Man that e'er I saw, the first
Whom e'er I sigh'd for, sweet Heaven move my Father
To be inclin'd my way.

Fer'd. O! If a Virgin!
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
Mistress of *Savoy*.

Prosp. Soft, Sir! One word more. They're in each others power, but this swift bus'ness I must uneasie make, lest too light winning make the prize light---One word more. Thou usurp'st the name not due to thee, and hast put thy self on this Island as a Spy, to get the Government from me, the Lord on't.

Fer'd. No, as I am a Man.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a Temple,
If th' Evil Spirit hath so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with it.

Prosp.

Prosp. No more. Speak not you for him, he's a Traytor.
Come! thou'rt my Pris'ner and shalt be in bonds.
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook Muscles, wither'd roots, and husks;
Wherein the Acorn crawled; follow me.
Ferd. No, I'll resist such entertainment till
My Enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charm'd from moving.*
Mir. O dear Father! Make not too rash a tryal
Of him, for he is gentle and not fearful.
Prosp. My Child my Tutor! Put the sword up Traytor,
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike:
Thy Conscience is possest with guilt. Come from
Thy ward, for I can here disarm thee with
This wand, and make thy weapon drop.
Mir. Beseech you Father.
Prosp. Hence: hang not on my garment.
Mir. Sir, have pity,
I'll be his Surety.
Prosp. Silence! One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: what!
An Advocate for an Impostor? Sure
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as his.
To th' most of Men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.
Mir. My affections
Are then most humble, I have no ambition
To see a goodlier Man.
Prosp. Come on, obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Ferd. So they are:
My Spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up:
My Father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my Friends, and this Man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, would seem light to me,
Might I but through my Prison once a day
Behold this Maid; all corners else o' th' Earth

Let

Let Liberty make uſe of, I have ſpace
Enough in ſuch a Priſon.
Proſp. It works: come on:
Thou haſt done well, fine *Ariel*: follow me.
Hark what thou ſhalt more do for me. (*Whiſper* Ariel.
Mir. Be of comfort;
My Father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by ſpeech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.
Proſp. Thou ſhalt be as free
As mountain Winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ariel. To a ſyllable. [*Exit* Ariel.
Proſp. to *Mir.* Go in that way, ſpeak not a word for him:
I'll ſeparate you. (*Exit* Miranda.
Ferd. As ſoon thou may'ſt divide the waters, when
Thou ſtrik'ſt 'em, which purſue thy bootleſs blow,
And meet when it is paſt.
Proſp. Go practiſe your Philoſophy within;
And if you are the ſame you ſpeak your ſelf,
Bear you afflictions like a Prince — That door
Shews you your lodging.
Ferd. 'Tis in vain to ſtrive, I muſt obey.
Proſp. This goes as I would wiſh it. (*Exit* Ferdinand.
Now for my ſecond care, *Hippolito*.
I ſhall not need to chide him for his fault,
His Paſſion is become his puniſhment.
Come forth, *Hippolito*.

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. 'Tis *Proſporo*'s voice.
Proſp. *Hippolito*! I know you now expect
I ſhould ſeverely chide you: you have ſeen
A Woman in contempt of my commands.
Hip. But, Sir, you ſee I am come off unharm'd;
I told you, that you need not doubt my courage.
Proſp. You think you have receiv'd no hurt.

Hip.

Hip. No, none Sir.
Try me again, when e'er you pleaſe I'm ready—
I think I cannot fear an Army of 'em.
Proſp. How much in vain it is to bridle Nature! (*Aſide.*
Well! what was the ſucceſs of your encounter?
Hip. Sir, we had none, we yielded both at firſt,
For I took her to mercy, and ſhe me.
Proſp. But are you not much chang'd from what you were?
Hip Methinks I wiſh and wiſh! For what I know not,
But ſtill I wiſh---yet if I had that Woman,
She, I believe, could tell me what I wiſh for.
Proſp. What wou'd you do to make that Woman yours?
Hip. I'd quit the reſt o' th' World that I might live
Alone with her; ſhe never ſhould be from me.
We two would ſit and look till our eyes ak'd.
Proſp. You'd ſoon be weary of her.
Hip. O, Sir never.
Proſp. But you'l grow old and wrickl'd, as you ſee
Me now; and then you will not care for her.
Hip. You may do what you pleaſe, but, Sir, we two
Can never poſſibly grow old.
Proſp. You muſt, *Hippolito.*
Hip. Whether we will or no, Sir, who ſhall make us?
Proſp. Nature, which made me ſo.
Hip. But you have told me, Sir, her works are various;
She made you old, but ſhe has made us young.
Proſp. Time will convince you;
Mean while be ſure you tread in Honours paths,
That you may merit her: And that you may not
Want fit occaſions to employ your Virtue,
In this next Cave there is a Stranger lodg'd,
One of your kind, young, of a noble preſence,
And as he ſays himſelf, of Princely birth;
He is my Pris'ner and in deep affliction,
Viſit, and comfort him; it will become you.
Hip. It is my duty, Sir. (*Exit* Hippolito.
Proſp. True, he has ſeen a Woman, yet he lives:

Perhaps

Perhaps I took the moment of his birth
Amiſs; perhaps my Art it ſelf is falſe.
On what ſtrange grounds we build our hopes and fears!
Mans life is all a miſt, and in the dark,
Our Fortunes meet us.
If Fate be not, then what what can we foreſee?
Or how can we avoid it, if it be?
If by free-will in our own paths we move,
How are we bounded by Decrees above?
Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,
If ill 'tis ours, if good the act of Heaven.

[*Exit* Proſpero.

SCENE V.

A Cave.

Enter Hippolito *and* Ferdinand.

FERDINAND.

Your pity, noble Youth, doth much oblige me,
Indeed 'twas ſad to loſe a Father ſo.

Hip. Ay, and an only Father too, for ſure
You ſaid you had but one.

Ferd. But one Father! he's wondrous ſimple [*Aſide.*

Hip. Are ſuch misfortunes frequent in your World,
Where many Men live?

Ferd. Such we are born to.
But gentle Youth, as you have queſtion'd me;
So give me leave to ask you, what you are?

Hip. Do not you know?

Ferd. How ſhould I?

Hip. I well hop'd
I was a Man; but by your ignorance
Of what I am, I fear it is not ſo.
Well, *Proſpero!* this is now the ſecond time

You

You have deceiv'd me.
Ferd. Sir, there is no doubt
You are a Man: But I would know of whence?
Hip. Why, of this World; I never was in yours.
Ferd. Have you a Father?
Hip. I was told I had one,
And that he was a Man; yet I have been
So much deceiv'd, I dare not tell't you for
A truth: but I have ſtill been kept a Priſoner
For fear of Women.
Ferd. They indeed are dangerous,
For ſince I came I have beheld one here,
Whoſe beauty pierc'd my heart.
Hip. How did ſhe pierce?
You ſeem not hurt.
Ferd. Alas! the wound was made
By her bright eyes, and feſters by her abſence.
But to ſpeak plain to you, Sir I love her.
Hip. Now I ſuſpect that Love's the very thing,
That I feel too! Pray tell me truly, Sir,
Are you not grown unquiet ſince you ſaw her?
Ferd. I take no reſt.
Hip. Juſt, juſt, 'tis my diſeaſe.
Do you not wiſh you do not know for what?
Ferd. O no! I know too well for what I wiſh.
Hip. There, I confeſs, I differ from you, Sir:
But you deſire ſhe may be always with you!
Ferd. I can have no felicity without her.
Hip. Juſt my condition! Alas, gentle Sir,
I'll pity you, and you ſhall pity me.
Ferd. I love ſo much, that if I have her not,
I find I cannot live.
Hip. How! Do you love her?
And would you have her too? That muſt not be:
For none but I muſt have her.
Ferd. But perhaps, we do not love the ſame:
All Beauties are not pleaſing alike to all.
Hip. Why are there more fair Women, Sir,

Beſides

Besides that one I love?

Ferd. That's a strange question. There are many more besides that Beauty which you love. (of 'em.

Hip. I will have all of that kind, if there be a hundred

Ferd. But noble Youth, you know not what you say.

Hip. Sir, they are things I love, I cannot be without 'em: O, how I rejoice! More Women!

Ferd. Sir, if you love you must be ty'd to one.

Hip. Ty'd! How ty'd to her?

Ferd. To love none but her.

Hip. But, Sir, I find it is against my nature.
I must love where I like, and I believe I may like all,
All that are fair: come! Bring me to this Woman,
For I must have her.

Ferd. His simplicity [*Aside.*
Is such that I can scarce be angry with him.
Perhaps, sweet Youth, when you behold her, you will find you do not love her. [man.

Hip. I find already I love, because she is another Wo-

Ferd. You cannot love two Women, both at once.

Hip. Sure 'tis my duty to love all who do
Resemble her whom I've already seen,
I'll have as many as I can, that are
So good, and Angel-like, as she I love.
And will have yours.

Ferd. Pretty Youth, you cannot.

Hip. I can do any thing for that I love.

Ferd. I may, perhaps, by force restrain you from it.

Hip. Why do so if you can. But either promise me
To love no Woman or you must try your force.

Ferd. I cannot help it, I must love.

Hip. Well you may love, for *Prospero* taught me Friendship too: you shall love me and other Men if you can find 'em, but all the Angel-Women shall be mine.

Ferd. I must break off this conference, or he (*Aside.*
Will urge me else beyond what I can bear.
Sweet Youth! Some other time we will speak farther
Concerning both our loves; at present I

Am

Am indiſpos'd with wearineſs and grief,
And would, if you were pleas'd, retire a while.
Hip. Some other time be it; but, Sir, remember
That I both ſeek and much intreat your Friendſhip,
For next to Women, I find I can love you.
Ferd. I thank you, Sir, I will conſider of it.
[*Exit* Ferdinand.
Hip. This Stranger does inſult, and comes into
My world to take thoſe Heavenly Beauties from me,
Which I believe I am inſpir'd to love:
And yet he ſaid he did deſire but one;
He would be poor in love, but I'll be rich.
I now perceive that *Proſpero* was cunning;
For when he frighted me from Woman-kind,
Thoſe precious things he for himſelf deſign'd. (*Exit*

ACT. IV.

SCENE I.

Cypreſs trees & Cave.

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

PROSPERO.

YOur ſuit has pity in't, and has prevail'd.
Within this Cave he lies, and you may ſee him.
But yet take heed; let Prudence be your guide:
You muſt not ſtay, your viſit muſt be ſhort. (*She's going.*
One thing I had forgot; inſinuate
Into his mind a kindneſs to that Youth,

Whom first you saw; I would have Friendship grow
Betwixt 'em.

Mir. You shall be obey'd in all things.

Prosp. Be earnest to unite their very Souls.

Mir. I shall endeavour it.

Prosp. This may secure
Hippolito from that dark danger which
My Art forebodes; for Friendship does provide
A double strength t' oppose th' assaults of Fortune.

[*Exit* Prospero.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. To be a Pris'ner where I dearly love,
Is but a double tye, a link of Fortune,
Join'd to the chain of Love: but not to see her,
And yet to be so near her, there's the hardship.
I feel my self as on a Rack, stretch'd out,
And nigh the ground, on which I might have ease,
Yet cannot reach it.

Mir. Sir! My Lord! Where are you?

Ferd. Is it your voice, my Love? Or do I dream?

Mir. Speak softly, it is I.

Ferd. O Heavenly Creature!
Ten times more gentle, than your Father's cruel;
How on a sudden all my griefs are vanish'd!

Mir. I come to help you to support your griefs.

Ferd. While I stand gazing thus, & thus have leave
To touch your hand, I do not envy freedom.

Mir. Hark! Hark! Is't not my Father's voice I hear
I fear he calls me back again too soon.

Ferd. Leave fear to guilty minds: 'tis scarce a Virtue
When it is paid to Heaven.

Mir. But there 'tis mix'd
With love, and so is mine: yet I may fear;
For I am guilty when I disobey
My Father's will in loving you too much.

Ferd. But you please Heav'n in disobeying him,

Heav'n

Heav'n bids you succour Captives in distress.

Mir. How do you bear your Prison?

Ferd. 'Tis my Palace
While you are here, and love and silence wait
Upon our wishes; do but think we chuse it,
And 'tis what we would chuse.

Mir. I'm sure what I would:
But how can I be certain that you love me?
Look to't; for I will dye when you are false.
I've heard my Father tell of Maids, who dy'd,
And haunted their false Lovers with their Ghosts.

Ferd. Your Ghost must take another form to fright me,
This shape will be too pleasing. Do I love you?
O Heav'n! O Earth! Bear witness to this sound,
If I prove false—

Mir. Oh hold, you shall not swear;
For Heav'n will hate you if you prove forsworn.

Ferd. Did I not love, I could no more endure
This undeserved captivity, than I
Could wish to gain my freedom with the loss of you.

Mir. I am a Fool to weep at what I'm glad of:
But I, Sir, have a suit to you, and that
Shall be the only tryal of your love.

Ferd. Y'ave said enough, never to be deny'd,
Were it my life; for you have far o'erbid
The price of all that humane life is worth.

Mir. Sir, 'tis to love another for my sake,
Who for his own deserves all the respect
Which you can ever pay him.

Ferd. You mean your Father: do not think his usage
Can make me hate him; when he gave you being,
He then did that which cancell'd all these wrongs.

Mir. I meant not him, for that was a request,
Which if you love I should not need to urge.

Ferd. Is there another whom I ought to love?
And love him for your sake?

Mir. Yes such a one,
Who for his sweetness, and his goodly shape,

If I, who am unskill'd in forms, may judge,
I think can ſcarce be equall'd: 'tis a Youth,
A Stanger too as you are.
Ferd. Of ſuch a graceful feature, and muſt I
For your ſake love him?
Mir. Yes, Sir, do you ſcruple
To grant the firſt requeſt I ever made?
He's wholly unacquainted with the World,
And wants your converſation. You ſhould have
Compaſſion on ſo meer a Stranger.
Ferd. Thoſe need compaſſion whom you diſcommend;
Not whom you praiſe.
Mir. I only ask this eaſie tryal of you.
Ferd. Perhaps it might have eaſier been if you
Had never ask'd it.
Mir. I cannot underſtand you;
And yet methinks am loth to be more knowing.
Ferd. He has his freedom, and may get acceſs,
When my confinement makes me want that bleſſing.
I his compaſſion need, and not he mine.
Mir. If that be all you doubt, truſt me for him.
He has a melting heart, and ſoft to all
The ſeals of kindneſs; I will undertake
For his compaſſion.
Ferd. O Heavens! Would I were ſure I did not need it.
Mir. Come, you muſt love him for my ſake: you ſhall.
Ferd. Muſt I for yours, and cannot for my own?
Either you do not love, or think I do not:
But when you bid me love him, I muſt hate him.
Mir. Have I ſo far offended you already,
That he offends you only for my ſake?
Yet ſure you would not hate him, if you ſaw
Him as I've done, ſo full of Youth and Beauty.
Ferd. O poyſon to my hopes! (*Aſide.*
When he did viſit me, and I did mention
This beauteous Creature to him, he did then
Tell me he would have her.
Mir. Alas, what mean you?

Ferd.

Ferd. It is to plain: like moſt of her frail Sex,
She's falſe, but has not learnt the art to hide it; (*Aſide.*
Nature has done her part, ſhe loves variety.
Why did I think that any Woman could
Be innocent, becauſe ſhe's young? No, no,
Their Nurſes teach them change,
When with two nipples they divide their liking.

Mir. I fear I have offended you, and yet
I meant no harm: but if you pleaſe to hear me—
(*A Noiſe within.*
Hark, Sir, Now I am ſure my Father comes,
I know his ſteps; dear Love retire a while,
I fear I've ſtay'd too long.

Ferd. Too long indeed,
And yet not long enough: Oh Jealouſie!
Oh Love! How you diſtract me? [*Exit* Ferdinand.

Mir. He appears
Diſpleas'd with that young Man, I know not why:
But, till I find from whence his hate proceeds,
I muſt conceal it from my Father's knowledge;
For he will think that guiltleſs I have caus'd it;
And ſuffer me no more to ſee my Love.

Enter Proſpero.

Proſp. Now I have been indulgent to your wiſh,
You've ſeen the Priſoner?

Mir. Yes.

Proſp. And he ſpake to you?

Mir. He ſpoke; but he receiv'd ſhort anſwers from me.

Proſp. How like you his converſe?

Mir. At ſecond ſight
A Man does not appear ſo rare a Creature. [hides it.

Proſp. Aſide. I find ſhe loves him much becauſe ſhe
Love teaches cunning even to Innocence;
And where he gets poſſeſſion, his firſt work
Is to dig deep within a heart, and there
Lie hid, and like a Miſer in the dark

If I, who am unskill'd in forms, may judge,
I think can ſcarce be equall'd; 'tis a Youth,
A Stanger too as you are.

Ferd. Of ſuch a graceful feature, and muſt I
For your ſake love him?

Mir. Yes, Sir, do you ſcruple
To grant the firſt requeſt I ever made?
He's wholly unacquainted with the World,
And wants your converſation. You ſhould have
Compaſſion on ſo meer a Stranger.

Ferd. Thoſe need compaſſion whom you diſcommend;
Not whom you praiſe.

Mir. I only ask this eaſie tryal of you.

Ferd. Perhaps it might have eaſier been if you
Had never ask'd it.

Mir. I cannot underſtand you;
And yet methinks am loth to be more knowing.

Ferd. He has his freedom, and may get acceſs,
When my confinement makes me want that bleſſing.
His compaſſion need, and not he mine.

Mir. If that be all you doubt, truſt me for him.
He has a melting heart, and ſoft to all
The ſeals of kindneſs; I will undertake
For his compaſſion.

Ferd. O Heavens! Would I were ſure I did not need it.

Mir. Come, you muſt love him for my ſake: you ſhall.

Ferd. Muſt I for yours, and cannot for my own?
Either you do not love, or think I do not:
But when you bid me love him, I muſt hate him.

Mir. Have I ſo far offended you already,
That he offends you only for my ſake?
Yet ſure you would not hate him, if you ſaw
Him as I've done, ſo full of Youth and Beauty.

Ferd. O poyſon to my hopes! (*Aſide.*
When he did viſit me, and I did mention
This beauteous Creature to him, he did then
Tell me he would have her.

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And where he gets poſſeſſion, his firſt work
Is to dig deep within a heart, and there
Lie hid, and like a Miſer in the dark

To feaſt alone. But tell me, dear *Miranda*,
How does he ſuffer his impriſonment?

Mir. I think he ſeems diſpleas'd.

Proſp. O then 'tis plain
His temper is not noble; for the brave
With equal minds bear good and evil Fortune.

Mir. O, Sir, but then he's pleas'd again ſo ſoon
That 'tis not worth your noting.

Proſp. To be ſoon
Diſpleas'd and pleas'd ſo ſuddenly again,
Does ſhew him of a various froward nature.

Mir. The truth is, Sir, he was not vex'd at all,
But only ſeem'd to be ſo.

Proſp. If he be not
And yet ſeems angry, he is a diſſembler,
Which ſhews the worſt of natures.

Mir. Truly, Sir,
The Man has faults enough; but in my Conſcience
That's none of 'em. He can be no Diſſembler.

Proſp. Aſide. How ſhe excuſes him, and yet deſires
That I ſhould judge her heart indifferent to him?
Well, ſince his faults are many, I am glad
You love him not.

Mir. 'Tis like, Sir, they are many;
But I know none he has: yet let me often
See him, and I ſhall find 'em all in time.

Proſp. I'll think on't.
Go in, this is your hour of Orizons.

Mir. Aſide. Forgive me, Truth, for thus diſguiſing thee?
If I can make him think I do not love
The Stranger much, he'll let me ſee him oftener.

(*Exit* Miranda.

Proſp. Stay! Stay—I had forgot to ask her
What ſhe has ſaid of young *Hippolito*:
Oh! Here he comes! And with him my *Dorinda*.
I'll not be ſeen, let their loves grow in ſecret.

[*Exit* Proſpero.

Enter

Enter Hippolito *and* Dorinda.

Hip. But why are you ſo ſad?

Dor. But why are you ſo joyful? [woods.

Hip. I have within me all the various Muſick of the
Since laſt I ſaw you I have heard brave news!
I'll tell it you, and make you joyful for me.

Dor. Sir, when I ſaw you firſt, I through my eyes
Drew ſomething in, I know not what it is;
But ſtill it entertains me with ſuch thoughts
As makes me doubtful whether joy becomes me.

Hip. Pray believe me;
As I'm a Man, I'll tell you bleſſed news.
I have heard there are more Women in the World,
A fair as you are too.

Dor. Is this your news? You ſee it moves not me.

Hip. And I'll have 'em all.

Dor. What will become of me then?

Hip. I'll have you too.
But are not you acquainted with theſe Women?

Dor. I never ſaw but one.

Hip. Is there but one here?
This is a baſe poor World; I'll go to th' other;
I've heard Men have abundance of 'em there.
But pray where's that one Woman?

Dor. Who, my Siſter?

Hip. Is ſhe your Siſter? I'm glad o' that: you ſhall help me to her, and I'll love you for't.

[*Offers to take her hand.*

Dor. Away! I will not have you touch my hand.
My Father's counſel which enjoyn'd reſervedneſs,
Was not in vain I ſee. [*Aſide.*

Hip. What makes you ſhun me?

Dor. You need not care, you'l have my Siſters hand.

Hip. Why, muſt not he who touches hers touch yours?

Dor. You mean to love her too.

Hip. Do not you love her?

Then why ſhould not I do ſo?

Dor. She is my Siſter,
And therefore I muſt love her: but you cannot
Love both of us.

Hip. I warrant you I can:
Oh that you had more Siſters!

Dor. You may love her,
But then I'll not love you.

Hip. O but you muſt;
One is enough for you, but not for me.

Dor. My Siſter told me ſhe had ſeen another;
A Man like you, and ſhe lik'd only him;
Therefore if one muſt be enough for her,
He is that one, and then you cannot have her.

Hip. If ſhe like him, ſhe may like both of us.

Dor. But how if I ſhould change and like that Man?
Would you be willing to permit that change?

Hip. No, for you lik'd me firſt.

Dor. So you did me.

Hip. But I would never have you ſee that Man;
I cannot bear it.

Dor. I'll ſee neither of you

Hip. Yes, me you may, for we are now acquainted;
But he's the Man of whom your Father warn'd you.
O! He's a terrible, huge, monſtrous Creature,
I'm but a Woman to him.

Dor. I will ſee him,
Except you'l promiſe not to ſee my Siſter

Hip. Yes for your ſake I needs muſt ſee your Siſter.

Dor. But ſhe's a terrible, huge Creature too;
If I were not her Siſter ſhe would eat me;
Therefore take heed.

Hip. I heard that ſhe was fair,
And like you.

Dor No, indeed, ſhe's like my Father,
With a great beard; 'twould fright you to look on her,
Therefore that Man and ſhe may go together,
They're fit for no body but one another.

Hip.

Hip. Looking in. Yonder he comes with glaring eyes.
Before he ſees you. (fly! fly!

Dor. Muſt we part ſo ſoon?

Hip. Y'are a loſt Woman if you ſee him once.

Dor. I would not willingly be loſt, for fear
You ſhould not find me; therefore I'll avoid him.
(*Exit* Dorinda.

Hip. She fain would have deceived me; but I know
Her Siſter muſt be fair, for ſhe's a Woman.
All of a Kind that I have ſeen are like
To one another: all the Creatures of
The Rivers and the Woods are ſo.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. O! Well encounter'd, you're the happy Man!
Y' have got the hearts of both the beauteous Women.

Hip. How! Sir? Pray, are you ſure on't?

Ferd. One of 'em charg'd me to love you for her ſake.

Hip. Then I muſt have her.

Ferd No, not till I am dead.

Hip. How dead? What's that? But what ſoe'er it be
I long to have her.

Ferd. Time and my grief may make me dye.

Hip. But for a Friend you ſhould make haſte;
I ne'er ask'd any thing of you before,

Ferd. I ſee your ignorance;
And therefore will inſtruct you in my meaning.
The Woman, whom I love, ſaw you and lov'd you.
Now, Sir, if you love her you'l cauſe my death.

Hip. Be ſure I'll do't then.

Ferd. But I am your Friend;
And I requeſt you that you would not love her.

Hip When Friends requeſt unreaſonable things,
Sure they're to be deny'd; you ſay ſhe's fair,
And I muſt love all who are fair; for to
Tell you a ſecret, which I have lately found
Within my ſelf; they all are made for me.

Ferd. That's but a fond conceit: you're made for one,
And one for you.

Hip. You cannot tell me, Sir.
I know I'm made for twenty hundred Women:
I mean if there so many be i' th' World;
So that if once I see her I shall love her.

Ferd. Then do not see her.

Hip. Yes, Sir, I must see her;
For I wou'd fain have my heart beat again,
Just as it did when I first saw her Sister.

Ferd. I find I must not let you see her then.

Hip. How will you hinder me?

Ferd. By force of Arms.

Hip. By force of Arms!
My arms perhaps may be as strong as yours.

Ferd. He's still so ignorant that I pity him. (*Aside.*
And fain would force avoid. Pray, do not see her,
She was mine first; you have no right to her.

Hip. I have not yet consider'd what is right,
But, Sir, I know my inclinations are
To love all Women: and I have been taught
That to dissemble what I think, is base.
In honour then of truth, I must declare
That I do love, and I will see your Woman.

Ferd. Wou'd you be willing I should see and love
Your Woman, and endeavour to seduce her
From that affection which she vow'd to you?

Hip. I wou'd not you should do it; but if she
Should love you best, I cannot hinder her.
But, Sir, for fear she shou'd, I will provide
Against the worst, and try to get your Woman.

Ferd. But I pretend no claim at all to yours;
Besides you are more beautiful than I,
And fitter to allure unpractis'd hearts.
Therefore I once more beg you will not see her.

Hip. I'm glad you let me know I have such beauty,
If that will get me Women, they shall have it
As far as e'er 'twillgo: I'll never want 'em.

Ferd.

Ferd. Then ſince you have refuſed this act of friendſhip,
Provide your ſelf a Sword; for we muſt fight.
Hip. A Sword, what's that?
Ferd. Why ſuch a thing as this.
Hip. What ſhould I do with it?
Ferd. You muſt ſtand thus,
And puſh againſt me, while I puſh at you,
Till one of us fall dead.
Hip. This is brave ſport:
But we have no Swords growing in our World.
Ferd. What ſhall we do then to decide our quarrel?
Hip. Well take the Sword by turns, and fight with it.
Ferd. Strange ignorance! You muſt defend your life,
And ſo muſt I: but ſince you have no Sword
Take this; for in a Corner of my Cave
I found a ruſty one: perhaps 'twas his (*Gives him his Sword.*
Who keeps me Priſ'ner here: that I will fit:
When next we meet prepare your ſelf to fight.
Hip. Make haſte then, this ſhall ne'er be yours agen,
I mean to fight with all the Men I meet,
And when they're dead, their Women ſhall be mine.
Ferd. I ſee you are unskilful; I deſire not
To take your life: but if you pleaſe we'll fight
On theſe conditions; he who firſt draws bloud,
Or who can take the others weapon from him,
Shall be acknowledg'd as the Conquerour,
And both the Women ſhall be his.
Hip. Agreed:
And ev'ry day I'll fight for two more with you.
Ferd. But win theſe firſt.
Hip. I'll warrant you I'll puſh you. (*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

The wild Island.

Enter Trincalo, Caliban, Sycorax.

CALIBAN.

My Lord, I see 'em coming yonder.

Trinc. Who?

Calib. The starv'd Prince, and his two thirsty Subjects, that would have our Liquor.

Trinc. If thou wert a Monster of parts I would make thee my Master of Ceremonies, to conduct 'em in. The Devil take all Dunces; thou hast lost a brave Employment by not being a Linguist, and for want of behaviour.

Syc. My Lord, shall I go meet 'em? I'll be kind to all of 'em, just as I am to thee.

Trinc. No, that's against the fundamental Laws of my Dukedom: you are in a high place, Spouse, and must give good example. Here they come. we'll put on the gravity of States-men, and be very dull, that we may be held wise.

Enter Stephano, Ventoso, Mustacho.

Vent. Duke *Trincalo*, we have consider'd.

Trinc. Peace, or War?

Must Peace, and the Butt.

Steph. I come now as a private person, and promise to live peaceably under your government.

Trinc. You shall enjoy the benefits of Peace; and the first fruits of it, amongst all civil Nations, is to be drunk for joy: *Caliban* skink about.

Steph. I long to have a Rowse to her Graces health, and

and to the *Hanse in kelder*; or rather *Haddock in kelder*, for I gueſs it will be half fiſh. (*Aſide.*

Trinc. Subject *Stephano* here's to thee; and let old quarrels be drown'd in this draught. [*Drinks.*

Steph. Great Magiſtrate, here's thy Siſter's health to thee. (*Drinks to* Caliban.

Syc. He ſhall not drink of that immortal liquor, my Lord; let him drink water.

Trinc. O ſweet heart, you muſt not ſhame your ſelf to-day. Gentlemen Subjects, pray bear with her good Huſwifry: ſhe wants a little breeding, but ſhe's hearty.

Muſt. Ventoſo here's to thee. Is it not better to pierce the Butt, than to quarrel and pierce one anothers bellies?

Trinc. Now wou'd I lay greatneſs aſide, and ſhake my heels, if I had but Muſick.

Calib. O my Lord! My Mother left us in her Will a hundred Spirits to attend us; Devils of all ſorts, ſome great roaring Devils, and ſome little ſinging Sprights.

Syc. Shall we call? And thou ſhalt hear them in the Air.

Trinc. I accept the motion: let us have our Mother-in-Law's Legacy immediately.

Calib. SINGS.

We want Muſick we want Mirth,
Up Dam and cleave the Earth:
We have now no Lords that wrong us,
Send thy merry Sprights among us. (*Muſick heard*

Trinc. What a merry Tyrant am I, to have my Muſick and pay nothing for't? Come, hands, hands. let's loſe no time while the Devil's in the humour, (*A Dance.*

Trinc. Enough, enough: now to our Sack agen.

Vent. The Bottle's drunk.

Muſt. Then the Bottle's a weak ſhallow Fellow, if it be drunk firſt.

Trinc. Caliban, give Bottle the belly full agen.

Steph. May I ask your Grace a queſtion? Pray is that hectoring

hectoring Spark, as you call'd him, flesh or fish?

Trinc. Subject I know not, but he drinks like a fish.

Enter Caliban.

Steph. O here's the Bottle agen; he has made a good Voyage: come, who begins a brindis to the Duke!

Trinc. I'll begin it my self: give me the bottle; 'tis my prerogative to drink first. *Stephano*, give me thy hand; thou hast been a Rebel, but here's to thee: prithee why should we quarrel? Shall I swear two Oaths? By Bottle, and by Butt I love thee: in witness whereof I drink soundly. (*Drinks.*

Steph. Your Grace shall find there's no love lost, For I will pledge you soundly.

Trinc. Thou hast been a false Rebel, but that's all one; pledge my Grace faithfully.

Steph. I will pledge your Grace, *Op syn Dutch.*

Trinc. But thou shalt not pledge me before I have drunk agen; would'st thou take the liquor of life out of my hands! I see thou art a piece of a Rebel still, but here's to thee, now thou shalt have it. (Stephano *drinks.*

Vent. We loyal Subjects may be choak'd for any drink we can get.

Trinc. Have patience good People; you are unreasonable, you'd be drunk as soon as I. *Ventoso* you shall have your time, but you must give place to *Stephano.*

Must. Brother *Ventoso*, I am afraid we shall loose our places. The Duke grows fond of *Stephano*, and will declare him Vice-Roy.

Steph. I ha' done my worst at your Grace's bottle.

Trinc. Then the Folks may have it. *Caliban* go to the Butt, and tell me how it sounds. Peer *Stephano*, dost thou love me?

Steph. I love your Grace and all your Princely Family.

Trinc. 'Tis no matter if thou lov'st me; hang my Family: thou art my Friend, prithee tell me what thou think'st of my Princess?

Steph.

Steph. I look on her as a very noble Princeſs.

Trinc. Noble! Indeed ſhe had a Witch to her Mother, and the Witches are of great Families in *Lapland*; but the Devil was her Father, and I have heard of the Monſieur *de Viles* in *France*; but look on her beauty, is ſhe a fit Wife for Duke *Trincalo*? Mark her behaviour too, ſhe's tippling yonder with the Serving Men.

Steph. An 't pleaſe your Grace ſhe's ſome what homely; but that's no blemiſh in a Princeſs: She is vertuous.

Trinc. Umph! Vertuous! I am loath to diſparage her: but thou art my Friend, can'ſt thou be cloſe?

Steph. As a ſtopt bottle, an 't pleaſe your Grace.

Enter Caliban *agen with a Bottle.*

Trinc Why then I'll tell thee, I found her an hour ago under an Elder-Tree, upon a ſweet bed of Nettles, ſinging *Tory*, *Rory*, and *Ranthum*, *Scantum*, with her own natural Brother.

Steph. O Jew! Make love in her own Tribe!

Trinc But 'tis no matter; to tell thee true, I marry'd her to be a Great Man and ſo forth: but make no words on 't, for I care not who knows it; and ſo here's to thee agen: give me the bottle, *Caliban*! Did you knock the Butt? How does it ſound?

Calib. It ſounds as though it had a noiſe within.

Trinc. I fear the Butt begins to rattle in the Throat and is departing: give me the Bottle. (*Drinks.*

Muſt. A ſhort life and a merry, I ſay.

(Steph. *whiſpers* Sycorax.

Syc. But did he tell you ſo?

Steph. He ſaid you were as ugly as your Mother, and that he marry'd you only to get poſſeſſion of the Iſland.

Syc. My Mothers Devils fetch him for 't.

Steph. And your Fathers too hem! Skink about his Grace's health agen. O if you would but caſt an eye of pity upon me—

Syc. I will caſt two eyes of pity on thee, I love thee more

more than Haws, or Black Berries; I have a hoard of Wildings in the Moss, my Brother knows not of 'em, but I'll bring thee where they are.

Steph. Trincalo was but my Man when time was.

Syc. Wert thou his God, and didst thou give him liquor?

Steph. I gave him Brandy, and drunk Sack my self; wilt thou leave him, and thou shalt be my Princess?

Syc. If thou canst make me glad with this liquor.

Steph. I warrant thee, we'll ride into the Country where it grows.

Syc. How wilt thou carry me thither?

Steph. Upon a Hackney Devil of thy Mothers.

Trinc. What's that you will do? Hah! I hope you have not betray'd me? How does my Pigs-nye? [*To* Sycorax.

Syc. Be gone! Thou shalt not be my Lord; thou say'st I'm ugly.

Trinc. Did you tell her so—Hah! He's a Rogue, do not believe him chuck.

Steph. The foul words were yours: I will not eat 'em for you.

Trinc. I see if once a Rebel, then ever a Rebel. Did I receive thee into grace for this? I will correct thee with my Royal Hand. (*Strikes* Stephano.

Syc. Dost thou hurt my Love? [*Flies at* Trincalo

Trinc. Where are our Guards? Treason, Treason!

[Vent. Must. Calib. *run betwixt*

Vent. Who took up Arms first, the Prince or the People?

Trinc. This false Traytor has corrupted the Wife of my bosom. (*Whispers* Mustacho *hastily.*

Mustacho strike on my side, and thou shalt be my Vice-Roy.

Must. I'm against Rebels! *Ventoso*, obey your Vice-Roy.

Vent. You a Vice-Roy? (*They two fight off from the rest.*

Steph. Hah! Hector Monster! Do you stand neuter?

Calib. Thou would'st drink my liquor, I will not help thee.

Syc. 'Twas his doing that I had such a Husband, but I'll claw him.

Syc.

[Syc. *and* Calib. *fight*; Syc. *beating him off the Stage.*

Trinc. The whole Nation is up in Arms, and ſhall I ſtand idle?

Trincalo *beats off* Stephano *to the door.* *Exit* Stephano.

I'll not purſue too far, For fear the Enemy ſhould rally agen and ſurpriſe my Butt in the Citadel. Well, I muſt be rid of my Lady *Trincalo*, ſhe will be in the faſhion elſe; firſt cuckold her Husband, and then ſue for a ſeparation, to get alimony. (*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Cypreſs trees & Cave.

Enter Ferdinand, Hippolito, *with their Swords drawn.*

FERDINAND.

Come, Sir, our cave affords no choice of place,
But the ground's firm and even: are you ready?

Hip. As ready as your ſelf, Sir.

Ferd. You remember on what conditions we muſt fight? Who firſt receives a wound is to ſubmit.

Hip. Come, come, this loſes time; now for the Women, Sir. (*They fight a little*, Ferdinand *hurts him.*

Ferd. Sir, you are wounded.

Hip. No.

Ferd. Believe your blood.

Hip. I feel no hurt, no matter for my blood.

Ferd. Remember our conditions.

Hip. I'll not leave, till my Sword hits you too.

(Hippolito *preſſes on*, Ferdinand *retires and wards.*

Ferd. I'm loth to kill you, you're unskilful, Sir.

Hip. You beat aſide my Sword, but let it come

As near as yours, and you shall see my skill.

Ferd. You faint for loss of blood, I see you stagger,
Pray, Sir, retire.

Hip. No! I will ne'er go back—
Methinks the Cave turns round, I cannot find—

Ferd. Your eyes begin to dazle.

Hip. Why do you swim so, and dance about me?
Stand but still till I have made one thrust.
[Hippolito *thrusts and falls.*

Ferd. O help, help, help!
Unhappy Man! What have I done?

Hip. I'm going to a cold sleep, but when I wake
I'll fight again. Pray stay for me. (*Swoons.*

Ferd. He's gone! He's gone! O stay sweet lovely Youth!
Help, help!

Enter Prospero.

Prosp. What dismal noise is that?

Ferd. O see, Sir, see!
What mischief my unhappy hand has wrought.

Prosp. Alas! How much in vain doth feeble Art
Endeavour to resist the will of Heaven? [*Rubs* Hippolito.
He's gone for ever; O thou cruel Son
Of an inhumane Father! All my designs
Are ruin'd and unravell'd by this blow.
No pleasure now is left me but Revenge.

Ferd. Sir, if you knew my innocence—

Prosp. Peace, peace,
Can thy excuses give me back his life?
What *Ariel*! sluggish Spirit, where art thou?

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. Here, at thy beck, my Lord.

Prosp. Ay, now thou com'st,
When Fate is past and not to be recall'd.
Look there, and glut the malice of thy nature;

For

For as thou art thy self, thou canst not be
But glad to see young Virtue nipt i' th' blossom.

Ariel. My Lord, the Being high above can witness
I am not glad: we airy Spirits are not
Of temper so malicious as the earthy,
But of a nature more approaching good:
For which we meet in swarms, and often combat
Beswixt the confines of the air and earth.

Prosp. Why did'st thou not prevent, at least foretel
This fatal action then?

Ariel. Pardon, great Sir,
I meant to do it, but I was forbidden
By the ill Genius of *Hippolito*,
Who came and threatn'd me if I disclos'd it,
To bind me in the bottom of the Sea,
Far from the lightsom Regions of the Air,
(My native fields) above a hundred years.

Prosp. I'll chain thee in the North for thy neglect,
Within the burning bowels of Mount *Hecla*;
I'll singe thy airy wings with sulphrous Flames,
And choak thy tender nostrils with blew smoak:
At ev'ry hick up of the belching Mountain
Thou shalt be lifted up to taste fresh Air,
And then fall down agen.

Ariel. Pardon, dread Lord.

Prosp. No more of pardon than just Heav'n intends thee;
Shalt thou e'er find from me: hence I flye with speed,
Unbind the charms which hold this Murtherer's Father,
And bring him with my Brother straight before me.

Ariel. Mercy, my potent Lord, and I'll outfly
Thy thought. (*Exit* Ariel.

Ferd. O Heavens! What words are those I heard?
Yet cannot see who spoke 'em: sure the Woman
Whom I lov'd was like this, some aiery vision.

Prosp. No, Murd'rer, she's like thee, of mortal mould,
But much too pure to mix with thy black crimes:
Yet she has faults and must be punish'd for 'em.
Miranda and *Dorinda*! where are ye?

The Will of Heaven's accompliſh'd: I have now
No more to fear, and nothing left to hope,
Now you may enter.

Enter Miranda *and* Dorinda.

Mir. My Love! Is it permitted me to ſee
You once again?
Proſp. You come to look your laſt;
I will for ever take him from your eyes.
But, on my Bleſſing, ſpeak not, nor approach him.
Dor. Pray, Father is not this my Siſters Man?
He has a noble form; but yet he's not
So excellent as my *Hippolito*.
Proſp. Alas poor Girl, thou haſt no Man: look yonder;
There's all of him that's left.
Dor. Why was there ever any more of him?
He lies aſleep, Sir, ſhall I waken him?
(*She kneels by* Hippolito, *and jogs him.*
Ferd. Alas! He's never to be wak'd agen.
Dor. My Love, my Love! Will you not ſpeak to me?
I fear you have diſpleas'd him, Sir, and now
He will not anſwer me; he's dumb and cold too,
But I'll run ſtreight, and make a fire to warm him.
[*Exit* Dorinda *running*,

Enter Alonzo, Gonzalo, Antonio. Ariel (*inviſible,*)

Alonz. Never were Beaſts ſo hunted into toyls,
As we have been purſu'd by dreadful ſhapes.
But is not that my Son? O *Ferdinand!*
If thou art not a Ghoſt, let me embrace thee.
Ferd My Father! O ſiniſter happineſs!
Is it decreed I ſhould recover you
Alive, juſt in that fatal hour when this
Brave Youth is loſt in Death, and by my hand?
Ant. Heaven! What new wonder's this?
Gonz. This Iſle is full of nothing elſe,

Alonz.

Alonz. I thought to dye, and in the Walks above,
Wand'ring by Star light, to have ſought thee out:
But now I ſhould have gone to Heaven in vain,
Whilſt thou art here behind.

Ferd. You muſt indeed
In vain have gone thither to look for me;
Thoſe who are ſtain'd with ſuch blak crimes as mine,
Come ſeldom there.

Proſp. And thoſe who are like him,
All foul with guilt, more ſeldom upward go.
You ſtare upon me as you ne'er had ſeen me;
Have fifteen years ſo loſt me to your knowledge,
That you retain no memory of *Proſpero*?

Gonz. The good old Duke of *Millan*!

Proſp. I wonder leſs, that thou *Antonio* know'ſt me not,
Becauſe thou did'ſt long ſince forget I was
Thy Brother, elſe I never had been here.

Ant. Shame choaks my words.

Alonz. And wonder mine.

Proſp. For you, uſurping Prince, (*To* Alonzo.
Know, by my Art, you ſhipwrackt on this Iſle,
Where after I a while had puniſh'd you,
My vengeance wou'd have ended; I deſign'd
To match that Son of yours with this my Daughter.

Alonz. Perſue it ſtill, I am moſt willing to't.

Proſp So am not I. No Marriages can proſper
Which are with Murd'rers made; look on that corps,
This, whilſt he liv'd, was young *Hippolito*,
That Infant Duke of *Mantua*. Sir, whom you
Expos'd with me; and here I bred him up
Till that blood-thirſty Man, that *Ferdinand*—
But why do I exclaim on him, when Juſtice
Calls to unſheath her Sword againſt his guilt?

Alonz. What do you mean?

Proſp. To execute Heav'ns Laws.
Here I am plac'd by Heav'n, here I am Prince,
Though you have diſpoſſeſs'd me of my *Millan*,
Blood calls for blood; your *Ferdinand* ſhall die:

And I in bitterneſs have ſent for you
To have the ſudden joy of ſeeing him alive,
And then the greater grief to ſee him die.
Alonz. And think'ſt thou I or theſe will tamely ſtand
To view the execution? (*Lays hand upon his Sword*
Ferd Hold, dear Father!
I cannot ſuffer you t' attempt againſt
His life who gave her being whom I love.
Proſp. Nay then appear my Guards—I thought no more
To uſe their aids; (I am curs'd becauſe I us'd it)
(*He ſtamps, and many Spirits appear.*
But they are now the Miniſters of Heaven,
Whilſt I revenge this murder.
Alonz. Have I for this
Found thee my Son, ſo ſoon agen to loſe thee!
Antonio, *Gonzalo*, ſpeak for pity:
He may hear you.
Ant. I dare not draw that blood
Upon my ſelf, by interceeding for him.
Gonz. You drew this judgment down when you uſurp'd
That Dukedom which was this dead Prince's right.
Alonz. Is this a time t' upbraid me with my ſins,
When grief lies heavy on me? Y' are no more
My Friends, but crueller than he, whoſe Sentence
Has doom'd my Son to Death.
Ant. You did unworthily t' upbraid him.
Gonz. And you do worſe t' endure his crimes.
Ant. *Gonzalo* we'll meet no more as Friends.
Gonz. Agreed *Antonio*: and we agree in diſcord.
Ferd. to *Mir.* Adieu my faireſt Miſtreſs.
Mir. Now I can hold no longer; I muſt ſpeak.
Though I am loth to diſobey you, Sir,
Be not ſo cruel to the Man I love,
Or be ſo kind to let me ſuffer with him.
Ferd. Recall that pray'r, or I ſhall wiſh to live,
Though death be all the mends that I can make.
Proſp. This night I will allow you, *Ferdinand*,
To fit you for your death, that Cave's your Priſon.

Alonz.

Alonz. Ah, *Proſpero*! Hear me ſpeak: You are a Father,
Look on my age, and look upon his youth.
Proſp. No more! All you can ſay is urg'd in vain.
I have no room for pity left within me.
Do you refuſe! Help *Ariel* with your fellows
To drive 'em in: *Alonzo* and his Son
Beſtow in yonder Cave, and here *Gonzalo*
Shall with *Antonio* lodge.
(*Spirits drive 'em in, as they are appointed.*

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Sir, I have made a fire, ſhall he be warm'd?
Proſp. He's dead, and vital warmth will ne'er return.
Dor. Dead, Sir, what's that?
Proſp. His Soul has left his body.
Dor. When will it come agen?
Proſp. O never, never!
He muſt be laid in earth, and there conſume.
Dor. He ſhall not lye in earth, you do not know
How well he loves me: indeed he'll come agen;
He told me he would go a little while,
But promis'd me he would not tarry long.
Proſp. He's murder'd by the Man who lov'd your Siſter.
Now both of you may ſee what 'tis to break
A Father's precept; you would needs ſee Men,
And by that ſight are made for ever wretched.
Hippolito is dead, and *Ferdinand*
Muſt die for murdering him.
Mir. Have you no pity?
Proſp. Your diſobedience has ſo much incens'd me,
That I this night can leave no bleſſing with you.
Help to convey the body to my couch,
Then leave me to mourn over it alone.
(*They bear off the Body of* Hippolito.

Enter Miranda, *and* Dorinda *again.* Ariel *behind 'em.*

Ariel. I've been ſo chid for my neglect by *Proſpero*,
That I muſt now watch all and be unſeen.

Mir. Siſter, I ſay agen, 'twas long of you
That all this miſchief happen'd.

Dor. Blame not me
For your own fault, your curioſity
Brought me to ſee the Man.

Mir. You ſafely might
Have ſeen him and retir'd, but you wou'd needs
Go near him and converſe: you may remember
My Father call'd me thence, and I call'd you.

Dor. That was your envy, Siſter, not your love;
You call'd me thence, becauſe you could not be
Alone with him your ſelf; but I am ſure
My Man had never gone to Heaven ſo ſoon, [*Crying.*
But that yours made him go.

Mir. Siſter I could not wiſh that either of 'em
Shou'd go to Heaven without us; but it was
His Fortune, and you muſt be ſatisfi'd.

Dor. I'll not be ſatisfi'd: my Father ſays
He'll make your Man as cold as mine is now;
And when he is made cold, my Father will
Not let you ſtrive to make him warm agen.

Mir. In ſpight of you mine never ſhall be cold.

Dor. I'm ſure 'twas he that made me miſerable;
And I will be reveng'd. Perhaps you think 'tis nothing
to loſe a Man.

Mir. Yes, but there is ſome difference betwixt
My *Ferdinand*, and your *Hippolito*.

Dor. Ay, there's your judgment. Your's is th' oldeſt Man
I ever ſaw, except it were my Father.

Mir. Siſter, no more: It is not comely in
A daughter, when ſhe ſays her Father's old.

Dor. But why do I ſtay here, whilſt my cold Love
Perhaps may want me?
I'll pray my Father to make yours cold too.

Mir. Siſter, I'll never ſleep with you agen.

Dor. I'll never more meet in a bed with you,

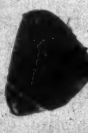
But

But lodge on the bare ground, and watch my Love.
Mir. And at the entrance of that Cave I'll lye,
And eccho to each blaſt of wind a ſigh.
[*Exeunt ſeverally, looking diſcontentedly on one another.*

Ariel. Harſh diſcord reigns throughout this fatal Iſle,
At which good Angels mourn, ill Spirits ſmile.
Old *Proſpero*, by his Daughters rob'd of reſt,
Has in diſpleaſure left 'em both unbleſt.
Unkindly they abjure each others bed,
To ſave the living, and revenge the dead.
Alonzo and his Son are Pris'ners made,
And good *Gonzalo* does their crimes upbraid.]
Antonio and *Gonzalo* diſagree,
And wou'd, though in one Cave, at diſtance be.
The Seamen all that curſed Wine have ſpent,
Which ſtill renew'd their thirſt of Government;
And, wanting Subjects for the food of pow'r,
Each wou'd to rule alone the reſt devour.
The Monſters *Sycorax* and *Caliban*
More monſtrous grow by Paſſions learn'd from Man.
Even I not fram'd of warring elements,
Partake and ſuffer in theſe diſcontents.
Why ſhou'd a mortal by Enchantments hold
In chains a Spirit of Ætherial mould?
Accurſed Magick we our ſelves have taught;
And our own pow'r has our ſubjection wrought. [*Exit.*

ACT. V.

SCENE I.



e Cypreſs trees & Cave.

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

PROSPERO.

YOu beg in vain, I cannot pardon him,
He has offended Heaven.

Mir. Then let Heaven puniſh him.

Proſp. It will by me.

Mir. Grant him at leaſt ſome reſpite for my ſake.

Proſp. I by deferring juſtice ſhould incenſe
The Deity againſt my ſelf and you.

Mir. Yet I have heard you ſay, the Powers above
Are ſlow in puniſhing; and ſhou'd not you
Reſemble them?

Proſp. The Powers above may pardon or reprieve,
As Soveraign Princes may diſpenſe with Laws,
Which we, as Officers, muſt execute.
Our Acts of Grace to Criminals are Treaſon
To Heavens Prerogative.

Mir. Do you condemn him
For ſhedding blood?

Proſp Why do you ask that queſtion?
You know I do.

Mir. Then you muſt be condem'd
For ſhedding his; and he who condemns you,
Muſt dye for ſhedding yours, and that's the way

At

At last to leave none living.

Prosp. The argument is weak, but I want time
To let you see your errours —
Retire, and, if you love him, pray for him. [*He's going.*

Mir. O stay, Sir, I have yet more arguments.

Prosp. But none of any weight.

Mir. Have you not said you are his Judge?

Prosp. 'Tis true, I am; what then?

Mir. And can you be his Executioner?
If that be so, then all Men may declare
Their Enemies in fault; and pow'r without
The Sword of Justice, will presume to punish
What e'er it calls a crime.

Prosp. I cannot force *Gonzalo* or my Brother,
Much less the Father to destroy the Son;
It must be then the Monster *Caliban*,
And he's not here, but *Ariel* strait shall fetch him.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. My potent Lord, before thou call'st, I come,
To serve thy will.

Prosp. Then Spirit fetch me here my Savage Slave.

Ariel. My Lord, it does not need.

Prosp. Art thou then prone to mischief, wilt thou be
Thy self the Executioner?

Ariel. Think better of thy airy Minister,
Who for thy sake, unbid, this night has flown
O'er almost all the habitable World.

Prosp. But to what purpose all thy diligence?

Ariel. When I was chidden by my mighty Lord
For my neglect of young *Hippolito*,
I went to view his body, and soon found
His Soul was but retir'd, not sally'd out,
And frighted lay at skulk in th' inmost corner
Of his scarce beating heart.

Prosp. Is he not dead?

Ariel Hear me my Lord!
I prun'd my wings, and fitted for a journey,

From

From the next Isles of our *Hesperides*
I gather'd Moly first, thence shot my self
To *Palestine*, and watch'd the trickling balm,
Which caught, I glided to the *British* Isles,
And there the purple Panacea found.

Prosp. All this to-night?

Ariel. All this, my Lord, I did;
Nor was *Hippolito*'s good Angel wanting,
Who climbing up the circle of the Moon,
While I below got Simples for the cure,
Went to each Planet which o'er-rul'd those herbs,
And drew it's virtue to increase their pow'r:
Long e're this hour had I been back again,
But that a Storm took me returning back
And flag'd my tender wings.

Prosp. Thou shalt have rest my Spirit:
But hast thou search'd the wound?

Ariel. My Lord I have,
And 'twas in time I did it; for the Soul
Stood almost at life's door, all bare and naked,
Shivering like Boys upon a River's bank,
And loth to tempt the cold air; but I took her
And stop'd her in, and pour'd into his mouth
The healing juice of vulnerary herbs.

Prosp. Thou art my faithful Servant.

Ariel. His only danger was his loss of blood:
But now he's wak'd, my Lord, and just this hour
He must be dress'd again, as I have done it. (Salve,
Anoint the Sword which pierc'd him with this Weapon-
And wrap it close from air till I have time
To visit him again.

Prosp. It shall be done, be it your task, *Miranda*,
Because your Sister is not present here.
While I go visit your dear *Ferdinand*,
From whom I will a while conceal this news,
That it may be more welcome.

Mir. I obey you,
And with a double duty, Sir: for now

You

You twice have given me life.

Proſp. My *Ariel*, follow me. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Hippolito *diſcovered on a Couch*, Dorinda *by him.*

Dor. How do you find your ſelf?

Hip. I'm ſomewhat cold;
Can you not draw me nearer to the Sun,
I am too weak to walk?

Dor. My Love, I'll try,
(*She draws the Chair nearer to the Audience*
I thought you never would have walk'd agen;
They told me you were gone away to Heaven;
Have you been there?

Hip. I know not where I was.

Dor. I will not leave you till you promiſe me
You will not die agen.

Hip Indeed I will not.

Dor. You muſt not go to Heav'n unleſs we go
Together; for I've heard my Father ſay
That we muſt ſtrive to be each others Guide,
The way to it will elſe be difficult,
Eſpecially to thoſe who are ſo young.
But I much wonder what it is to die.

Hip. Sure 'tis to dream, a kind of breathleſs ſleep
When once the Soul's gone out.

Dor. What is the Soul?

Hip. A ſmall blew thing that runs about within us.

Dor. Then I have ſeen it in a froſty morning
Run ſmoaking from my mouth.

Hip. But if my Soul had gone, it ſhould have walk'd
Upon a cloud juſt over you, and peep'd,
And thence I would have call'd you.

Dor. But I ſhould not have heard you, 'tis ſo far (you

Hip. Why then I would have rain'd and ſnow'd upon
And thrown down hail-ſtones gently till I hit you,
And made you look at leaſt. But Dear *Dorinda*
What is become of him who fought with me?

Dor.

Dor. O, I can tell you joyful news of him,
My Father means to make him die to-day,
For what he did to you.
Hip. That must not be,
My dear *Dorinda*, go and beg your Father
He may not die; it was my fault he hurt me,
I urg'd him to it first.
Dor. But if he live, he'll ne'er leave killing you.
Hip. O no! I just remember when I fell a sleep,
I heard him calling me a great way off,
And crying over me as you wou'd do:
Besides we have no cause of quarrel now.
Dor. Pray how began your difference first?
Hip. I fought
With him for all the Women in the World.
Dor. That hurt you had was justly sent from Heaven,
For wishing to have any more but me.
Hip. Indeed I think it was; but I repent it,
The fault was only in my blood, for now
'Tis gone, I find I do not love so many.
Dor. In confidence of this, I'll beg my Father,
That he may live: I'm glad the naughty blood,
That made you love so many, is gone out.
Hip. My Dear, go quickly, least you come too late.
[*Exit* Dor.

Enter Miranda *at the door, with* Hippolito's *Sword wrap'd up.*

Hip. Who's this who looks so fair and beautiful,
As nothing but *Dorinda* can surpass her?
O! I believe it is that Angel, Woman,
Whom she calls Sister.
Mir. Sir, I am sent hither
To dress your wound, how do you find your strength?
Hip. Fair Creature, I am faint with loss of blood.
Mir. I'm sorry for 't.
Hip. Indeed & so am I,

For

For if I had that bloud, I then ſhould find
A great delight in loving you.
Mir. But, Sir,
I am anothers, and your love is given
Already to my Siſter.
Hip. Yet I find
That if you pleaſe I can love ſtill a little.
Mir. I cannot be inconſtant, nor ſhou'd you.
Hi. O my wound pains me.
Mir. I am come to eaſe you. [*She unwraps the Sword.*
Hip. Alas! I feel the cold air come to me,
My wound ſhoots worſe than ever.
[*She wipes and anoints the Sword.*
Mir. Does it ſtill grieve you?
Hip. Now methinks there's ſomething laid juſt upon it.
Mir. Do you find no eaſe?
Hip. Yes, yes, upon the ſudden all the pain
Is leaving me, ſweet Heaven how am I eas'd!

Enter Ferdinand *and* Dorinda *to them.*

Ferd. to Dor. Madam, I muſt confeſs my life is yours,
I owe it to your generoſity.
Dor. I am o'rejoy'd my Father lets you live,
And proud of my good fortune, that he gave
Your life to me.
Mir. How? Gave his life to her!
Hip. Alas: I think ſhe ſaid ſo; and he ſaid
He ow'd it to her generoſity.
Ferd. But is not that your Siſter with *Hippolito*?
Dor. So kind already!
Ferd. I came to welcome life,
And I have met the cruelleſt of deaths.
Hip. My dear *Dorinda* with another man!
Dor. Siſter, what buſ'neſs have you here?
Mir. You ſee I 've dreſt *Hippolito*.
Dor. Y' are very charitable to a Stranger.
Mir. You are not much behind in charity,

To

To beg a pardon for a Man, whom you
Scarce ever saw before.

Dor. Henceforward let your Surgery alone;
For I had rather he shou'd dye, than you
Should cure his wound.

Mir. And I wish *Ferdinand* had dy'd before
He ow'd his life to your entreaty.

Ferd. to Hip. Sir, I am glad you are so well recover'd:
You keep your humour still to have all Women.

Hip. Not all, Sir, you except one of the number,
Your new Love there, *Dorinda.*

Mir. Ah *Ferdinand!* Can you become inconstant?
If I must lose you, I had rather death
Should take you from me than you take your self.

Ferd. And if I might have chose, I would have wish'd
That death from *Prospero*, and not this from you.

Dor. Ay, now I find why I was sent away;
That you might have my Sisters company.

Hip. Dorinda, kill me not with your unkindness,
This is too much, first to be false your self,
And then accuse me too.

Ferd. We all accuse
Each other, and each one denies their guilt;
I should be glad it were a mutual errour.
And therefore first to clear my self from fault,
Madam, I beg your pardon, while I say
I only love your Sister. (*to* Dorinda.

Mir. O blest word!
I'm sure I love no man but *Ferdinand.*

Dor. Not I, Heav'n knows, but my *Hippolito.*

Hip. I never knew I lov'd so much, before
I fear'd *Dorinda*'s constancy; but now
I am convinc'd that I lov'd none but her,
Because non else can recompence her loss.

Ferd. 'Twas happy then we had this little tryal.
But how we all so much mistook, I know not.

Mir. I've only this to say in my defence:
My Father sent me hither, to attend

The

The wounded Stranger.

Dor. And *Hippolito*
Sent me to beg the life of *Ferdinand*.

Ferd. From ſuch ſmall errours, left at firſt unheeded,
Have often ſprung ſad accidents in Love.
But ſee, our Fathers and our Friends are come
To mix their joys with ours.

Enter Proſpero, Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Alon. to Proſp. Let it no more be thought of now: your purpoſe
Though 'twas ſevere was juſt. In loſing *Ferdinand*
I ſhould have mourn'd, but could not have complain'd.

Proſp. Sir, I am glad kind Heaven decree'd it otherwiſe

Dor. O wonder!
How many goodly Creatures are there here!
How beauteous Mankind is!

Hip. O brave new World
That has ſuch People in't!

Alon. to Ferd. Now all the bleſſings
Of a glad Father compaſs thee about,
And make thee happy in thy beauteous choice.

Gonz. I've inward wept, or ſhould have ſpoke e're this.
Look down ſweet Heav'n, and on this Couple drop
A bleſſed Crown, for it is you chalk'd out
The way which brought us hither.

Ant. Though penitence
Forc'd by neceſſity can ſcarce ſeem real,
Yet deareſt Brother I have hope my blood
May plead for pardon with you: I reſign
Dominion, which 'tis true I could not keep,
But Heav'n knows too I would not.

Proſp. All paſt crimes
I bury in the joy of this bleſs'd day.

Alonz. And that I may not be behind in juſtice;
To this young Prince I render back his Dukedom,
And as the Duke of *Mantua* thus ſalute him.

Hip. What is it that you render back? Methinks
You give me nothing.
Prosp. You are to be Lord
Of a great People, and o'er Towns and Cities.
Hip. And shall these People be all Men and Women?
Gonz. Yes, and shall call you Lord.
Hip. Why then I'le live no longer in a Prison,
But have a whole Cave to my self hereafter.
Prosp. And that your happiness may be complete,
I give you my *Dorinda* for your Wife;
She shall be yours for ever, when the Priest
Has made you one.
Hip. How shall he make us one?
Shall I grow to her?
Prosp. By saying holy words
You shall be joyn'd in marriage to each other.
Dor. I warrant you those holy words are charms.
My Father means to conjure us together.
Prosp. to his daughters. My *Ariel* told me, when last night you quarrel'd,
You said you would for ever part your beds;
But what you threaten'd in your anger, Heaven
Has turn'd to Prophecy:
For you, *Miranda*, must with *Ferdinand*,
And you, *Dorinda*, with *Hippolito*
Lye in one bed hereafter.
Alonz. And Heav'n make
Those beds still fruitfull in producing Children,
To bless their Parents youth, and Grandsires age.
Mir. to Dor. If Children come by lying in a bed,
I wonder you and I had none between us.
Dor. Sister it was our fault, we meant like fools
To look 'em in the fields, and they it seems
Are only found in beds.
Hip. I am o'rejoy'd
That I shall have *Dorinda* in a bed;
We'll lye all night and day together there,
And never rise again.

Ferd.

Ferd. Aside to him.] *Hippolito*! you yet are ignorant
Of your great happineſs, but there is ſomewhat
Which for your own and fair *Dorinda*'s ſake
I muſt inſtruct you in.

Hi. Pray teach me quickly
How Men and Women in your world make love,
I ſhall ſoon learn I warrant you.

Enter Ariel *driving in* Steph. Trinc. Muſt. Vent. Calib. Syc.

Pro p. Why that's my dainty *Ariel*, I ſhall miſs thee,
But yet thou ſhalt have freedom.

Gonz. O ook, Sir, look the Maſter and the Saylors;
The Boſen too—my Prophecy is out,
That if a Gallows were on land, that Man
Could ne'er be drown'd. (aſhore?

Alonz. to *Trinc*. Now Blaſphemy, what not one Oath
Haſt thou no mouth by land? Why ſtares thou ſo?(dom;

Trinc. What more Dukes yet! I muſt reſign my Duke-
But 'tis no matter, I was almoſt ſtarv'd in't.

Muſt. Here's nothing but wild Sallads, without Oyl
Or Vinegar.

Steph. The Duke and Prince alive! Would I had now our gallant Ship agen, and were her Maſter, I'd willingly give all my Iſland for her.

Tent. And I my Vice-Royſhip.

Trinc. I ſhall need no Hangman, for I ſhall 'en hang my ſelf, now my Friend Butt has ſhed his laſt drop of life. Poor Butt is quite departed.

Ant. They talk like Mad Men.

Proſp. No matter, time will bring 'em to themſelves;
And now their Wine is gone they will not quarrel.
Your Ship is ſafe and tight, and bravely rigg'd,
As when you firſt ſet Sail.

Alonz. This news is wonderful.

Ariel. Was it well done, my Lord?

Proſp. Rarely, my Diligence.

Gonz. But pray, Sir, what are those mishapen Creatures?

Prosp. Their Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
She could controul the Moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.

Syc. O *Setebos!* These be brave Sprights indeed.

Prosp. to *Calib.* Go Sirrah to my Cell, and as you hope
For pardon, trim it up.

Calib. Most carefully. I will be wise hereafter.
What a dull Fool was I to take those Drunkards
For Gods, when such as these were in the world?

Prosp. Sir, I invite your Highness and your Train
To my poor Cave this night; a part of which
I will imploy in telling you my story.

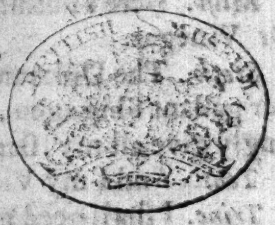
Alonz. No doubt it must be strangely taking, Sir.

Prosp. When the Morn dawns I'll bring you to your Ship.
And promise you calm Seas and happy gales.
My *Ariel*, that's thy charge: then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thee well.

Ariel. I'll do it Master.

SINGS.

Where the Bee sucks there suck I,
In a cowslips bell, I lye;
There I couch when Owls do cry.
On the Swallows wing I flye
After Summer merrily
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.



Syc. I'll to Sea with thee, and keep thee warm in thy Cabin.

Trinc. No my dainty Dy-dapper, you have a tender constitution, and will be sick a Ship-board. You are partly Fish and may swim after me. I wish you a good Voyage.

Prosp. Now to this Royal Company, my Servant,

Be

Be visible, and entertain them with
A Dance before they part.

Ariel. I have a gentle Spirit for my Love,
Who twice seven years hath waited for my freedom,
It shall appear and foot it featly with me.
Milcha, my Love, thy *Ariel* calls thee

Enter Milcha.

Milcha. Here! (*They dance a Saraband.*

Prosp. Henceforth this Isle to the afflicted be
A place of refuge as it was to me:
The promises of blooming Spring live here,
And all the blessings of the rip'ning Year:
On my retreat let Heaven and Nature smile,
And ever flourish the *Enchanted Isle.* [*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

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